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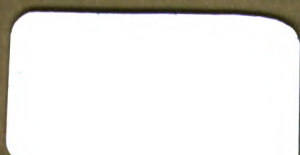
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THE
/ **SELECT JOURNAL**

OF
FOREIGN PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

VOLUME II.

JULY—OCTOBER, 1833.



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SELECT JOURNAL

OF

FOREIGN PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

JULY, 1833.

[From "The Foreign Quarterly Review, Nos. 18 and 21."]

[By omitting some of the least interesting extracts from the "*Livre des Cent-et-Un*," we have brought within our limits the substance of two very well written articles from "The Foreign Quarterly Review," as creditable to the correct feelings as to the taste of the author. In the earlier article the first three of the volumes of the "*Livre des Cent-et-Un*," were reviewed; in the latter, the last five.]

ART. I.—1. *Paris, ou le Livre des Cent-et-Un*. Tomes I. — VIII. 8vo. Paris. 1831, 1832. [*Paris, or the Book of the Hundred-and-One*.]

2. *Feuilles d'Automne*. Par VICTOR HUGO. 8vo. 1832. [*Autumnal Leaves*. By VICTOR HUGO.]

3. *Romans et Contes Philosophiques*. Par M. de BALZAC. 2nde édition. [*Philosophical Romances and Tales*. By M. de BALZAC.]

3. *Œuvres de CHARLES NODIER*. Paris. 1832. 5 Tomes. 8vo. [*Works of CHARLES NODIER*.]

THE first of the prefixed works is interesting on several accounts; its origin, its subject, and the great array of names which it numbers among its contributors. It is a voluntary association of almost all the literary talent of France, for the benefit of an individual who, by his enterprise and liberality, had rendered essential services to literature, but whose affairs have, it seems, fallen into the sere, since the commercial embarrassments following on the revolution, Ladvoat the Bookseller. A hundred and one authors of all ranks and political opinions, philosophers, academicians, journalists, deputies, poets, artists, have combined in these volumes to do for the Paris of the present day what Mercier, in his "*Tableau de Paris*," did, or attempted to do, for that

[* A translation of selections from this work has appeared in England, under the title of "*Paris, or the Book of the Hundred-and-One*." 3 vols. post 8vo. It has been republished in 2 volumes, 18mo, by Messrs. Lilly, Wait, & Co., Boston.]

of 1783; to pass in review before us its humors, follies, and opinions, painted in colors gay or grave, sketchy or elaborate, according to the manner or mood of the artist. Such a subject, even tolerably well executed, can never be destitute of interest. And we advert to it with the more pleasure, because it affords us an opportunity of briefly noticing some of those names which have lately been rising into literary celebrity in France, in the field of poetry or novel-writing.

Whatever benefits the revolution may have conferred, or may yet have in store, in other matters, its influence on literary taste has not been favorable. The productions of the day seem rather to have become more ephemeral, their aim less dignified, their manner more theatrical and exaggerated than before. Nothing wears an aspect of permanency; nothing seems to address itself to posterity, or to have any higher object in view than that of amusing, exciting, astonishing,—if any thing could astonish,—the present generation. Every thing seems hurried up with the coarse rapidity of scenes for the theatre; the temples, and fairy grotts, and gloomy caves, are only made to be viewed under the glitter of gas, and after attracting for a few weeks, to be washed out and superseded by some newer but not more substantial pageant. Periods of perplexity and change, in fact, are not those in which men labor for eternity; in the suspense, the all-engrossing interests of the present, the future, like the past, is scarcely thought of. "Let us eat and drink," is then the watchword of literature, "for to-morrow we die." For the creation of those enduring works, which appeal, not to the present century, but to all, there must be confidence, tranquillity of mind, sequestration from the anxieties, and struggles, and shifts of party. There must be one clear, decided, overruling bar of public opinion to appeal to, not an endless babble of conflicting judicatories. There must be a morality fixed and immutable, based in religion, felt in its beneficent effects; not a morality of economy and expediency, always vacillating with the last theory. There must be some general recognition of religious principles, binding mankind into one, supplying some stay and leaning-place, in this incessant motion of all things around, and harmonizing all those discords of society which are at present obtruded in such jarring tones upon the general ear.

Is this to be found in France as a feature of the national mind? We fear not, and the literature of the day bears traces sufficiently evident of the chaos of opinion which prevails. Its most salient and characteristic feature is its aimlessness, its contradictory nature. It is not a professedly infidel literature, like that of the 18th century, possessing a certain grandeur even from the unity,

the combination, with which it accomplished its evil work ; nor is it one of general faith and positive convictions, like those of the 16th and 17th. In truth, it seems to have no general aim. The efforts, like the opinions of its members, contradict each other ; seldom indeed is any one long consistent even with himself. No commanding tone is heard above the rest, but only a Babylonish gibbering among the workmen, all laboring away, as one would think, with much seeming energy on the edifice of social and moral improvement, but in truth doing little or nothing to advance the work. The royalist, the republican, the middleman, each presses forward, anxious to make his own block the corner-stone of the building ; while the St.-Simonian ever protests that all their attempts will crumble to pieces, because they build on the old foundations, however they may attempt to vary the superstructure ; that society must be reconstructed from its very elements, that there must be a new heaven as well as a new earth, and that he, the disciple of St. Simon, is the man to give us both.

Meantime literature every where bears the stamp of this prevailing excitation, suspense, conflict, and fear of change. Nothing in it seems calm, majestic, simple, classical ; at best the model which it selects is the convulsive action of the Laocoon, not the divine dignity of the Apollo. In poetry, generally, what monstrous exaggeration of coloring ! what diseased pictures of feeling ! what audacity of speculation ! what extravagance of diction ! As if the language would break down under the thought, — all the contortions of the Sybil in truth, but how little of her inspiration ! What chance has the voice of a Lamartine or a Victor Hugo, pouring forth their inspirations from a loftier and more sequestered seat, to be heard in the din produced by the sickly whining of a Joseph Delorme,* the rancorous tirades of the Nemesis and the Gorgone, or the impious and licentious vulgarities of a Barbier ? What chance, in short, has any thing pure, subdued, consistent, beside the dazzling, the diseased, the gigantic, the inconceivable ?

It is delightful, however, for those who can still appreciate the better part of poetry, to turn from this lunatic vehemence of tone to the quiet and simple strain which Victor Hugo has lately uttered in his "*Feuilles d'Automne*." Growing calmer in his feelings, as life advances, more still as the noise about him increases, he has published a volume worthy of the better days of poetry : tender, domestic, chastened both in its mournfulness and its mirth ; filled with the unstudied expression of youthful hopes,

* A work published under that fictitious name by M. Sainte-Beuve. We have a high esteem for the talents of the author, and are very far from meaning to convey any reflection upon his compositions generally.

recollections, sorrows, friendships, and loves. If our time permitted, we would quote largely from this delightful volume; as it is, we must limit ourselves to one of his pictures of infancy, in which there seems to us a wild charm, which we fear our readers may not discover in our translation, but which we think can hardly escape any one who peruses the original.

" In the dusky court,
Near the altar laid,
Sleeps the child in shadow
Of his mother's bed:
Softly he reposes,
And his lids of roses,
Closed to earth, uncloses
On the heaven o'erhead.

" Dans l'alcove sombre,
Près d'un humble autel,
L'enfant dort à l'ombre
Du lit maternel.
Tandis qu'il repose,
Sa paupière rose,
Pour la terre close,
S'ouvre pour le ciel.

" Many a dream is with him,
Fresh from fairy land,
Spangled o'er with diamonds
Seems the ocean sand;
Suns are gleaming there,
Troops of ladies fair
Souls of infants bear
In their charming hand.

" Il fait bien des rêves.
Il voit par momens
Le sable des grèves
Plein de diamans,
Des soleils de flammes,
Et de belles dames,
Qui portent des ames
Dans leurs bras charmans.

" O! enchanting vision!
Lo, a rill up-springs,
And, from out its bosom,
Comes a voice that sings.
Lovelier there appear
Sire and sisters dear,
While his mother near
Plumes her new-born wings.

" Songe qui l'enchanse!
Il voit des ruisseaux.
Une voix qui chante
Sort du fond des eaux.
Ses sœurs sont plus belles.
Son père est près d'elles.
Sa mère a des ailes
Comme les oiseaux.

" But a brighter vision
Yet his eyes behold;
Roses all, and lilies,
Every path enfold;
Lakes in shadow sleeping,
Silver fishes leaping,
And the waters creeping,
Through the reeds of gold.

" Il voit mille choses
Plus belles encore;
Des lis et des roses
Plein le corridor;
Des lacs de délice
Où le poisson glisse,
Où l'onde se plisse
A des roseaux d'or!

" Slumber on, sweet infant,
Slumber peacefully;
Thy young soul yet knows not
What thy lot may be.
Like dead leaves that sweep
Down the stormy deep,
Thou art borne in sleep,
What is all to thee?

" Enfant, rêve encore!
Dors, ô mes amours!
Ta jeune ame ignore
Où s'en vont tes jours.
Comme une algue morte
Tu vas, que t'importe!
Le courant t'emporte,
Mais tu dors toujours!

" Thou canst slumber by the way;
Thou hast learnt to borrow
Nought from study, nought from care;
The cold hand of sorrow,
On thy brow unwrinkled yet,
Where young truth and candor sit,
Ne'er with rugged nail hath writ
That sad word, 'To-morrow!'

" Sans soin, sans étude,
Tu dors en chemin;
Et l'inquiétude
A la froide main,
De son ongle aride,
Sur ton front candide
Qui n'a point de ride,
N'écrit pas : Demain!

"Innocent! thou sleepest,—
See the heavenly band,
Who foreknow the trials
That for man are planned;
Seeing him unarmed,
Unfearing, un-alarmed,
With their tears have warmed
His unconscious hand.

"Angels, hovering o'er him,
Kiss him where he lies.
Hark! he sees them weeping,
'Gabriel!' he cries;
'Hush!' the angel says,
On his lip he lays
One finger, one displays
His native skies."

"Il dort, innocence!
Les anges sereins
Qui savent d'avance
Le sort des humains,
Le voyant sans armes,
Sans peur, sans alarmes,
Baisent avec larmes
Ses petites mains.

"Leurs lèvres effleurent
Ses lèvres de miel.
L'enfant voit qu'ils pleurent,
Et dit: 'Gabriel!'
Mais l'ange le touche,
Et berçant sa couche,
Un doigt sur sa bouche
Lève l'autre au ciel!"

To turn from these pure and touching strains to the field of novel-writing, is like passing from one of the Cupids of Albano into a gallery filled with the gloomy martyrdoms of Caravaggio, or the *diableries* of Callot and Breughel d'Enfer. The taste for the revival, in fiction, of other times, seems to have passed away, or to have been transferred, at least in its more sombre point of view, to the stage. It has been succeeded by fictions which better reflect the fermentation, the relaxation of established principles which characterize society; a literature which delights in the studious agitation of those moral problems from which men are generally anxious to shrink; in speculations upon "all fearful, all unutterable things"; in attacks upon all the connecting principles of society; in details of the most frightful atrocities; in the most singular alliances between the ludicrous and the terrible, between voluptuousness and horror; in the prevalence of a fatalism, which urges man to live and die like the beasts that perish, or of a despair venting itself in impiety or exhaled in sarcasm.

Nowhere is there repose, no where a principle of consolation; — all is wild merriment or gnashing of teeth. A dazzling picture of the splendors of the palace is succeeded by the misery of the hovel, the loathsomeness of the dungeon or the hospital, a drunken revel, a licentious orgy, the guillotine, or the *Morgue*. We are perpetually treading on the confines of decency, often plunging into undisguised licentiousness. There are scenes in the "*Peau de Chagrin*," of Balzac, such as the revel which follows the acquisition of the talisman, and the situation in which the death of the hero takes place, which would in this country have attracted the notice of the Attorney-General. In the fortunes of "*Michel Raymond*" (a tale of adultery, one of the most favorite topics of the day), in his "*Daniel le Lapidaire*," in the "*Confession*" and "*La Femme Guillotinée*" of Janin, scenes are perpetually occurring which few would have the courage to read aloud in Eng-

lish, and few even, we would hope, in French society. You lay down the book with a conviction like that of Alceste, after reading Oronte's sonnet, —

“ Qu'un homme est pendable après les avoir faits.”

Yet the scope or intention of the author may not be to corrupt; these outrages seem as often to be the result of insensibility as of intention. The style, of course, partakes of the wild, incongruous character of the incidents. It moves in galvanic jerks and frantic gambols, with incoherent images like a madman's dreams; metaphors, similes, illustrations drawn from the most revolting departments of the physical, or the most sacred of the moral world, and paradoxical maxims of morality, dazzling for a moment and confounding the understanding. The feeling, on laying down the strange imbroglio, is one of exhaustion, as if we had been gazing on the jets, and stars, and snaky convolutions of a fire-work; our eyes ache in attempting to follow its windings, our ears are stunned by its discharges, and we gladly escape after the exhibition from the sulphureous atmosphere we have been breathing, to the “ breeze of heaven fresh blowing,” the tranquil glories of nature, and the silent, steady lustre of the moon and stars.

This character, it may be objected, is too indiscriminately applied; and undoubtedly many examples might be pointed out in the lighter literature of the last two or three years of a more subdued and natural cast. But what we mean is, that the leading talent of the day has taken the direction to which we have alluded; that the dissection of the body social and the body politic, sometimes by the coarsest instruments, and with the most needless parade of its morbid anatomy, in the guise of philosophical romances, calculated to leave the most humiliating and desolating impression on the mind, seems to have almost superseded those more comprehensive, more indulgent, and, after all, truer pictures of life, that humor gently blending with pathos, and even producing it, which presented themselves to a Lesage or a Cervantes, that disposition to find good in every thing which colors nature in the pictures of Scott.

It would be unjust, however, to this literature, whatever may be thought of its accordance with taste or morality, to deny it the praise of a seductive vivacity of movement, great variety, intense force, and a perfect command of those means of effect, which, though of coarse material and speedily worn out, are perhaps the best instruments for making an impression on minds which the strong excitement of the time has rendered callous to slighter emotions. We would point to two names in particular, out of

the crowd of writers of the *convulsive* school, as deserving peculiar attention, Balzac and Janin.

Balzac is a French Hoffmann, a master of the fantastic and the horrible, dealing however with a more daring phantasmagoria than the German, not losing himself or turning the brain of his readers by a labyrinth of mazy images, born of the mingled fumes of French tobacco and the nervous excitement of dissipation, but bringing his fantastic world into direct bearing upon the actual, making it, in fact, only an embodied and palpable representation of the good and evil principles which divide the mixed nature of man. His "*Peau de Chagrin*" is a philosophical romance, of which the moral, if it has one, seems to be embodied in one sentence of the work, — "*Tuer les sentimens pour vivre vieux, ou mourir jeune en acceptant le martyre de passions, voilà notre sort.*" His hero Raphael has chosen the latter alternative. A talisman has been confided to him which gratifies every wish, but every wish, according to its magnitude, cuts off a portion of existence: as the talisman shrivels, the span of life contracts with it. Yet he rushes on through a delirious round of passions and pleasures, agonized in the midst of all by the consciousness that his fate is approaching, that he is accelerating it, yet unable to resist; till at last he dies the miserable victim of his own unbridled passion. The reader is drawn as by a whirlwind through the chapters of the work, as through a series of chambers; some odor-breathing, sun-illuminated, bright with lovely forms floating in voluptuous dance; some giving vent to the roar of intoxication, and ribaldry, and licentiousness; some vast empty halls, in which the lamps are dying out, the music gone, the goblets overturned, echoing only to the groan of solitary remorse; some, through whose half-opened and jealously unclosing doors, we catch momentary glimpses of domestic happiness; a long vista leading to a burial-vault, over which no angel of consolation or pity keeps watch, but only a spirit of impious mockery or comfortless despair. Many other tales in his "*Romans Philosophiques*" abound in the same fascination, as we may call it, for it is analogous to the influence of the rattle-snake. Such is the "*Elixir de Longue Vie*," a tale of parricide, so extremely forcible that it can hardly be read without a shuddering belief of its probability; and the "*Enfant Maudit*," a picture of a being left to the brutalizing influence of savage nature, and sinking by degrees to a level with the inanimate world, with which alone his mind has been conversant. His later work, "*Contes Bruns, par une tête à l'envers*," in which he has been assisted by Rabou and Philarète Chasles, more resembles the "*Diable Amoureux*" of Cazotte, or Washington Irving's *Dance of the Furniture* in the old Flemish inn.

These are only a series of frightful grotesques, dancing before the eyes of the spectator, like

The fancied lights, that flitting pass
Over shut eyes at midnight, when
Fever begins upon the brain.

But here, even though in a less striking degree than in the "*Romans Philosophiques*," the talent of Balzac is evident.

Janin we should be inclined to place next to him: in many points they resemble each other closely. In both there is the same wild vigor of conception, the same rapid brilliancy of execution, the same hardihood of speculation. But Balzac seems to us to study his details better, and to give more consistency and unity to his conceptions. Janin's first work, "*L'Âne Mort et la Femme Guillotinée*," puzzled the town. Whether it were a parody on Victor Hugo's raw-head and bloody-bones scenes in "*Bug Jargal*" and "*Hans of Iceland*," or a *bonâ fide* attempt to beat him at his own weapons, no one seemed to know. If it were a parody, it certainly did not produce the usual effect of one, namely, laughter. On the contrary, it fulfilled most literally the condition which the author, in his preface, avowed he had in view in writing it,—that it should be a work which the reader should throw down a dozen times in disgust, and yet should feel himself forced, as by a spell, to take it up again and finish its horrors. The "*Confession*," which followed, was a picture of mental agony and remorse in a mind having a natural tendency to insanity, a brief but overpowering production, like Hugo's "*Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*." More lately Janin has tried his hand on a more elaborate and regular work, the story of "*Barnave, a Tale of the Revolution*"; but though this production is at once more natural and more varied than its predecessors, it has not attracted the same attention. It treats too plainly the crimes of the revolution and the motives of its actors, and manifests too strong a sympathy with the suffering party, to be exactly to the taste of the *Mouvement*. If Janin wishes to be popular, he must betake himself again to the Lazar-house and the Place de Grève.

The time would fail us were we to attempt to say any thing of the monstrosities of Eugène Sue,* with his tales of pirates and planters, negroes with hearts blacker than their faces, and serpents that strangle heroines on their wedding-night; of Raymond's dashing but gloomy sketches of the Life of Paris in the "*Maçon*," "*Les Intimes*," "*Contes de l'Atelier*"; of Rey Dusseuil's "*Samuel Bernard*," and "*La Fin du Monde*"; of Drouineau's "*Manuscrit Vert*"; or the many other names which the course of

* "*Plik et Plok*," and "*Atar Gull*."

the last few years has added to the ever-changing roll of popularity. We must turn at once to "Paris, ou le Livre des Cent-et-Un."

The nature of the subject, — the morals and manners of Paris, — exclude, of course, much of that exaggeration which in works of pure fiction we have mentioned as the most remarkable feature of French literature at the present moment. And, perhaps, it is owing to this check upon the natural tendencies of many of the authors, that there is, on the whole, in this work so much that is common-place, second-rate, inferior to the usual standard of periodical essay-writing both in France and among ourselves. The average of the compositions of the "Hundred-and-One," does not rise above, if it even equals, the general ability of the essays in Jouy's "Hermites," while the inferior ones are a thousand degrees beneath those of that graceful, and, on the whole, amusing series. Considering that the work is a labor of love, that the highest names in France are to be found in the list of *collaborateurs*, it is, in fact, surprising how little is contained in the three volumes already published, which is less likely to be quoted, or less known three months hence.

The article, entitled "La Conciergerie," by Philarète Chasles, bears the sombre inspiration of reality; "quorum pars magna fui" speaks in every line of this striking and touching picture of imprisonment. Its author, arrested when a mere boy in 1815, almost without a shadow of suspicion, thrown among the lowest horde of Parisian ruffians in the police, is afterwards transferred to the dreary prison of the Conciergerie, the den which had witnessed so many of the horrors of the Revolution, but which has been swept away by a more modern building.

"The carriage stopt before the Palais de Justice. Here then was the Conciergerie. Near the vast staircase which leads up to the Palais de Justice you discovered in a corner, on the right, sunk under ground, concealed by a double railing, crushed as it were by the building which rose above it, the subterranean vault of which I speak. The weight of the superincumbent building pressed on it, as society presses on the prisoner, be he innocent or guilty. Was it a prison, a sewer, or a cellar? No one could have said, so completely was its entrance, so small, so low, so narrow, so black, buried in the shadow projected from the surrounding buildings. At the gate stood a centinel; in front a lamp was burning, which enlightened with a bloody glare this funereal avenue. Now all is changed; but in 1815 the oldest of French prisons resembled the *oubliettes* of feudal times. I entered, preceded and followed by a gendarme.

"My first thought was of death and of the tomb. Afterwards, however, (let me confess my sins of boyish pride,) this flagrant iniquity gave me courage, and I found that the men who could

lower themselves so far as to tremble at my infancy, and to thrust me into their dungeons, elevated me to the precocious dignity of a man and a martyr. The consciousness of the pure and simple occupations in the midst of which the adjutant of police had surprised me, the consciousness of my innocence, the disgust with which this foolish and wanton barbarity inspired me; perhaps, the strange pleasure of tasting at so early a period of life its most poignant and bitter sensations, strangely supported me; I felt as if I could rise to the level of any suffering, any cruelty; I threw down the glove of defiance to the world. Alas, it has taken it up!

"I was *registered*. The word is degrading, terrible,—like a chain which is placed upon you, a weight attached to you, a physical burden; by this compact of strength against weakness, you belong to the prison: you are the *thing*, the puppet, the furniture of the keeper. You descend from the condition of man to that of an insensible and brute being, classed, ticketed, like a faggot torn from the forest and laid up in its order to be burnt, in the storehouse of its proprietor.

"The lantern at the gate cast but a dim and feeble light upon surrounding objects. I caught a glimpse of the rags of a robber seated on the same bench with myself, also waiting his registration. A man in a brown dress laid hold of me by the hand. We climbed up stairs, we crossed galleries; the wind blew moist and cold through these dismal passages; my eyes, unaccustomed to this new world, discerned nothing but red stars, as it were, burning here and there; they were the lamps attached to the wall.

"'I am sorry, young man,' said my guide, 'that such are our orders; but you are *au secret*.'

"'What does that mean?'

"'It is a cell which you are not allowed to leave, and where you are allowed to see no one.'

"We had descended several stories: a long passage with chinks admitting air and light spread before us; several wickets opened to allow us to pass, and fell again. The third door in the passage was that of my prison; a massive door of iron, covered with bolts, of which there is a great profusion in that quarter.

"'There,' said the jailor, after raising his enormous bars of iron, and making the key grate three times in the lock. The cell was about eight feet long, five broad, and twelve high; involved in the thickest darkness; the wall on the one side dripping with lime water, on the other a wooden partition, the floor paved like a cellar; in the farther end, about ten feet above the floor, an opening of about three feet in height and one in breadth, through which a fragment of the sky might be discernible; within an iron barrier obstructing this mockery of a window, and without a screen of wood which prevented all prospect within. In one corner on the left, fronting the door, some bundles of straw littered the ground: beneath the window a pitcher: near the door another filled with water, and a wooden bowl. I trembled, partly with cold, partly

with fear. This was the condemned cell, a prison in all its horrors,—and I, its victim, was not even suspected.

“Though the authors of melo-dramas have abused this means of producing effect, I *am* tempted to believe in the commiseration of jailors. They see in fact so few deserving of pity, that when chance does present them with the prospect, these souls so habituated to the sufferings of others, tired of this obduracy, indulge with eagerness in the pleasure of compassion,—the rare relaxation of charity. Jaques took pity on me and served me well. His wooden figure seemed to soften and relax when I spoke to him; he was kind to me, he would linger five minutes to talk to me in my cell. This man, in his brown coat and with his girdle loaded with keys, had more pity in his heart than the inquisitor, the man of the world, who dined in town, wore breeches of black silk, and gossiped with the ladies.

“*His* menace had been accomplished. This was the ‘Cul de bassefosse,’ with which his wounded self-love had threatened me. I knew not what phantasmagoria was passing about me; nor how, arrested in the house of a printer, conducted to the police, interrogated by its agent, transferred to the Conciergerie, I underwent the fate which Desrues and Mandrin had already endured. In all this series of cruelties I see nothing but a mournful scene of magic. At the present day I can understand but too well this concatenation of sufferings; I understand it only to execrate it, not through vengeance or resentment, but as a man, as a citizen, as a being penetrated with profound *rancour*, to borrow the expressive phrase of our ancestors, against those insults to humanity, the use of which the police permits with impunity, in the midst of a society which calls itself legal, and would fain call itself free.

“There I remained. A loaf was brought me, a prison loaf, so black, so bitter, so disgusting to smell and taste, even hunger revolted from it.

“Would you prefer ‘La Pistole?’ asked the jailor. I dried my tears. I inquired of him what the word meant. For a hundred franks a month, he told me, I might have a bed, white bread, food, a table, and a chair. I was only uneasy about my family. I asked Jacques if I might communicate with them.

“‘I will send some one,’ said he, ‘to your mother, to tell her how you are; but you are not permitted to write or to receive letters.’

“I gave Jaques to understand that my father would not fail to pay the allowance, and to recompense him for any kindnesses he might be inclined to show me. I begged of him to tell my parents that my health was good, and that I was very comfortable. He went away; and at night, when his usual rounds, the closing of the gates, and the usual duties of the prison, brought him back to my cell, he told me that my mother had remained a long time in the parlour, and had begged of him to bring me some fruits. Maternal sorrow had produced its effect on the heart of Jaques; he brought

me a rickety table of plain deal, a chair, of which the stuffing was gone, some moist sheets, and a gray camp-bed, which I still see, upon the back of which was legible *M. de Labedoyère slept here the* The rest was rubbed out. The first time that the iron gates opened, clattered, shook, prolonged their echoes through the vaulted passages, a secret terror seized me; my isolated situation stared me in the face, — I was like a dead man, rising suddenly to see his tomb shut upon him. The next day they brought me a pitcher of milk; I could not contain my tears, — it was so different from my cheerful breakfast at home. Sometimes I heard a heavy vehicle stop; the locks grate, the gates roll back, the bars fall; a bustle for a moment in the prison, then again repose, — silence. These were fresh prisoners brought to the place of confinement.

“My dungeon was situated immediately beneath a court, on which the windows, or rather the orifices, intended for the admission of a little light and air to the *souricière*, looked out. The *souricière* is, I believe, a sort of provisional prison, where criminals are heaped together till their respective destinations can be more definitely arranged. The female division of the prison was close enough to my cell to allow me to hear, occasionally, portions of the conversation of its inmates. They consisted of love songs howled out by hoarse voices, fearful blasphemies repeated by mild and youthful ones; obscene stories told by young girls; narratives of robbery and murder in slang terms; ballads, barcarolles, and vau-de-villes, sung in chorus by these depraved females, mixed with parodies, jokes, imprecations, and shouts of laughter. The most melancholy part of the whole scene was its wild gayety; all sorrow, all remorse, every thought of morality and of the future had deserted these beings, who had wallowed in the kennel of society till they had become filth themselves. Pardon these details; they are frivolous only to the frivolous. I was forcibly struck with this crowning instance of human depravity. I had never been initiated in crime. I knew crime only from history, through the dim veil of a distant perspective. A childhood passed in romance and mental activity had not prepared me for revelations such as these. When I heard one of these women singing the popular melody of *Catrucco*, ‘Portrait Charmant,’ — my heart seemed to break: the contrast was too great, the dissonance too hideous. Even now I cannot bear to listen to that air.

“One day there was a more than ordinary bustle in the prison; the bells sounded longer; the tramp of regular steps echoed through the passages; the clattering of bayonets terrified me. The chamber next to mine opened and shut several times. I heard from it the sound of weeping and lamentation. Jacques, when he visited me, was dressed in his suit of uniform. The sobs from the adjoining cell grew louder, — the women of the *souricière* sang on as usual. I learned from the keeper that the cell was occupied by one who had been condemned to death; that the day of execution

was come, the hour about to strike; that the sobs I heard were those which accompanied the rude confession of the criminal, — that the priest was with him; that the prisoner on his knees, half drunk, half despairing, was in the act of receiving absolution, — that in ten minutes he would be numbered with the dead. Suddenly all the bells began; the noise of wheels on the pavement shook the building; murmurs of distant voices accompanied the death procession, and the tumult was succeeded by the stillness of the prison.

“Confinement triumphed, as might be expected, over a frame which had seen only sixteen summers. Those scenes of terror produced an irradicable impression on my mind. The privation of air and exercise, the vexation of not seeing those I loved, the damp atmosphere in which I lived, made me ill. A month passed away, — the physician applied for leave that I might walk in the court. I was conducted by Jacques to an oblong court, ten or twelve feet below the level of the surrounding streets, surrounded by lofty edifices, and all bordered with iron spikes. Naked and dirty feet were moving over the sand; rough and savage voices asked who I could be; men with arms covered with hair surrounded me; others in their shirts, with no other article of clothing but pantaloons of gray sail-cloth, were stretched upon the ground amusing themselves at play; others were working at those little articles in straw, the delicacy of which is so surprising. I recognised there vice as I had seen it in the Police, but still more hideous. There it had preserved a semi-social garb and language, some of the habits of civilization; but here it was delineated in all its beauty, in all its vigor. Its only dialect was slang; self-contempt, and contempt for every thing else was painted on every feature. A wild cupidity sparkled in the eyes of the gamblers. By the side of society, attired in its decent garb and subjected to restraint, here was one composed of savages, who, from that very civilization, have borrowed their artifices, their resources, to turn them against civilization itself. I was more terrified at their figures, their questions, their looks, their unintelligible jargon, than I should have been by the scaffold itself.

“I was only twice taken into this court; my third promenade was in another much smaller, of an oblong form, and, from the extreme height of the buildings above it, not unlike the bottom of a well. In the cells, the air-holes of which opened in this little court, were several prisoners accused of political offences; among others, a lieutenant of cavalry, always gay, lively, with an iron constitution, and who, even behind his iron barriers, used constantly to amuse me with pleasant stories.

“As my health got better, I was recommitted to my darkness. I had breathed the fresh air three times in eight days, — that was enough. My imprisonment continued for two months.”

Passing over many respectable and some eminent names, who, however, have not on this occasion exactly fulfilled the expecta-

tions which might have been formed beforehand, we come to the paper contributed by Al. Dumas, entitled "*Le Cocher de Cabriolet.*" No one who has read his "*Henri III. et sa Cour,*" or his "*Antoine,*" or "*Térèse,*" will doubt his power of imparting the most vivid and intense dramatic interest to any scene on which he may exercise his powers. This is the point of view in which he has taken up the subject. The sketch of a cabriolet-driver, with which the paper opens, will have little interest to one who recollects Irving's admirable sketches of English Coachmen; but it leads to a narrative of deep interest, and some sketches of more than ordinary power. The duel with which it concludes, reminds us of the ferocity of the encounter in "*Matthew Wald.*" The coachman has informed Dumas that he had formerly been the service of a M. Eugene. He goes on to describe a nocturnal incident, in which he had been his companion.

" 'We had reached the bridge, where there are statues, as you know. There were none then. We met a woman sobbing so loud we could hear it notwithstanding the din of the cabriolet. Stop, said my master; ere I could turn my head, he was on the ground. It was pitch dark: I could see neither the ground nor the sky. The woman went before, my master followed; suddenly she stopped about the middle of the bridge, leapt upon it, and then I heard a plunge. My master sprung up after her; he followed, he could swim like a fish.

" 'I said to myself, — if I remain in the cabriolet, I can do no good; on the other hand I cannot swim a stroke; if I throw myself over, there will be two to draw out instead of one. I said to that old horse who had then four years less on his back, and two measures of oats more in his belly; 'Stand still, Coco.' You would have thought he understood me. He stood still.

" 'I ran on, I reached the river-side; there was a little boat: I leapt into it, it was fastened by a rope. I pulled and pulled; I felt for my knife, I had forgotten it. And all the time I heard my master diving like a cormorant.

" 'I pulled so hard at last, that crack! . . . the rope gave way, and I found myself sprawling on my back in the boat. I said to myself, this is no time to be counting the stars; I got up in a hurry.

" 'With the fall the boat had been launched into the stream; I sought for the oars; I could find but one. I tried to row with it; I spun round like a tetotum. I said, I may as well go whistle; all's over.

" 'I shall never forget that moment, Sir, all my life: you would have thought the river was running ink, it looked so black. Now and then only, some little wave rose, and cast its spray into the boat; then for a moment would be seen the white robe of the female, or the head of my master, as he rose to the surface to breathe.

Once only they came to the surface together. I heard M. Eugene cry, 'I see her now,' In two strokes he was at the place where her dress had been floating the moment before. Suddenly, I saw his legs in the air; he disappeared; I was not ten steps off, floating down the river with the current, clasping my oar in my hands, and crying 'My God, why can I not swim?'

"He reappeared again in a moment. This time he held her by the hair; she was senseless; it was time, and for my master too. His breast heaved; he had just strength enough left to raise himself out of the water, while she lay motionless as lead; he turned his head to see which bank was the nearest; his eye rested on me. 'Here,' cried he, 'Cantillon!' I leant on the brink of the boat; I stretched the oar to him; three feet more would have done it. 'Here, here;' cried he; I swore; I could not help it; 'Cantillon.' — A wave passed over him. I remained with my mouth open, my eyes fixed on the spot. He reappeared; a mountain seemed to be taken from my breast; I stretched the oar out again; he had come a little nearer. 'Courage, master, courage,' I cried. He could not answer me. 'Let her drop,' I cried; 'save yourself.' — 'No, no;' cried he. The water rushed into his mouth. Every hair on my head was in a cold sweat. I stood stretching over the boat holding out the oar; every thing seemed to be turning about me. The Bridge, the Hotel de Gardes, the Tuilleries, all danced before us, and yet my eyes never quitted that head, which kept sinking and sinking, those eyes, now on a level with the water, still gazed on me, and seemed twice their usual size; now, nothing but his hair remained above; it sank like the rest; his arm only, with the fingers convulsively bent, rose above the water. I made a last effort, I stretched the oar out, — Aha! ha! — I thrust it into his hand.'

"Cantillon paused, and wiped his forehead. I drew breath, and he proceeded.

"'You may well say that a drowning man would catch at a bar of red hot iron. He clutched the oar till his nails indented themselves in the wood. I leant the oar on the boat-side, and raised him out of the water. I trembled so, at the idea of losing this devil of an oar, that I lay upon it as I drew it cautiously in. M. Eugene lay with his head back like one in a faint; I still pulled, he came nearer and nearer: at last I stretched my arm out; I caught him by the waist, — huzza, — I was sure of my man. I held him like a vice. Eight days afterwards he had the marks of it still on his arms.

"He had never let go the female. I drew them both into the boat. They lay in the bottom. I called on my master. I tried to strike him on the palms of his hands, but he held them clasped, as if he had been cracking nuts. I could have ate my heart out with vexation.

"I caught hold of my oar again, and tried to gain the bank. I am no great boatman with two oars, and with one, I might as well have flown. If I tried to go to one side, I was sure to go to the

other. The current, in the mean time, swept us down. When I saw that we were fairly on the way to Havre, I said, 'Faith, this is no time for false modesty; I must call for help;' so I screamed like a peacock.

"The men in the little station for the reception of the drowned heard me; they were with us in a moment. They fixed my boat to theirs, and, in five minutes after, my master and the young woman were both in a layer of salt, like a pair of pickled herrings.

"They asked me if I was drowned too? I said, 'No; but that it made no difference; they might give me a glass of brandy, and I would be all right in a moment;' for my legs were tottering beneath me all the time.

"My master first opened his eyes. He threw himself upon my neck. I sobbed, I laughed, I wept. My God! what fools folks do make of themselves sometimes!

"M. Eugene turned round. He saw the young girl, to whom they were administering some application. 'A thousand francs,' said he, 'shall be your reward, if you save her.' 'And you, Cantillon, my noble fellow, my friend, my saviour, quick, bring hither the cabriolet.'

"'Ah, true,' cried I, 'and Coko!' You need not ask, if I plied my legs well. I came to the spot where I had left him. No cabriolet, or horse, was to be found. Next day they were found for us, however, by the police. Some amateur had taken them home with him.

"I returned and told him. 'Quick then,—a fiacre,'—'And the young girl?'—'She has sprained her foot,' said he. I brought the fiacre; she had come completely to herself, but she could not yet speak. We lifted her in. 'Coachman, quick, to the Rue de Bac, No. 31.'

The female, as may be inferred in such cases, is the victim of perfidy. She is restored to her father, and Eugene makes a vain attempt on the feelings of her seducer, Alfred. The father, who had been left in the adjoining room, watching the issue of their conference, rushes on the seducer, and nearly strangles him in his agony.

"'M. Alfred rose, pale, his eyes fixed, his teeth clenched; he did not even look at Mademoiselle Marie, who had fainted. He stepped up to my master, who waited for him with his arms folded. 'Eugene,' said he, 'I did not know that your apartment was a place for cut-throats. Next time, I shall enter it with a loaded pistol in each hand. You understand me?' 'It is in this way I expect you,' said my master. 'If you came in any other, I should request you to be gone.'

"'Captain,' said M. Alfred, as he went out, 'you will not forget that I have a debt to settle with you too.'

"'Which shall be paid this instant,' said the Captain; 'for I will not leave you.'

“ ‘Be it so.’

“ ‘Day begins to dawn,’ said Captain Dumont; ‘so provide yourself with arms.’

“ ‘I have both swords and pistols,’ said my master.

“ ‘Put them in the carriage.’

“ ‘In the Bois de Boulogne, an hour hence, at the Porte Maillot,’ said M. Alfred.

“ ‘In an hour,’ replied my master and the captain, at the same moment. ‘Go provide your seconds.’ He went out.

“ The captain bent over his daughter’s bed. M. Eugene proposed to call assistance. ‘Nay; not so,’ replied the father; ‘it is better she should not know it. Marie, dear child, adieu. If I am killed, M. Eugene, you will avenge me; will you not? You will not abandon the orphan.’ ‘I swear it,’ said my master, embracing him.

“ ‘Cantillon! a fiacre.’ — ‘Shall I go with you, sir?’ — ‘You may.’

“ The captain again embraced his daughter. He called in the nurse. ‘Take care of her, now,’ said he. ‘If she ask for me, say I shall return. — Come, my young friend, let us go.’

“ They went into M. Eugene’s room. When I returned with the fiacre, they were waiting me below. The captain had the pistols in his pockets, and M. Eugene the swords under his cloak. ‘I have no friend but you; no relative but my daughter. You and she to follow my coffin, and it is enough.’

“ A cabriolet followed us a few steps behind. M. Alfred stepped out of it, with two seconds.

“ One of them approached us. ‘What are the captain’s weapons?’ ‘Pistols.’

“ ‘Remain in the cabriolet, and hold the swords,’ said my master; and they went deeper into the wood.

“ Ten minutes had hardly elapsed when I heard two pistol-shots. I started, just as if I had not been expecting it. It was all over with some one; for ten minutes more elapsed without any repetition of the sound.

“ I had thrown myself back in the carriage, not daring to look out. Suddenly the door opened. ‘Cantillon, the swords,’ said my master.

“ I gave them to him. He extended his hand to take them. I saw on his finger the captain’s ring.

“ ‘And the father of Mademoiselle?’ said I.

“ ‘Dead!’

“ ‘The swords, then?’ —

“ ‘Are for me.’

“ ‘In the name of heaven, allow me to follow you?’

“ ‘As you will.’

“ I leapt out: my heart was small as a grain of mustard seed. I trembled in every limb. My master entered the wood, and I followed him.

"We had not gone ten steps, when I perceived M. Alfred standing and smiling in the midst of his seconds. 'Take care,' cried my master, drawing me to one side. I stepped back; I had almost trod upon the body of the captain.

"M. Eugene cast one glance on the body, then, advancing towards the group, he threw down the swords, and said, 'See, gentlemen, whether they be of the same length.'

"Cannot matters be delayed till to-morrow?' said one of the seconds.

"Impossible!

"Be easy my friends,' said Alfred, 'I am not tired, I want nothing but a glass of water.'

"Cantillon! go fetch a glass of water for M. Alfred,' said my master.

"I would almost as soon have been hanged; but my master beckoned to me again, and there was no help for it. I went to a restaurant's, who was near, — I was back in a moment. I handed him the glass, and said to myself, 'May every drop be poison!' He took it, and his hand did not tremble; only as he gave it me back, I saw that he had ground it with his teeth till he had cracked the edge.

"I threw the glass over my head, and saw that during my absence my master had got ready. He had kept on only his pantaloons and shirt, the sleeves of which were tucked up. I drew near. 'Have you any orders for me?' I said. 'No,' replied he, 'I have neither father nor mother. If I die,' (and he wrote a few words on paper) 'you will deliver this paper to Marie.'

"He gave one other look at the body of the captain, and advanced towards his adversary, saying, 'Come, gentlemen.'

"You have no seconds,' said M. Alfred.

"One of yours will do.'

"Earnest, step over to the gentleman's side.'

"And one of the seconds came over to my master's side. The other took the swords, placed the combatants opposite to each other at the distance of four steps, placed the hilt in their hands, crossed the blades, and drew back.

"At that moment each made a step forward. The blades were locked at the guard.

"Draw back,' said my master.

"I am not accustomed to break off,' said M. Alfred.

"'T is well.' M. Eugene drew back, and placed himself again on guard.

"Ten frightful minutes followed: the blades flew round each other like snakes at play. M. Alfred alone made thrusts. My master followed his sword with his eyes, and parried as calmly as if he had been in a fencing-room. I was in an agony of rage. If M. Alfred's servant had been there, I could have strangled him.

"Still the fight went on; M. Alfred smiled grimly. My master was calm and cold.

" ' Ah ! ' said M. Alfred.

" His sword had touched my master on the arm, and the blood flowed.

" ' It is nothing,' replied he, ' proceed.'

" I perspired with anxiety.

" The seconds approached : M. Eugene motioned to them to withdraw. His adversary profited by the occasion ; he made a feint. My master was too late with his *parry en second*, and the blood flowed from his thigh. I sat down on the grass, — I could not stand.

" M. Eugene, however, remained calm as ever ; only when his lips parted, I could perceive how his teeth were clenched. The moisture flowed from his opponent's brow ; he was growing weaker.

" My master made a step forward. M. Alfred broke off.

" ' I thought you *never* did so,' said my master. M. Alfred made a feint, — M. Eugene parried it with a force that made his adversary's weapon fly as if he had been saluting, — his breast was exposed, — my master's sword disappeared in it up to the hilt.

" M. Alfred spread his arms out, — dropped his sword. He stood erect, only because he was supported by the blade which transfixed him.

" M. Eugene drew his sword out, and he fell. ' Have I conducted myself,' said my master, ' like a man of honor ?'

" ' The seconds made a sign in the affirmative.'

We shall conclude with an extract in a different strain, from a paper of Jouy's, on " Political Ingratitude." It possesses his usual good sense and quiet elegance of style ; but we quote it rather on account of its independence, and the lessons of prudence and moderation which in these days of violence on all sides it inculcates. Of the ingratitude of princes we have all heard enough ; that side of the question has of late been fully argued. M. Jouy has thought it right that we should hear something also of the ingratitude of the people, the instant that those who have pleaded the cause of rational liberty, firmly and consistently, choose to stop short at the limit of prudence instead of blindly following the march of innovation, and thus come in collision with those factious organs by whom the opinions of the public are so easily guided or perverted. He looks to the history of the Revolution : he asks, what has France done for those who shed their blood or wasted their best years in her defence ? What for those who have exhibited the noblest instances of passive fortitude, of unalterable devotion ? What stone marks the tomb of Bailly, of Charlotte Corday, of Philippine Roland, of Elizabeth of France, of Manuel ? From the past he makes a transition to the present, and inquires what treatment the friends of constitutional liberty have met with at the hands of those for whom they have consistently labored.

"There is one, in particular, against whom the ingratitude of faction has been more than usually active, — I mean Dupin. I shall allow facts to speak for themselves.

"Of every branch of national liberty, that which a government, but not without forecast, feared the most, the liberty of the press, found in M. Dupin its most indefatigable defender. Writers, whose patriotic views were the most opposed to arbitrary government, never demanded his support in vain. This is a homage which most of those who, having nothing more to expect from him, have now declared themselves his enemies, have rendered to him again and again. We never meet with more ingratitude than at the moment when we cease to have the power to cause it.

"M. Dupin has constantly professed and supported the principles of liberty restrained within constitutional bounds; he has lent his whole efforts to the establishment of a popular government, when Paris, the organ and mandatory of France, raised a citizen to the throne. How, then, has this old friend of liberty, one of the authors of our political regeneration, become all at once an object of anxiety, of persecution, to the men of July? He has ventured to differ in opinion, on some points of political doctrine, with the leaders of a systematic opposition, to which he had ceased to be a party. M. Dupin may have erred with the majority of the Chamber in 1830, when, from respect to the principle that judges should be irremovable, he voted against the proposed alterations in the magistracy; he may have erred with Voltaire in holding that the more the people were enlightened the more they would be free, in opposition to those who thought that the more they were free the more they would become enlightened; but as it is certain that these differences of opinion, in questions of pure theory, could never account for that torrent of hatred and abuse with which he has been assailed, its real cause must be sought in this simple observation: — he, a man of superior abilities, has found his place in the new order of things, and the others, his competitors, are still in search of theirs.

"What I have said of Dupin, I might repeat nearly in the same terms of MM. Barthe and Merilhou; a year ago their names could not be mentioned in Paris, without awakening ideas of superior talent, unshrinking devotion, incorruptible patriotism: their eulogy was in every one's mouth. The revolution took place; they took a most active share in it, and government yielded to the wish of public opinion which pointed them out as its choice. Scarcely had they reached the seat of power, when the most unjust clamors were raised around them; already their patriotism is suspected; soon will they be accused of intrigue, malversation, connivance with the enemies of the state. And what have they done to lose, in a few days, that popularity which it had taken twenty years to acquire? They have accepted the portefeuille which others were ready to seize.

"If it be true, as is said by the most illustrious of English Chan-

cellors, that censure and satire are the tax which every man in place must pay to the public for his elevation, certainly no one, not even he whose words I have quoted, has ever been assessed for a larger share than the present president of the ministerial council.

"No one denies the distinguished services which M. Casimir Perrier has rendered to the cause of constitutional liberty; all the world are agreed as to the talent and courage he displayed in the national tribune, during the struggle he sustained for ten years against the men of the restoration.

"If, in order to justify this eulogium, I required other authority than that of facts, I would appeal to the present enemies of this minister; I would ask them where is the patriot who did not subscribe to the praises which, in 1824, were lavished upon him by the public journals, those purest and most sonorous organs of public opinion.

"Every publication of the day repeated that M. Casimir Perrier was one of the best citizens, one of the greatest orators, one of the most irreproachable characters, that modern France had to boast of: no one rallied with more courage and promptitude under the banner of July; it was under the most trying circumstances that he accepted the responsibility of the eminent post he occupies, and which he had previously refused. Am I not entitled, then, to accuse of ingratitude and injustice those same men, who are now endeavouring to injure and degrade, in public opinion, the man who formerly stood so high in their own?

"This is not the place to attack or defend the system of administration adopted by this minister, or to inquire whether he is wrong in setting out with the principle that the government, as a necessary result of the revolution of July, should be placed at an equal distance from absolutism and anarchy. M. Casimir Perrier is a statesman in the noblest sense of the word, a great orator, a patriot above suspicion; — and for my purpose that is enough.

"Until it can be proved to me that the misfortune of being a king is a sufficient title to the ingratitude of the people, I shall continue to see in Louis Philip the man of regenerated France, the crowned representative of the two revolutions of 1789 and 1830.

"But I pause: for the first time I hear resounding in my ear the cries of 'ministerialist,' 'royalist.' To me what matter such cries? Is not my life the guaranty of my opinions and my sentiments? My career is over. I expect nothing more from men or from courts; not even the repose of solitude; not even that degree of public consideration to which I think I might plead some solid claims.

"Reserve, I would say to my detractors, for your rivals in ambition and renown, attacks which now fall harmless on me. Whom do you expect to persuade, that one who did not bend to the glory of Napoleon, who rejected the favors of Louis XVIII., who for forty years has been always on the breach to defend the independence and liberty of his country with sword and pen; who has sacrificed

his whole fortune and that of his children in defence of that sacred cause ; whom the three immortal days of July found in arms among the ranks of the people, or on the perilous chair of magistracy, — whom, I say, will you persuade that an old champion of liberty has sunk at last into a courtier of fortune, a flatterer of power ?

“ I have branded political ingratitude as one of the flagrant vices of the age. I have pointed out its principal victims, but I have in their defence stated nothing but facts, before that tribunal at which they are arraigned.

“ These lines are perhaps the last which may issue from my pen ; I regard them as my public testament, without prejudice, perchance, to the addition of some farther codicils, should death forget me for a few years longer.”

The picture here exhibited of the state of society is not encouraging, — but we fear it is true. It is only one of the numerous features that indicate a deep-rooted moral disease, manifesting itself in this and in many other forms. The prospects of literature, while such a condition of society prevails, are gloomy enough. A vast mass of talent and genius is at work, but with little concert, with scarcely any sense of the real dignity of literature, toiling for their daily bread, or the scarcely nobler wages of daily popularity. Even the better spirits seem to feel the evil influence of the times. Their productions want that sterling force, that real grandeur, that reference to the future more than to the present, which always stamps with the seal of immortality the productions of the highest order of genius. When is a better order of things to commence ? When will men, after sweeping away governments and institutions, as unsuited to the temper of the times, and reconstructing all, as they think, on a basis more consistent with the general happiness, learn, in its full practical extent and comprehensiveness, the truth, how little all this can do to relieve misery, to place society on a firmer basis, to reconcile the governor and the governed, unless they can *first* cultivate a principle within, which produces a true equality, makes all physical evils comparatively light, and cements the classes of society, not by the coarse and iron links of a worldly expediency, but by the invisible yet adamant chain of an eternal and immutable obligation ? Already, we should say, the want of the cementing principle of society is felt. Nothing but this feeling of destitution, this growing conviction how little is to be effected for human happiness in its widest bearing by the steam-processes of political machinery, could account here for the notice which the wild visions of the St.-Simonians (on which we propose by and by to speak more at length) have already attracted in France. They see the evil plainly ; they have even a dim conception of the remedy ; but pride, folly,

enthusiasm, self-interest, licentiousness, artifice, mingle with and pervert their views; and the result is an insane, impious, impracticable dream. This moral anarchy, however, cannot last for ever. The mind cannot always live on doubts and negatives, nor be whirled round without end in the eddies of political commotion. The swell must at last subside; the great land-marks of society and morals, sooner or later, reappear. This consummation may be promoted, though it cannot be produced, by coöperation. If men can combine for evil, they can do so also for good; returning from the field in which they have battled so long, and where so many have fallen unprofitably, the better spirits of literature may warn others back from the fatal conflict. They may lend their aid to strengthen the growing conviction, that happiness is more from within and from above, than from without and from beneath, and that the first step to true and rational freedom lies in the cultivation of the heart and of the affections, more than in the exercise of barren intellect, or the industrious manufacture of constitutions. Then might we hope that Europe, now shaken like the still vexed Bermoothes, might find a breathing-time; then might we expect that the stream of literature, which always runs side by side with the course of society, and reflects on its surface every volcanic movement that troubles the waves of the other, subsiding into tranquillity, again might roll down its single current calmly to the ocean, through scenes of domestic peace and fertility, instead of hurrying in a thousand petty channels, through blasted heath and rocky defiles, and wasting its waters unprofitably on parched and desolated sands.

[Thus the first article concludes. The second commences in the following manner.]

In noticing the first three volumes of this Parisian Album on a great scale, we had occasion to make some observations on the prevailing tone of the literature of France at the present day; to indicate slightly some of those perilous and mistaken directions to which it appeared to be tending;—the exaggeration of painting, the moral cynicism, the revolting nature of its subjects, the utter absence of sound feeling and pervading morality, which characterized most of those works which in the course of the last two or three years had attained popularity; and without entering minutely into the causes of this aspect of Literature, to express our conviction that the general instability of opinion and removal of the accustomed land-marks in morals and legislation, in the science of government, and in the candor of criticism, were exercising, in the first instance at least, a degrading and unfavorable influence

on Literature in general. The perusal of the volumes prefixed to this article has tended to confirm these views, both by the direct corroborative testimony which some of their ablest and most impartial contributors bear to the truth of the opinions we then ventured to express, and by the indirect but not less convincing evidence, which others of them afford, of the very errors against which our observations were directed.

No elevated or profound Literature, in truth, can ever be expected, when it is regarded, not as an end, but as a means ; considered in this light, its practice is no higher than that of any other trade or profession. When it is regarded as a step to employment, as the necessary tenure of office, or a useful engine for obtaining that notoriety or influence which, in the present omnipotence of the press in France, is the passport to wealth or power, it naturally stoops its flight to the level of its aim, and accommodates its inspiration and its morality to the scenes and the principles with which it is conversant. The only fervent and unsullied worship which is paid to Literature, is the devotion of the wilderness, the closet, and the cell ; half of those who surround its public altars at the present day are false priests, who seek to live only by the things of the altar, or to make their profession of faith a stepping-stone to their worldly advancement. When we laugh at the labors of the schoolman, the midnight oil of the anchorite, the researches of the metaphysician ; — their time spent, their toil wasted, apparently without return, — would it not be well to recollect that all the “fancies chaste and noble” which have vivified or elevated humanity have owed their existence to this very principle of self-sacrifice ? Doubtless it is no light effort which enables the poet or the philosopher to contemplate with calmness the necessity of overlooking the present, of passing over the only beings with whom he is ever likely to mingle on earth, in order to shake his distant posterity by the hand : to live only in the memory of those who are yet unborn, to cast what might have been his bread upon the waters, in the hope that he should see it again after many days ! Yet such, we think, must be the case, if ever Literature is to assert its old supremacy : — if ever we are again to see a Galileo delineating in spite of inquisitors the motions of our planet on the walls of his dungeon, a Cervantes old and miserably poor, yet bating no jot of heart or hope, and brightening the gloom of poverty and imprisonment with the steady ray of hope and genial humor ; a Tasso, a Camoens, laboring for immortality ; while the one is praying his cat to lend him her lustrous eyes, perhaps to pen those immortal stanzas which describe the flight of Erminia, or the death of Clorinda, and the other, wounded and neglected, subsisting on the alms

which his faithful negro could gather ; a noble Milton, whose mental eye, as well as that of the body, is shut upon the scene around him, but open to higher prospects, and more distant views ; — if ever, we say, Literature is likely in France to reascend “ self-raised and repossess its native seat,” it must be pursued in a very different spirit, and with very different aims, from those in which it is at present prosecuted.

The absence of any exalted or wide reaching views in Literature soon manifests itself, not only in the slavish submission to the opinions or vices of the time, but in the minuter details of composition, and the general canons of criticism and taste. Wherever Literature follows, instead of leading ; imitates, instead of creating ; flatters, instead of opposing or reproving ; wherever nature is treated like the magazine of a magic lantern, in which beings the most beautiful or grotesque, angels or demons, fairy forms or hideous contortions, are all equally admissible, provided they make the spectator stare, and awaken the curiosity of that grown child, the public ; wherever, we say, such is the state of things, a coarse, sketchy, and affected vivacity, without true depth or real feeling, a cynical hardihood both in the materials of Literature and in their application, are generally the result. But the influence of these principles on modern French literature is stated with more force and knowledge of the subject than we can pretend to, by one who justly describes himself as an “ old friend of Letters and Liberty ” ; but to whom the only consoling view in regard to its present situation seems to be, that it has reached that point, in which any possible change must be for the better. In an able and eloquent paper, entitled “ *Les Gens de lettres d'aujourd'hui*,” M. Kératry observes :

“ How strange is the contradiction which exists in our manners ? How just is the cause of apprehension it affords ? Cynicism has been banished from the domestic roof, from the most familiar intercourse, but only to take refuge in our writings, in our books, in our journals, in our pleadings, in our theatres ! It is expelled from private life, it reigns supreme in public. The men of letters have contributed to this irregularity ; they have hastened it ; they have with their own hands broke down the barriers which the good sense of the public has erected against license in every nation which boasts a constituted society. They seem to have received from the Genius of Evil the sad mission of granting a bill of indemnity to all that is perverse and ungovernable in our nature. One would almost be tempted to believe, that, after transporting them to the pinnacle of the temple, and showing them all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, the Spirit of Evil had said to them, — ‘ All these will I give you, if ye will fall down and worship me ! ’

"Our writers have in fact created a new morality, adapted to the use of the present generation. It is they who, disenchanting the scenes about us, will no longer permit our tears to flow for innocence in danger, or misfortune contending with an unmerited destiny; it is they who seek in public to associate us with emotions which we should be ashamed to confess in the bosom of our families, or to interest us in the triumph of what, in a well-regulated community, would justly come under the lash of the law. Let us confess the truth. Is it not the same principle in literature which at this moment invests the doctrines of an anti-social sect* with a majesty borrowed from the Sacred Writings, and after giving a religious varnish to irreligion, an appearance of morality to immorality the most profound, labors at last to give the charm of decent voluptuousness to promiscuous intercourse?

"We are not ignorant, that the general feeling revolts against these profanations; but is it not to be dreaded that what is openly avowed must at last come to have a practical influence on our morals? A degeneracy of taste in literature has consequences more serious than are suspected: it will soon re-act with evil influence upon our domestic habits and civil relations. Thought cannot be sullied, nor the course of human sentiment perverted, with impunity. Immoral writers, like blind guides, must lead society astray. Beware, then, legislators! All the world reads the morning papers, the romances of the day; all the world goes to the theatre; and the taint, descending to the lower classes, becomes incurable, when, for the love of labor and the sentiments of religion, we have substituted the longing after happiness which it is not in their power to attain.

"Neither let us suppose authors themselves are above those violent and irregular passions of which they render themselves the organs. The rich will abuse their fortune; the poor will be jealous of that of others. Glory must be ready to wait on their call with all its laurels, with all its rewards, and without any of its reverses. If it deceives their expectation, the remedy is in their own hand. High priests of that nothingness which they have so often invoked, after having conducted too credulous worshippers to its altars, they owe it one last victim; nor have they far to search for him! They touch the cup of life with their lips, and feeling it bitter, they dash down its liquor. We have seen and shuddered at such scenes but lately, when two presumptuous young men, thinking to obtain in a moment the result of long years and persevering labor, and disappointed in that hope, would not wait the slow arrival of that fame which results from talent ripened by experience, and which flatterers had promised to their earliest essays; and to conceal themselves from an obscurity which was their torment, shutting their eyes to the sun, and plunging into a night more pro-

* The St.-Simonians.

found than that from which they were struggling to emancipate themselves *

" And how should it be otherwise ? *Literature is now cultivated without faith and without a creed.* Look at our historians ; they admit a political fatalism. Why should we any longer weave garlands for virtue, or erect (at least in thought) scaffolds for crime ? If Maximilian Robespierre and Lamoignon de Malesherbes, though contemporaries, each appeared in their proper time : if the triumph of the one, insulting heaven with his homage, was written by the same hand which traced the condemnation of the other, without appeal from either sentence, what should men struggle for on this accursed earth, placed as they are under the stroke of an inflexible destiny ? But no ! Such is not the destiny of man. Actors in the great drama which evolves itself before our eyes coöperate towards its conclusion, each of us is yet called on to modify its incidents. It is from individual efforts that general movements result ; and though events enter beforehand into the views of a higher intelligence, it remains for each successive generation to prepare them in the plenitude of its free will !

" Since the talent of writing has become a necessary qualification for almost every employment, and, perhaps to too great an extent, an integral part of education, we may conclude that till our fabric of social order has settled on its base, we shall no longer see Letters a separate profession. We are under the influence of an agitation which impoverishes the field of literature, while it increases the number of the laborers in the vineyard.

" The Bar and the Theatre perhaps it might be thought would be on the advance : not so ; we have rather to regret their visible decline.

" The license of the French stage has become its ruin ; morality is as little respected as authority. One arrogates to himself the title of a man of letters, because, without regard to history, he has rendered into dialogue some historical fact, where the characters are false, where government is systematically degraded, where an established religion is exposed to ridicule ; where names, dear to families, are dragged through the dirt ; and in which, with a scandalous cynicism, the veil which protects domestic life and the nuptial bed, sanctuaries formerly impenetrable to a licentious curiosity, is drawn aside. Their pretended dramatic works have, by their very facility, fallen into the rank of common-place ; and it is not at the theatre we should go to seek for the true man of letters. A mother can no longer carry her daughter there, — at least we should not be the person to advise it. They would be far safer at the opera, — the only one of our spectacles which has preserved some remains of decency. Could this have been foretold to our

* The writer alludes to the recent death of Escousse and Le Bras, two young men of some literary talent, who, from a feeling of impatience at the supposed neglect of the public, committed suicide together by appointment.

ancestors, it would have been heard with a smile of pity, or the paleness of terror.

"Our Bar, in the course of the last eighteen months, has been almost entirely changed. Names hitherto unknown are now aspiring to fame, and anticipating the success of their predecessors. Men seem to have forgotten that that success was preceded by long labors; no matter, they must force their way and shine at all hazards, and storm the bar in order to gain the seat within, and lay the foundation of new revolutions, that the next step may advance them to the bench. With this noble design, the execution of which admits of no adjournment, they give themselves no trouble about matters of ordinary pecuniary interest, — that would be too great a diversion from their end; besides, who would confide his interest in a patrimonial case to these beardless orators.

"No, — Political causes are *their* field, with the certainty of having the Journals, now the fourth power in the State, and perhaps the most influential of all, upon their side. How have the debates of the bar changed their nature! The advocate, the defender of the accused *à l'outrance*, sometimes by the misfortune of the time their accomplice, espouses their quarrel, imbues himself with their passions, conspires with them against that tutelary authority, beneath the shadow of which he himself enjoys the advantages of social order; in his ingratitude he is not even content with assailing those severe but protecting forms, which, while they permitted every thing to be said, imposed upon his predecessors the task of surveying their thoughts, and the expressions in which they were to be conveyed. Audacity is his talent, insolence his reply; courage has gone to seek its place elsewhere; it has taken its seat upon the bench of the magistracy, among jurors unjustly assailed with menace and reproach. No, it is not at the bar that the man of letters will now be found; till another order of things arise, it is not there we need go in search of him!

"There was a time, we admit, when a literary man might have paved the way to fame by his coöperation in the daily press. The Lemonteys, Hoffmanns, Dussaults, and Malte-Bruns among the dead, the Jouys, the Étiennes, the Feletztes, the Jays, among the living, spread a charm of instruction over those fleeting pages: for them the task was one not without glory. Then, in fact, the object was to establish some *principle* of morality or literature, to throw light upon some point of history, to give stability to some character formerly equivocal, or seen in a false light, and to give point to sound criticism by the aid of a lively but always delicate pleasantry. These things are no longer the order of the day; they have been richly replaced by the contempt of all superiority, the forgetfulness of wakeful nights consecrated to the public good, by insults to old age, by violent declamations almost always based upon doubtful facts. . . . In vain would this crowd of youths, who guide the pen of journalism, seek to invest themselves with the dignity of men of letters. The title belongs not to them,

they have done nothing to earn it; we could not accord it to them without profanation.

"We grieve to say it; with a few exceptions, the persons who are employed in the public papers have poisoned the most grievous wounds of the social body; their permanent tribunal has perverted that of the Elective Chamber. The latter has descended to contend with them in violence; in order not to appear pale beside them, the picture has been overloaded with color; for a second time, in the course of the last forty years, has the accusation of moderation been an object of terror!

"It is by facts that the impartial observer must judge of the epochs of history, and above all, of those which are contemporary. When examined as to his profession, a person accused lately answered, that he was a *revolt-maker* (*émeutier*). The word requires no commentary; it speaks as intelligibly as a newspaper; it indicates, it denounces, the origin of ill. Not till this delirious fever shall cease, will the true men of letters re-appear and re-assume their honors. To make the legislative tribune what it should be, it must not be sought in the streets. Above all, those who hope to make a lodgment beneath its roof, must not be the first to set the walls on fire! May our Opposition, within and without, literary and political, profit by the advice given to it by an old friend both of literature and liberty!"

We will not deny that there are some of the views stated in this long extract (which we could not have abridged without injustice to the eloquent author) which may probably be overcharged. The "*laudator temporis acti*"—the man who, accustomed to certain habitudes and established rules, both in literature and government, feels galled by the strange changes and new men whom a new state of things has called into existence,—perhaps appears too prominently in the passages above quoted. Yet the views, we are satisfied, are in the main correct; the picture, though a little highly colored, is in its leading outlines true; the existing evils of French literature, and some of their main causes, are correctly indicated. It embodies, in fact, though with more force and brilliancy of illustration, the very same views which the perusal of the three former volumes of this collection had impressed upon our minds. The inspiration of French literature at present is, in short, a low, a temporary, and interested inspiration,—with some brilliant exceptions, doubtless,—but exceptions which only illustrate, by the force and distinctness of their peculiarities, the truth of the general proposition. If a Chateaubriand soars into a loftier field of thought and speculation, and brightens his views with a more cheering philosophy; if a La Martine imbues his pathetic verses with a pervading spirit of religion, with images and thoughts reascending to that heaven from which they had

their birth; if these men are beyond all question at the head of the respective empires of prose and poetry in France; they are so, only because they have steadily resisted the influence of those vulgar aims, and mercenary motives, and passing prejudices, which the mass of their brethren have bowed down to worship; that in the midst of so much political vacillation, and party intrigues and struggles, "their souls have been as stars, and dwelt apart;" that the one, almost banished from court during the days of the Restoration, because his liberality of views stood in the way of the men of the Restoration, stood forward its ablest and most eloquent advocate, when the sudden convulsion of July, 1831, shook its representative from the throne: and that the other, self-concentrated, intrepid, and calm, beneath the dynasty of both branches of the Bourbons, as under the iron grasp of Napoleon, has continued to pour forth his touching and majestic strains, as careless of the petty interests that fluttered near, as Spenser's shepherd, when he tuned his pipe, at even-tide, amidst the hum of the gnats and grasshoppers that rustled around him.

Of Chateaubriand we have spoken at length in our last Number; of La Martine it is now too late in the day to say much. Of all those who at present lay claim to the title of poet in France, La Martine is, by the consent of all parties, admitted to have the most indisputable pretensions to the name. Amidst the utter want of principle and deadness of feeling which characterize so much of the poetry of the day, it is he who keeps awake the moral sense, and, like some vestal of Rome, preserves in his imperishable lines the sacred fire which elsewhere seems extinct. The altars on which it once blazed are thrown down; the domestic hearths which it cheered and illumined are forsaken; the sentiments of respect for religion, of reverence for established institutions, of devoted and disinterested attachment, which served as its fuel, are almost extinct; but, in the noble verses of La Martine, there lives a spark of that older and purer flame, which may yet communicate to other hearts, and brighten the prospects of feeling and poetry with a more genial and lambent glow. Instead of tempestuous flashes of passion, succeeded by the deeper darkness of impiety or immorality, we may yet hope, from strains like those of La Martine in Poetry, and of Chateaubriand in Prose, which is truly poetry, the advent of a calmer and better day for the literature of France. Till the days of La Martine, the French could scarcely say they knew what lyric poetry was, with the exception of a few of the chorusses in the *Athalie*: the solemnity, the religious fervor, the vagueness, the intensity of the ode, they knew for the first time in the *Meditations* and *Harmonies* of La Martine.

Let us rather endeavour, therefore, to afford our readers some portion of that gratification which we have ourselves enjoyed in the perusal of the last poem which he wrote in Europe, and which forms the gem of the volumes at the head of our article;—his parting address to the Academy of Marseilles, before sailing with his wife and child to the Holy Land; to which, attracted on the one hand by religious and poetical associations, and sick on the other of the anarchy which reigned at home, he has for the present directed his steps. Of all his late writings, this appears to us the most touching and impressive. It has his early elevation and intensity, with less of his vagueness; the majestic movement of Rousseau's Odes, with a more vivid infusion of personal feeling.

TO THE ACADEMY OF MARSEILLES.

If to the fluttering folds of the quick sail
My all of peace and comfort I impart,
If to the treacherous tide and wavering gale
My wife and child I lend, my soul's best part;
If on the seas, the sands, the clouds, I cast
Fond hopes, and beating hearts I leave behind,
With no returning pledge beyond a mast,
That bends with every blast of wind;

'T is not the paltry thirst of gold could fire
A heart that ever glow'd with holier flame,
Nor glory tempt me with the vain desire
To gild my memory with a fleeting fame.
I go not like the Florentine of yore,
The bitter bread of banishment to eat;
No wave of faction in its wildest roar
Broke on my calm paternal seat.

Weeping I leave on yonder valley's side
Trees thick with shade, a home, a noiseless plain,
Peopled with warm regrets, and dim descried
Even here by wistful eyes across the main,
Deep in the leafy woods a lone abode,
Beyond the reach of faction's loud annoy,
Whose echoes, even while tempests groaned abroad,
Were sounds of blessing, songs of joy.

There sits a sire, who sees our imaged forms,
When through the battlements the breezes sweep,
And prays to Him who stirs or lays the storms
To make his winds glide gentler o'er the deep;
There friends and servants masterless are trying
To trace our latest footprints on the sward,
And my poor dog, beneath my window lying,
Howls when my well-known name is heard.

There sisters dwell, from the same bosom fed,
 Boughs which the wind should rock on the same tree ;
 There friends, the soul's relations dwell, that read
 My eye, and knew each thought that dawned in me ;
 And hearts unknown that list the muses' call,
 Mysterious friends that know me in my strain, —
 Like viewless echoes scattered over all
 To render back its tones again.

But in the soul's unfathomable wells,
 Unknown, inexplicable longings sleep ;
 Like that strange instinct which the bird impels
 In search of other food athwart the deep.
 What from those orient climes have they to gain ?
 Have they not nests as mossy in our eaves,
 And for their callow progeny, the grain
 Dropt from a thousand golden sheaves ?

I too, like them, could find my portion here,
 Enjoy the mountain slope, the river's foam ;
 My humble wishes seek no loftier sphere,
 And yet like them I go, — like them I come.
 Dim longings draw me on and point my path
 To Eastern sands, to Shem's deserted shore,
 The cradle of the world, where God in wrath
 Hardened the human heart of yore.

I have not yet felt on the sea of sand
 The slumberous rocking of the desert bark,
 Nor quenched my thirst at eve with quivering hand
 By Hebron's well, beneath the palm-trees dark ;
 Nor in the pilgrim's tent my mantle spread,
 Nor laid me in the dust where Job hath lain,
 Nor, while the canvass murmured overhead,
 Dreamt Jacob's mystic dreams again.

Of the world's pages one is yet unread : —
 How the stars tremble in Chaldea's sky,
 With what a sense of nothingness we tread,
 How the heart beats when God appears so nigh ; —
 How on the soul, beside some column lone,
 The shadows of old days descend and hover, —
 How the grass speaks, the earth sends out its moan,
 And the breeze wails that wanders over.

I have not heard in the tall cedar-top
 The cries of nations echo to and fro ;
 Nor seen from Lebanon the eagles drop
 On Tyre's deep-buried palaces below :

I have not laid my head upon the ground
Where Tadmor's temples in the dust decay,
Nor startled, with my footfall's dreary sound,
The waste where Memnon's empire lay.

I have not stretched where Jordan's current flows,
Heard how the loud-lamenting river weeps,
With moans and cries sublimer even than those
With which the mournful Prophet * stirred its deeps;
Nor felt the transports which the soul inspire
In the deep grot, where he, the bard of kings,
Felt, at the dead of night, a hand of flame
Seize on his harp, and sweep the strings.

I have not wandered o'er the plain, whereon,
Beneath the olive-tree, THE SAVIOUR wept;
Nor traced his tears the hallowed trees upon,
Which jealous angels have not all outswept;
Nor, in the garden, watched through night sublime,
Where, while the bloody sweat was undergone,
The echo of his sorrows and our crime
Rung in one listening ear alone.

Nor have I bent my forehead on the spot
Where His ascending footstep pressed the clay,
Nor worn with lips devout the rock-hewn grot,
Where, in his mother's tears embalmed, he lay;
Nor smote my breast on that sad mountain-head,
Where, even in death, conquering the powers of air,
His arms, as to embrace our earth, he spread,
And bowed his head, to bless it there.

For these I leave my home; for these I stake
My little span of useless years below;
What matters it, *where* winter-winds may shake
The trunk that yields nor fruit nor foliage now!
Fool! says the crowd. — Their's is the foolish part!
Not in one spot can the soul's food be found, —
No! — to the poet *thought* is *bread*, — his heart
Lives on his Maker's works around.

Farewell, my sire, my sisters dear, again!
Farewell, my walnut-shaded place of birth!
Farewell, my steed, now loitering o'er the plain!
Farewell, my dog, now lonely on the hearth!
Your image haunts me like the shade of bliss,
Your voices lure me with their fond recall;
Soon, may the hour arise, less dark than this,
The hour that reunites us all!

* Jeremiah.

And thou, my country, tossed by winds and seas,
 Like this frail bark on which my lot is cast,
 Big with the world's yet unborn destinies, —
 Adieu, thy shores glide from my vision fast !
 O ! that some ray would pierce the cloud that broods
 O'er throne and temple, liberty and thee,
 And kindle brighter, o'er the restless floods,
 Thy beacon-light of immortality !

And thou, Marseilles, at France's portals placed,
 With thy white arms the coming guest to greet,
 Whose haven, gleaming o'er the ocean's breast,
 Spreads like a nest, each winged mast to meet ;
 Where many a hand, beloved, now presses mine,
 Where my foot lingers still, as loth to flee, —
 Thine be my last departing accents, — thine
 My first returning greeting be ! ”

We have but little to say in regard to the other work, the title of which we have prefixed to this article, — the collected edition, now first published, of the Novels, Tales, and Essays of Charles Nodier. Nodier is undoubtedly a man of warm and sensitive imagination, and master of a passionate and eloquent style, which gives a certain charm even to the merest trifle from his hand. But we cannot persuade ourselves that he is a man of that commanding talent which would justify the encomiums which have been lavished upon him by some friendly critics in France. The truth is, that his mind, though plastic, and readily adapting itself to seize, reëmbodify, or modify the ideas of others, has little of originality. Give him a hint and he works it up with much taste and effect ; but there is a want of solidity and self-reliance about all that he has written, which will prevent his name from ever being a favorite with the next generation.

This imitative turn pervades almost all his works of imagination. The Werther of Goethe strikes the first chord on his youthful fancy ; and the passionate energy and wild complaints of the German are immediately reproduced in that which to us appears, after all, the most successful of his works, *Thérèse Aubert*. The dynasty of Goethe, now grown more tranquil and self-balanced, like a long established monarchy, is succeeded by the more stormy rule of Byron ; — and the spirit of the Corsair and Lara passes by a new metempsychosis into the bandit *Jean Sbojar*. This romance, not without invention and force, would perhaps have appeared to more advantage, had not a long succession of such monsters, “with one virtue and a thousand crimes,” made the public think with absolute loathing on them

and their authors. From Byron he flies to Scott, — but alas, his *Trilby, ou le Lutin d'Argail*, is a strange failure. Sir Walter's White Lady, with her material bodkin, was a whimsical conception; but Nodier's spirit Trilby is ten times worse. In his *Smarra*, a Thessalian story, in the manner of the sorceries and diableries of the Golden Ass of Apuleius, he is more at home; he certainly does contrive to produce an unpleasant night-mare effect, — a cloud of misty phantoms, and murky and loathsome forms, moving before us in a ghastly dance, which produces the effect of an indigestion or an uneasy dream. But in this walk he must hide his diminished head beside the modern masters of the terrible, Messrs. Balzac, Janin, and Sue, the chiefs of the epileptic and anatomical school.

We really are very much disposed, therefore, to agree with Nodier himself, that the public would not have been great sufferers, if his works had never reached a second edition. Some of them are powerfully, and others gracefully, written, and as an essayist he is frequently very successful; but we have looked through them in vain for an ably or consistently drawn character, or an ingenious novel of incident.

[From "The Foreign Quarterly Review, No. 17."]

[The main object of our work is to present a selection of those articles in the periodical literature of the times, which are most worthy of preservation, as being of the greatest permanent interest. We would separate them from the mass of perishable matter with which they are connected, and bring them together into volumes in which they may be easily accessible, such volumes as may form a valuable addition to a collection of books, great or small, and be resorted to with pleasure at a distant period. The style of mechanical execution in which our work is executed, it may be perceived, corresponds to this design.]

Entertaining this purpose, we have felt some regret, at having heretofore omitted the following article, than which none could be more suitable to our object. It gives a vivid picture of Louis XIV. and his court, a monarch the most royal of his day, and a court once regarded as presenting the very flower of European civilization; and this picture is derived from a voluminous work of the highest authority. The work made use of is at the same time so extensive, that few would themselves search it for the information and entertainment here collected. Articles which thus furnish us with the distilled essence, if one may so speak, of such publications, are, to the generality of readers, among the most useful contributions of the periodical press. — EDD.]

ART. II. — *Mémoires complets et authentiques du Duc de SAINT-SIMON sur le Siècle de Louis XIV. et la Régence*; publiés pour la première fois sur le Manuscrit original, entièrement écrit de la main de l'auteur, par M. le Marquis de SAINT-SIMON, Pair de France, &c. &c. Paris. 1829–30. 21 vols. 8vo.

[The Complete and Authentic Memoirs of the Duke of SAINT-SIMON respecting the Age of Louis XIV. and the Regency;

now first published from the Original Manuscript, wholly in the handwriting of the Author, by the Marquis of SAINT-SIMON, Peer of France, &c. &c.]

THE title of *Memoirs* has lately been profaned in France by the authors of historical fictions, in the form of biography, composed with so much art, and published with so much impudence, as to deceive unwary readers for a time, and produce a general distrust of books appearing under the same denomination. The *Memoirs* of the Duc de Saint-Simon are, however, of a very different character. The history of the work is somewhat curious. When the Duke died in 1755, the original manuscript of his *Memoirs*, written entirely in his own hand, was deemed of such importance by his family, and the custody of it so delicate a matter, that they applied for a *lettre de cachet*, by authority of which it was taken possession of, and deposited, for preservation, among the archives of the state. They did not, however, cease to regard it as their property, and when the death of most or all of the persons mentioned in it,* had removed the difficulty which had been originally felt, they made various applications for its restitution, which were always neglected. One of these applications was made shortly after Louis XVIth's accession to the throne, and probably led to that examination of the *Memoirs*, which was the indirect cause of their first imperfect appearance before the world. The task of their examination was committed to the Abbé Voisenon, who made very copious extracts from them; from which extracts considerable portions were subsequently copied, and by the infidelity of a domestic, one of these copies got into hands by which they were finally committed to the press at the beginning of the Revolution, (1788 and 1789. 7 vols.) The Abbé Soulavie, two years afterwards, republished them in better order, with some additions (in 13 vols. 8vo.), and his edition was the only one, till the present appeared, by which we were enabled to judge of the value of the *Memoirs of Saint-Simon*. It is to the justice and liberality of Louis XVIII., however, that we really owe the final appearance of the work as the author wrote it; for it was he who gave orders for the restitution of the MS. to the Marquis de Saint-Simon, the author's descendant, and thereby supplied the materials for the *complete* and *authentic* edition now before us.

Historians, who have had access to these *Memoirs*, have always held them in the highest estimation; and in all works which treat of the history of Europe during the latter part of the seventeenth, and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries, constant

* The *Memoirs* terminate with the death of the Regent Orleans, in 1720; the author lived thirty-four years after that event.

reference is made to their high authority. It is only now, however, that the voluminous original is published, not merely entire, but in every part exactly as it came from the admirable pen of the author. As it stands before us, a range of twenty-one goodly volumes, of close type and ample size, we do not hesitate to compare it in value, of an historical kind, with any work, of whatever fame, which has issued from the press since the invention of printing. Without an accurate examination of it, it is difficult to understand the nature of Saint-Simon's claims to the respect of the historical inquirer.

Saint-Simon is not an *annalist*: for, though his *Memoirs* record most of the events of his time, he describes only the facts that came under his own cognizance, or those of his immediate informers. He is not an *historian*: for he does not bind himself to trace any order of events, or narrate any particular transactions. He is not a *biographer*: for he is more sedulous in drawing the character of his subject, than in pursuing him through the different stages of his life. But he partakes of all the three characters, and embraces much more than comes under any one of them. All that an able and inquisitive man, moving in the very first circles of a great court, could *ascertain* in the course of a vigorous existence, whether in the way of character, anecdote, event, scene, or incident, relating to a most interesting period, is embraced in the rich treasure which the world is now fortunate enough to possess in the *Memoirs* before us.

The groundwork of these *Memoirs* is the life of the author himself; but, as during the reign of Louis XIV. he was much more of an observer than an actor, the incidents that relate to his own person are overgrown with the facts that relate to others. These are related in a style of vigor and force that leaves nothing to be desired for effect, and with that air of reasonableness and good sense which impresses the reader, not only with confidence in the veracity of the narrator, but with respect and esteem for his character. Along with faith in the author's honesty, we cannot fail also to take with us a high respect for his talents. No writer has yet possessed a more perspicuous insight into character, or better succeeded in transferring his portraits to paper. His memoirs form a gallery of the great men of his age, and to study them as they live in his pages is a near approach to living in the age they adorned or, may be, disgraced. It would be far from a compliment to the Duc de Saint-Simon to call him the French Clarendon, though there are not wanting points of resemblance between him and the English writer. The subject of Saint-Simon is, however, far less gloomy, and quite as instructive as that of the Rebellion; his characters, moreover, are drawn with

equal perspicuity, and much less prejudice. Saint-Simon brings both persons and things in the most lively point of view before the reader ; while Clarendon, with not more vigor but far more effort, obscures his subject by elaboration, and darkens even intelligent remarks by a lumbering obscurity of style. The style of Saint-Simon is not what is called polished, for his sense does not wait upon construction ; he writes from a full mind, and is content to put down precisely what he would have spoken when animated by a favorite subject, and in a pleasant mood for the elucidation of the characters of the men he had lived with, or the events that passed before his eyes. In the estimation of their contemporaries both stood equally high ; both were men who had enjoyed the highest offices and possessed the greatest influence, and were equally anxious that their times should be well understood by posterity. The one, however, is altogether monarchical in his principles, and if the aristocratical order ever had a zealous and conscientious partisan, Saint-Simon was the man.

Saint-Simon was, in fact, the model of an aristocrat ; the importance he attaches to trifling matters of precedence is only to be understood by one who has imbued himself in the spirit of his times. His sentiments of honor are scrupulous and sensitive to a degree becoming the immediate descendant of a race of chivalry. As a man he is modest, sensible, and liberal ; but the instant he identifies himself with an injured body, as he considered the aristocracy of his age to be, he is proud, haughty, and defying. To be without birth is, with him, an argument of incompetency ; but at the same time to be successful, overweening, and assuming, as were many of the upstart ministers of Louis XIV., was a proof of unexampled baseness. With this feeling, however, it is plain to see struggling a spirit of justice and discrimination, the offspring of a clear head and a good disposition. Of the people, in these Memoirs we hear nothing : Saint-Simon, in some of his projects, looks upon them in the light of a flock that ought neither to be harried by wolves, nor tormented by dogs ; but, individually, and as persons exciting the writer's sympathy, throughout the whole of these twenty-one volumes, they may be said to be non-existent. The king, the ministers, the mistresses, the army, and the court, in its classes of aristocracy, favorites, and servitors, are the only bodies of whose importance a grand seigneur of that time was cognizant. Service was his first thought ; after two or three campaigns, and a siege or two, he was considered qualified, not to desert the army (for this Louis rarely forgave), but to beg some charge about the court during a cessation of military operations, — to spend the winter at Versailles, to hunt with the king, and to ask for an invitation to Marly. If, as was probable, he was gov-

error of some town, or held any other high provincial charge, an occasional visit to the seat of it might be overlooked. Then, again, occurred the duties of war, an expedition to Savoy, attended by his gentlemen and friends, or to Flanders or the Rhine. The grand spectacle of the manœuvres of Turenne, Luxembourg, or Villars, with the excitement of some danger, afforded a few opportunities of distinguishing that courage in which a nobleman of that day was never deficient, and thus being talked of in the saloons of Versailles, — such is a general sketch of the ordinary life of such a person. Of course it was varied by political cabals, by intrigues, by duels, and by occasional visits to the Bastille. The moral characteristics of the courtiers were not of a high order; success was the end and arbiter of all measures, and there appear to have been no means of ensuring it, however base or wicked, which were not resorted to: the object of the success being rarely of a kind to palliate the unworthiness of the instruments. High play, profusion, and expense of every description, were too general to be considered peculiar to an individual; they had, moreover, the royal sanction; and it is curious to consider how completely the moral code of that age was the creature of the monarch's breath. No man was ever so completely the director of the spirit of his time as Louis, and yet there has been a majority of kings who have far exceeded him in talent and information. He was, in fact, the founder of a system, both in manners and morals, which spread over the whole of Europe, reigned in France till the Revolution broke it up, and of which the traces may be yet detected in every corner of the civilized world.

The materials for the developement of this system are to be found in the work before us. It is an investigation, however, that we shall not pursue; for, although it might be attended with interesting results, it would lead us into a discussion and analysis of detached portions of the Memoirs; our object will rather be, by selecting and arranging a few of their prominent features, to convey to our readers a just notion of their several contents. We cannot do this better than by collecting together, from various parts of these volumes, the traits which distinguish some of the characters who have left their impress on the times, a process which will show the description of materials the Duc de Saint-Simon has left for the student of history, whose main object is to live over again other times with the spirit and philosophy of a highly improved age.

The first character that naturally presents itself for consideration is **THE MASTER** himself; the man, who, above all others, was set apart, by the course of events, to be all of a god that mortal will suffer, or mortals create. In the personal character of Louis

is necessarily included that of the companion of half his long life, — the Maintenon. After him we shall introduce into our gallery a few of the rarer spirits of his reign.

A remarkable characteristic of the age and reign of Louis XIV. is that he was his own *premier*: the tyranny to which, in his youth, he had been subjected by Mazarin, gave him a horror of a prime minister, and he determined to be his own; this was an early resolve which never could be shaken. Out of the same source sprung his objection to a churchman in his cabinet; it was a determination to which he adhered all through his long and various reign with equal decision. He flattered himself that he should be able to govern alone, — it was a grievous mistake; his reign is a satire upon despotism. He was not ruled by one, but by every body in their turns, and he who cherished the idea that his will was the predominant law, in fact exercised less will in the management of his affairs than the meanest subject of his realm.

The opening of his life, which cannot properly be dated before he arrived at twenty-three years of age, was, undoubtedly, a prosperous one, according to the ordinary scale by which such positions are calculated. The agitation of the realm since the death of Louis XIII. had produced the ordinary consequence of agitation in the affluence of genius which it had called up in every department. The ministers at the head of affairs were the adroitest and ablest in Europe according to the ideas of the day; his generals held the first rank in the world, and their seconds were men who became founders of systems and schools of war in their time; and the court was crowded with men of experience and ability, who had been formed in the stirring period which had only just subsided.

The state was in a flourishing condition, or seemed so, which, with historians, is pretty generally the same thing. Colbert, however, had arranged the finances in some order; the shipping, the commerce, the manufactures, and even the literature of the country assumed an air of prosperity. Colbert, like a skilful gardener, by the aid of a little sun and a fortunate aspect, had succeeded in ripening a fruit which the ambition of his master, and the rivalry of his fellow ministers, resolved shortly upon plucking for their own use.

Though a young man and a king, Louis was not altogether without experience. He had been a constant frequenter of the house of the Countess de Soissons, the niece of Cardinal Mazarin, the resort of all that was distinguished, both male and female, that the age could produce, and where he first caught that fine air of gallantry and nobleness, which characterized him ever afterwards, and marked even his most trifling actions. For, though

the talents of Louis XIV. were in fact rather below mediocrity, he possessed a power of forming his manners and character upon a model, and of adhering to it, which is often more valuable in the conduct of life than the very greatest abilities. By nature he was a lover of order and regularity, he was prudent, moderate, secret, the master both of his actions and his tongue. For these virtues, as they may be called in a king, he was perhaps indebted to his natural constitution; and if education had done as much for him, certainly he would have been a better ruler. He had a passion, however, or rather a foible, — that was vanity, or as it was then called, glory. No flattery was too gross for him, — incense was the only intellectual food he imbibed. Independence of character he detested: the man who once, though but for an instant, stood up before him in the consciousness of manly integrity of purpose, was lost for ever in the favor of the King. He detested the nobility, because they were not the creatures of his breath; they had their own consequence; his ministers were always his favorites, because he had made them and could unmake them, and because, moreover, they had abundant opportunities of applying large doses of the most fulsome flattery, and of prostrating themselves before him, of assuming an air of utter nothingness in his presence, of attributing to him the praise of every scheme they had invented, and of insinuating that their own ideas were the creatures of his suggestions. To such a pitch was this intoxication carried, that he, who had neither ear nor voice, might be heard singing among his peculiar intimates snatches of the most fulsome parts of the songs in his own praise. And even at the public suppers, when the band played the airs to which they were set, he might be heard humming the same passages between his teeth. The generals in this respect were as bad as the ministers: they led him to believe that he dictated every measure, and that their best plans were formed on the hints he had thrown out. The courtiers, with such examples before them, performed their natural parts with even more than ordinary zeal. But the facility with which they administered to his vanity was not so remarkable as the ease with which he appropriated every thing to himself, and the ineffable satisfaction with which he glorified himself, on every fresh offering of adulation.

His love of sieges and reviews was only another form of this his only enthusiasm, his passion for himself. A siege was a fine opportunity for exhibiting his capacity, in other words, for attributing to himself all the talents of a great general: here too he could exhibit his courage at little expense of danger, for he could be prevailed upon, as it were with difficulty, to keep in the back ground, and by the aid of his admirable constitution, and great

power of enduring hunger, thirst, fatigues, and changes of temperature, really exhibit himself in a very advantageous point of view. At reviews also, his fine person, his skill in horsemanship, and that air of dignity and noble presence, enabled him to play the first part with considerable effect. It was always with a talk of his campaigns and his troops that he used to entertain his mistresses, and sometimes his courtiers. The subject must necessarily have been tiresome to them, but it was in some measure redeemed by the elegance and propriety of his expressions: he had a natural justness of phrase in conversation, and told a story better than any man of his time. The talent of recounting is by no means a common quality; he had it in perfection.

It scarcely consorts with our notion of Louis le Grand, that if he had a talent for any thing, it was for the management of the merest details. His mind naturally ran on small differences. He was incessantly occupied with the meanest minutiae of military affairs; clothing, arms, evolutions, drill, discipline, — in a word, all the lowest details. It was the same in his buildings, his establishments, his household supplies; he was perpetually fancying that he could teach the men who understood the subject, whatever it might be, better than any body else, and they, of course, received his instruction in the manner of novices. This waste of time he would term a continual application to business. It was a description of industry which exactly suited the purposes of his ministers, who by putting him upon the scent in some trivial matter, respecting which they pretended to receive the law from him, took care to manage all the more important matters according to their own schemes.

A circumstance which deserves attention, is the residence of this monarch at a distance from his capital. It was not without its design or its influence in the establishment of the absolute sovereignty which was the favorite project of Louis XIV. From Paris he had been driven in his youth, and the memory of his flight was a bitter subject; there he never considered himself safe, besides being exposed to the observation of spirits of every description. At a court separate from the capital he had his courtiers more immediately under his eye; absences could be easily marked, and cabals crushed in their infancy. Then came the ruinous taste for building, which it was more easy to indulge at Versailles or Marly, than in the immediate neighbourhood of a crowded capital. His changes of residence were chiefly made for the purpose of creating and keeping up a number of artificial distinctions, by which he kept the court in a constant state of anxiety and expectation. It was the fashion to request to accompany him, to desire apartments near him; and according as these boons were granted, so was the

courtier humiliated or exalted. When he resided at St. Germain, Versailles served this purpose ; when at Versailles, Marly ; and though at Trianon the whole court were at liberty to present themselves, yet even there a distinction was made, that ladies might there eat with the king : and particular ones were pointed out to receive the honor as each meal arrived. The schemes of this kind were infinite, and kept his court in a state of perpetual excitement and anxiety to please.

The *justaucorps à brevet* was an invention of the same kind ; it was a uniform of blue lined and turned up with red, and red waistcoat embroidered with a grand pattern of gold and some silver. A small number only were permitted to wear this dress ; it was one of the highest favors, and every means of interest were set on foot to obtain it. They who wore it were alone permitted to accompany the king from St. Germain to Versailles without being invited.

Louis XIV. not only knew how to keep his courtiers alive to a sense of the distinctions he created, and watchful of his pleasure, but he had that curious faculty of personal observation which seems peculiar to royalty. Neither the absence nor the presence of any one escaped him ; and not merely the persons of distinction, but even individuals of inferior note. At his rising in the morning, at his retiring at night (his *coucher*), at his repast, in passing to his apartments, or in his walks in the gardens of Versailles, when the courtiers alone had permission to follow him, his eyes were on the watch, he saw and remarked every body, down to persons who did not even hope to be seen. In his own mind he kept a most accurate account of these things, and distinguished between the occasional absence of constant attendants, and those of the individuals who only came to court occasionally ; and according to these accounts he invariably acted. When he was asked for any thing for a person who never presented himself, he would say, proudly, "I do not know him ;" or for one who came rarely, "He is a man whom I never see ;" and these sentences were final. Another crime was not to go to Fontainebleau, which he looked upon in the same light as Versailles ; and for others not to ask permission to accompany him to Marly, although he had no intention of taking them ; and on the other hand, if a courtier were on that footing, to have a general liberty of going there, absence was unpardonable, either in male or female. The persons who liked Paris he could not bear. They who loved the country might stay for a time at their chateaux without offence ; but it was necessary before going there to take proper precautions against misinterpretation.

Another royal *tact* was that of never forgetting the face of a

man whom he had once seen ; though a person otherwise insignificant, if the king had once seen him, he would remember him at the distance of twenty years. He had a similar memory for *personal facts*, and though he never confounded them, still it was impossible for him to remember every thing ; and if, therefore, any individual was named to him with any view of employment, it was fatal to him if the king recollected that there was any thing against him, though he had not the power of remembering exactly what the objection might be.

One of his perpetual cares was to be well informed of every thing that was passing every where, — in places of public resort, in private houses, the facts of ordinary intercourse, and the secrets of families, and of amours. He had spies and reporters every where and of all classes ; some who were ignorant that their information was meant for him, — others who knew that it ultimately reached him, — a third set who corresponded directly with him, — and a fourth were permitted to have secret interviews with him, through back stairs. Information conveyed in this form was the ruin of many a man, who never knew from what quarter the storm came. It was he who first invested the *lieutenant de police* with his dangerous functions, and which went on increasing : these officers were the most formidable persons about the court, and were treated with most decided consideration and attention by every one, even by the ministers themselves. There was not an individual, not excepting the princes of the blood, who had not an interest in preserving their good will, and who did not try to do it. The opening of letters was another of the shameful means of procuring information. Two persons, Pajoute and Roullier, farmed the post, and apparently on this condition, for no efforts could ever succeed, either in displacing them or in augmenting their rent. This department of *espionage* was performed with a most extraordinary dexterity and promptitude : generally the heads only of remarkable letters were laid before the King ; in other instances the letter itself. A word of contempt for the King or his government was certain ruin : and we have Saint-Simon's testimony for saying, that it is incredible how many persons of all classes were more or less injured by these means. The secrecy with which it was conducted was impenetrable. Neither secrecy, nor yet dissimulation, was at all painful or difficult for the king.

This last accomplishment is termed by the French a talent : he pushed it to the extreme of falsity without however being guilty of a verbal lie. He piqued himself on keeping his word, and gave it but very rarely. He was also as careful of the secrets of others as of his own : and was flattered by certain confidences and confessions on the part of his courtiers, which neither minister nor mistress could ever afterwards wring from him.

Louis XIV. was the model of a king who should have no state duties to perform, who was required as the head of a court and the hero of addresses, petitions, levees, openings of a parliament, reviews, occasional festivals, and in short all the lighter duties of a constitutional monarch, with one exception, his passion for buildings. In all personal matters he was perfect. There was a grace in all he did, a precision and an elegance in all he said, that rendered an attention from him a distinction. He knew the value of it, and may be said to have sold his words, nay, even his smile, even his looks. He spoke rarely to any one; when he did, it was with majesty, and also with brevity. His slightest notice or preference was measured, or, as it were, proportionably weighed out. No harsh word ever escaped him; if he had occasion to reprimand or reprove, it was always done with an air of kindness, never in anger, and rarely even with stiffness.

He may be said to have been polished to the very limits of nature: no one better marked the distinctions of age, merit, and rank, all which he took care to hit exactly in his manner of salutation, or of receiving the reverences on arrival or departure. His respectful manner to women was charming: he never passed even a chambermaid without raising his hat, though, as at Marly, he might know them to be such: and if he accosted a lady, he never replaced his hat till he had quitted her. These are what we call the manners of the old school; he was the perfecter of them, and one of their most successful professors, if not altogether their creator.

In the interior of his domestic life he was remarkably good-tempered and patient, punctual and exact in himself, and considerate for others. His own extraordinary regularity made the service of the palace proceed like clock-work: no small convenience for his courtiers, who were bound to be in particular saloons, or galleries, or cabinets, at particular moments of their master's day.

He treated his servants and body attendants with great consideration and favor, and, in fact, like other kings, was more at his ease with them than any other society. Their influence was supposed to be great, and they were courted even by the first nobility of the land. He always protected them; so that in case they happened to be insolent, a nobleman was bound to know either how to avoid it, or to bear it. He was very particular in ascertaining with what attention they had been treated when he sent them on any message; he used to relate with complacency that he one day sent one of his footmen to the Duke de Monbazon, governor of Paris, who at the time was in one of his chateaux, and on the arrival of the royal servant was just sitting down to dinner.

The duke made the servant sit down to dinner with him, and when he departed, accompanied him to the door, in honor of his master. This act of base servility was an offering to the idol, and greedily accepted.

There must have been something very imposing in the expression of his countenance, and in the majesty of his port. Saint-Simon observes, that on occasions of ceremony it was necessary for the person who had to harangue him, to be accustomed to the sight of him, to avoid the risk of blundering and stopping short in his speech. His own answers on such occasions are represented as models of propriety, and were often conceived in an agreeable tone of compliment to the person before him, if such had been called for by the merit of the discourse. On gayer occasions he was equally majestic; and though always graceful and easy, never was guilty of the slightest jest, or movement, that could be considered misplaced or awkward: all was decent, grand, noble, and at the same time animated by an air of natural gayety and good humor, which, joined to his advantages of form and face, made his approach irresistible.

This perfect command of his person was in part the consequence of his excellence at all athletic sports and exercises. He loved the air, and was constantly out in it, either shooting (he was the best shot in France) or hunting. The stag he used to follow at Fontainebleau after he broke his arm, in a calash drawn by four ponies, which he managed at full gallop with admirable skill. He excelled also in dancing, a species of golf, and at racket; and up to a late period of his life was an admirable horseman. Connected with his fondness for shooting was his attachment to dogs, of which he used to keep seven or eight in his apartments, and feed them himself.

He had a natural turn for magnificence and splendor, and certainly it was scarcely possible for man to carry it further; and, like every other taste, it was extensively imitated, spread all over court, camp, and city, and reduced the nobility to poverty and difficulties; a result which, Saint-Simon says, he foresaw, and indeed calculated on, to second his own purposes of subjugating the grand seigneurs of his dominions, by means more artful and more certain than the violent schemes of Richelieu.

The passion of this magnificent monarch for splendid buildings and palaces is intelligible enough; but in the indulgence of it there was a pride, a caprice, and a bad taste, for which it is more difficult to account. St. Germain, which is on an elevated site, admirably adapted for a palace of any dimensions, surrounded by picturesque beauties of every description, and abounding in all those advantages which nature alone can supply in perfection, he

abandoned for Versailles ; Versailles,—the most melancholy and barren spot, perhaps, in the whole of France ! without prospect, destitute of wood, of water, even of soil, — for where it is not sand it is marsh,—and, to crown the whole, unhealthy ; in short, a swamp. It seems as if he had determined to treat Nature as one of his courtiers, and try to tyrannize and subdue her by the force of art and treasure. When tired of the forest of stone, the mazes of foliage, and the plains of pavement he had piled together, and when his innumerable apartments, his saloon upon saloon, were crowded with a brilliant court, it occurred to him that he must have a retreat where he could retire with a dozen or two of his greatest favorites. He chose Marly, because it was in a deep and narrow little valley, the sides of which were nearly perpendicular, and destitute of either beauty in itself, or prospect abroad. His reason for fixing on this spot was, that here at least he could not spend money in building. All the world knows the result : lakes were made one month and filled up the next ; forests were planted of trees at the full size ; the hills that obstructed the view were cut in twain, and Marly ended by costing as much as Versailles. The Duc de Saint-Simon tells us that he has seen alleys, and thickets, and walks changed into an extensive piece of water, on which parties sailed in boats, and which, six weeks afterwards, was metamorphosed again into a forest dark with foliage. Of course more than three parts of these trees died, but they were immediately replaced. The trees were transported from Compiègne, and even a greater distance.

To attempt a portrait of Louis XIV. without entering into the character of a person who so decidedly affected his fortunes as Madame de Maintenon, would be to shut out one of the best lights. The Duc de Saint-Simon has given us ample materials : he long survived her : he was well acquainted with the persons who were familiar with her, and though, in common with all the grand seigneurs of the court, he bore her no love, yet he is too honest and clear sighted ever to deal in fiction to her prejudice. We pass over her early history, with the exception of the fact that she was a West Indian, — the same country which afterwards furnished another *parvenue* in Josephine to occupy the same throne. Madame Maintenon's reputation as the widow of Scarron was by no means unimpeachable ; it did not, however, prevent her from being introduced to some of the houses of the highest nobility on the footing of a companion. Such persons in that capacity were more useful before the introduction of bells than they have been since. She appears to have won her way by the agreeableness of her conversation, and the charm of her manners : and becoming the humble friend of Madame de Montespan, at that time the

“accredited” mistress of the king, she was intrusted with the care and education of the royal bastards. The little Duc de Maine was club-footed, and he and his governante were sent to all the baths in France and its neighbourhood, in the hopes of his washing his crooked foot straight. Previous to this time, the king had conceived a great aversion for Madame Scarron, and frequently attempted to induce Madame de Montespan to part with her. The perusal of her letters first produced a change in his feelings towards her. Afterwards she used to act as a mediator in the quarrels which frequently took place between the monarch and his haughty and capricious mistress, and was found so useful by both, that at last she became necessary. Madame de Montespan, the proudest beauty that ever graced or tormented a court, had at length the profound mortification of perceiving that she was indebted for the royal visits to the attendant governante, the poor and neglected widow of Scarron, the buffoon-poet, whom she had raised from utter insignificance to consequence and competency. When the Queen died, the King made proposals to Madame de Maintenon (for that had become her name); she ventured to reject them on the ground of religion. She was artful, and knew her man; finding that marriage was the ultimatum, the aid of Père la Chaise was desired, and the widow of Scarron was married at midnight to Louis the Great, in one of the cabinets of the royal apartments at Versailles: his head valet, Bontems, served the mass (as marriage in the religion of the Romish church is called), and Harlay, bishop of Paris, was present as diocesan, as well as Louvois the minister; the two latter having exacted the royal promise that the marriage should never be declared. It might have been supposed that if any man could have made good terms with a woman, it was the King: he, however, was compelled to give marriage as a consideration for that person which his inferiors by infinite degrees had taken almost for charity. These things depend not so much on the real situation of parties, as upon the weakness of one mind and the dexterity of another. From that hour Madame de Maintenon was more than a queen in France; by the King she was treated with marks of outward respect and almost veneration, which, while they drew the courtiers on their knees, made them almost burst for vexation and disgust. The aristocratic distinctions, which seemed to their minds a part of nature, were too strong even for the king to eradicate, though he was easily able to suppress every external sign of their existence. Without appearing to take any part in state matters, she ruled the affairs of the country, and ruled them as might have been expected from her extreme ignorance in such matters, and from the strong bias of bigotry and superstition under which she acted,—ruled

them not merely ill, but in such a manner as to draw the nation to the very brink of ruin, degrade the character of the monarch, and, what is worse, spread wretchedness and dismay farther and wider than perhaps any other woman ever had the power to do. But for the means.

It was the system of Madame de Maintenon and the ministers, for a series of thirty-four years, to render the king inapproachable in private. As he passed from council to mass, or, on similar occasions, in galleries and antechambers, the courtiers had the privilege, whoever could catch it, of speaking to him, or whispering in his perruque any matter they might have at heart; his usual answer was a gracious *Je verrai* (I will see), and if the conversation was attempted to be continued, the king, arriving at the door of his apartment, left the unhappy courtier to his reflections. By such contrivances as these, and a thousand others, the king was cut off from free communication with the world or his court, and with all his notions of despotic sway, was, in fact, a prisoner in the hands of a cabal, — his mistress, his ministers, and his confessor, who took care to play into each others hands. The different ministers transacted business with the king in the apartment of La Maintenon, where she sat at work, apparently taking no notice of the conversation which passed. Sometimes the king would turn round and ask her opinion, which she always gave timidly and modestly, and generally coincided with that of the minister: the fact all the time being, that the minister and she had previously settled the points in agitation. If, for instance, the matter in hand was a list of candidates for a particular employment, the minister went over the names, until he came to the one Madame de Maintenon had previously consented to, and after balancing the merits of the various competitors, at last summed up in favor of the name he had stopped at. If the king preferred another, and was obstinate, he was led away from the subject; other things were started, and the appointment was brought upon the carpet at another interview, when, in all probability, the humor had shifted. If the minister rebelled against the female sway, he was lost; but if, on the other hand, he was adroit and obedient, Madame de Maintenon took care of his reward. Before his arrival, she would lead the conversation upon the incessant labors of the minister, or upon the king's fatigue and attention to business, and suggest that the king should incite him to still greater zeal by some specific reward (some point the minister wanted to carry), in order that less of the weight of business should fall upon the Monarch; and by other methods, for which so clever a person was never at a loss.

Madame de Maintenon was a devotee for several reasons: first,
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because she had been licentious, and bigotry conjoined with prudence was an admirable contrivance for throwing early imprudences into the shade. Then again, it was the weak side of the king ; by superstition she maintained her authority over him, and insured his permanent veneration. The confessor and the bishops were her natural allies. The extent of the king's ignorance appears incredible, monstrous, — until we reflect that a man can only know that which passes through the channels of some of his senses. He had been in the hands of priests from his youth, and absolutely shut out, literally locked and barred, from all the rest of the world, except the priests and the priest-like. From them he learned that religion was divided into Jesuitism and Jansenism ; that Jansenism meant Republicanism ; that it was hateful to God and injurious to man. The Huguenots were Jansenists, and something worse, — they practised what the others only taught ; to convert them was represented as the most glorious work that man could accomplish, and certain to ensure absolution to the greatest of sinners. Thus, when the horrible persecutions of the Protestants were going on, and acts of atrocity were daily and hourly committed which make the era of the revocation of the edict of Nantes the blackest and basest in French history, the king heard of nothing but of conversions by the hundred and thousand, and while he, damning his fame and scourging his generation, considered himself an apostle, all was triumph and festival at court, the king's face shone with holy joy, masses were sung and said in gratitude, bishops from all quarters sent him congratulatory letters, and of course the courtiers reëchoed the sounds of satisfaction. What a spectacle ! behind the scene were the fanatic De Maintenon, the Jesuit confessor, and the cruel and unprincipled Louvois, the devastator of the Palatinate, pulling the wires of their puppets, and maintaining their wretched places and power at the expense of an integral portion of the whole human race.

Besides a passion for governing, Madame de Maintenon had a kindred one for what is called in French *regenting*, — setting up for a teacher and regulator of the affairs of seminaries, abbeys, and nunneries. Besides her own magnificent establishment of St. Cyr, a sort of theological court, she managed almost all the religious societies of the country. Her grand ambition was to be considered the general lady abbess of the kingdom, a sort of royal and religious mother of the whole body of devotees and fanatics. This pursuit raised her in the estimation of the king, while it flattered her own vanity, and fell in with her peculiar disposition.

There is something so curious, both in the character and position of Madame de Maintenon, that we confess we have perhaps derived more satisfaction from Saint-Simon's details respecting

her, than any other portion of his admirable volumes. The picture is so minute, and yet so striking, so philosophical and so entertaining, that we must dwell upon some of the traits a little longer. Madame de Maintenon, though a queen in the interior of the palace, was a private lady in public; and being of very inferior rank, after all the honors that had been conferred upon her, her position became delicate. No one would venture upon taking precedence of her, and yet it was impossible for her to assume it. With her ordinary dexterity, and in accordance with her natural character on all such occasions, she affected the humble, the obliged, the reverential, and would even retire before persons whom in her own rank she might have led. But no,—her part was the extremely modest and retiring creature, whom God and the king had chosen to be sure to distinguish, all underserving as she was of such high favor. Thus the ladies of the court, where distinction was the very breath of the place, had to leave in a corner, acting humility, the person who with a word could have driven the proudest from the only atmosphere in which a courtier of that time, male or female, thought it was possible to exist. She, who in public, was only accommodated with a stool by an artifice, in private enjoyed all the honors of the arm-chair,—in the presence of the king, and of the ex-royal family of England; and they who know the importance attached to the *chair*, the intrigues that have been set on foot for a *stool*, and the confusion in the church about a *bench* for the cardinals, can alone understand how much is conveyed by this fact. This awkwardness might be one of the reasons of her shutting herself up: she was almost as unapproachable as the king himself; she paid rare visits but to a very few, and it was only a few familiars who could make good their way into her apartments. One good point,—one honest quality Madame de Maintenon *did* possess. She never forgot or neglected the friends of her adversity. Those that were mean she raised, those that were great already she endowed with privileges that were considered the greatest boons a courtier could receive. Among the companions of her adversity was an old female servant who had adhered to her when the widow of Scarron was reduced to seek the charity of her parish. Her name was Manon, and Manon Madame Maintenon always called her, after she became Mademoiselle Balbien for the court, and a personage. Though retaining her primitive simplicity of speech and manners, and imitating the austerity of her mistress in her dress, she was a person of the utmost importance in the eyes of all those who wished to carry a point with her mistress. The Duc de Saint-Simon has condescended to give a characteristic portrait of Manon, with several anecdotes of her service; for every thing at

court is important, if it comes within the enchanted circle of power.

To a woman of De Maintenon's ambition, the declaration of her marriage must necessarily have been an object near to her heart. On two several occasions she had so far succeeded with the king that he was on the point of acknowledging her, and twice he was prevented; first, by the ardent solicitation of Louvois, and the second time, by the advice of Bossuet and Fenelon. Louvois was poisoned, and Fenelon disgraced. The Bishop of Meaux's authority with the king, the weight of his eloquence and character, and, more than all, the need of his services, prevented him from sharing the fate of the Archbishop of Cambrai. The anecdote of Louvois' resistance deserves to be quoted in a translation of the passage: it gives an insight into courts.

"Many years after, Louvois, who was always well informed of what was passing in the interior of the palace, and who spared no means to procure speedy information, was told of the schemes Madame de Maintenon had on foot to get herself declared, that the king had had the weakness to consent, and that the affair was about to explode. He sent for the Archbishop of Paris to Versailles, and, immediately after the dinner, took some papers, and went to the king's apartments, and as he was used, went straight into the cabinet. The king had just risen, and was arranging his clothes. Seeing Louvois at an hour not usual with him, he demanded what brought him. 'Something of great importance that requires despatch,' said Louvois, with an air of sadness that astonished the king, who told him to send away the valets of the interior, who were waiting. They went away, it is true, but they left the doors open; so that they heard all, and saw as well by means of the mirrors. This was the great danger of the cabinets.

"When they had left, Louvois did not hesitate to tell the king what had brought him. The king was unable to deny the fact, but attempted to turn it off with some evasions that required no penetration to see through; and being pressed by the minister, he began to make for the interior cabinet, where the valets were, and thus deliver himself. But Louvois, who saw the device, threw himself on his knees before him and stopped him, drew from his side a little sword which he wore, presented the handle to the king, and begged his majesty to put him to death instantly if he persisted in declaring his marriage, in breaking his royal word, and in the eyes of all Europe covering himself with an infamy which he (Louvois) would never live to see. The king stamped and started, and bade him instantly let him go: but Louvois held him by the legs still tighter, for fear he should escape, and went on representing the horrible contrast of his crown and personal glory with the disgrace he was going to join with it, and which would eventually kill him with remorse: in a word, he succeeded in getting a second promise

from the king that he never would declare his marriage. The Archbishop of Paris arrived in the evening. Louvois related to him what he had done. The courtly prelate would have been utterly incapable of such an effort, and in fact it was an action which, if properly viewed, ought to be considered sublime. Louvois at the time was all-powerful; he was passionately attached to his place, its duties and its authority; and at the same time he knew that Maintenon was supreme, and felt all the weight of her influence. He was also well aware that she was too well informed of every thing that passed not to be able very soon to trace her disappointment to the right source, and that her inextinguishable hatred would be the consequence. The archbishop, who had nothing to do but to confirm the king in the promise he had at the marriage given to both, and which had just been repeated to the minister, could not refuse his aid. He therefore spoke to the king next morning, and had no difficulty in drawing from him the renewal of his promise."

Louvois was poisoned; the archbishop was disgraced. There appears to have existed no doubt in the mind of Saint-Simon that the disappointed woman was the mover in the first heinous affair, as she undoubtedly was in the last. When the affair was again renewed, Fenelon fell, the victim of his honesty; after which Madame de Maintenon, with that prudence which distinguished her, and to which she owed her long reign, appears to have resolved upon giving up the idea for ever. The king felt the merit of this resignation, and is said to have redoubled his attentions and repaid her by other gratifications.

It must not be supposed that the attention which the king paid either to her or any other woman, implies the ordinary meaning which we attach to gallantry. His attentions were purely selfish; they did not merely consist in formal demonstrations of respect; Louis XIV. was never known to hesitate where his own personal convenience was concerned. His hardness in this respect was extreme. At the time of his warmest attachment to his mistresses, he never regarded either the illnesses or the sufferings of any one of them: whether in a condition or not to wear without extreme inconvenience the full dress of the court, it mattered not; nothing could soften the rigor of etiquette. Pregnant, ill, not recovered from confinement, — it was necessary to show themselves in full court dress, — to be tight-laced and adorned, ready to go to Flinders or even farther, — to dance, sit up, join the fêtes, eat, drink, and be merry, — to be afraid of nothing, — neither to suffer, or appear to suffer, from heat, cold, air, dust, — and all this at the exact hour, and at the appointed place, without deranging or delaying the royal mechanism for one minute.* He always travelled

* These Memoirs would furnish us with an abundance of instances in

with his carriage full of women, his mistresses ; afterwards his bastards, his daughter-in-law, and sometimes the Duchess of Orleans, and other ladies when there was room. In this carriage there was always great store of eatables, meat, pastry, and fruits ; and though he never ate any thing himself between his meals, it was his pleasure that the ladies should eat. He had not gone a mile before the viands were produced ; and appetite or not, ill or well, the poor women were bound to stuff themselves to repletion. He was affronted at want of appetite, and equally offended at an ungraceful mode of eating, and never failed to show his displeasure with a good deal of bitterness. He was equally inattentive to the feelings of his companions in every other respect ; and a dismally ludicrous story is told of the sufferings of the Duchess de Chevreuse, which we could not repeat. The king was partial to air, and never feeling fatigue, heat or cold, always travelled with the glasses down, and was offended at any lady drawing the curtain

confirmation of the truth of this statement. We shall satisfy our readers by quoting one, and not to interrupt the thread of our observations, will throw it into a note.

"The Duchess of Burgundy was pregnant: she suffered very much while in that state. The king wished to go to Fontainebleau, contrary to his usual custom, at the beginning of spring, and had intimated his intention. He wished to make his journeys to Marly in the interim. His granddaughter amused him exceedingly ; he could not dispense with her ; but so much moving about did not at all agree with a person in her state. Madame de Maintenon became uneasy at it, and Fagon (the physician) ventured to hint his opinion of its danger. The king, accustomed to put no constraint upon himself, and spoiled by having seen his mistresses travel about when they were pregnant, or scarcely recovered from confinement, and always full dressed, was annoyed at this. The representations as to the journeys to Marly chagrined him, without, however, making him change his purpose. He merely twice deferred his departure, which had been fixed for the day after, and only went thither on the Tuesday of the week following, in spite of every thing that could be said or done to dissuade him from it, or to obtain his permission for the princess to remain at Versailles.

"On the Saturday following, while the king was walking after mass, and amusing himself at the carp pond, between the chateau and the gardens, we saw the Duchess de Lude coming out on foot, and quite alone ; there was no lady at the time with the king — a circumstance rather unusual in the morning. Conceiving that she had something pressing to communicate to him, he went to meet her ; and when he was at some little distance, his attendants halted, and left him to speak to her alone. The tête-à-tête was of short duration. The Duchess returned to the chateau, and the king came back towards us, and almost close to the carp pond, without saying a word. Every one of us saw what was the matter, but no one ventured to speak. At last the king, having reached the side of the pond, looked round at the principal persons of his suite, and without addressing himself to any one in particular, uttered, in a tone of ill humor, these words — 'The Duchess of Burgundy has hurt herself.' Immediately M. de La-rochefoucauld began to make exclamations, and M. M. de Bouillon, the

against the sun; but the greatest crime of all was to be taken ill, or to faint,—it was never forgiven. This of course was horrible slavery, and yet all repaid by the honor of riding in the king's coach. Madame de Maintenon contrived to avoid this disagreeable distinction. Under the pretence of decorum, she invariably started before him; and wherever it was arranged to stop, there he found her established precisely in the order and manner of Versailles. There were many other manifestations of selfishness from which it was impossible for her to escape. In whatever condition of health she might be, she was forced to go to Marly, frequently when in a state in which no other man would have moved a servant; and once she travelled to Fontainebleau at a time when her attendants expected her to die on the road. Whatever might be her state of health, the king visited her at his usual hour, and transacted all he had arranged, though perhaps she was in bed and in a fever. The king, as has been observed, was fond of air,

Duke de Tresmes, and the Marshal de Barfleur, to repeat them in a lower tone; after which M. de Larochefoucauld, repeating his exclamations, said that it was the greatest misfortune that could happen, as having already met with several disappointments, the duchess might perhaps never have any more children. The king, who had hitherto not spoken a word, all at once cut short his lamentations in a burst of anger. 'Even should that be the case,' said he, 'what is it to me? Has she not a son already? and if he were to die, is the Duke de Berri not of age to marry and have children? What does it signify to me whether my successor comes from the one or the other? Are they not both my grandsons?' And after a short pause he continued, impetuously, 'Thank God! the duchess's misfortune is over, since it was to be so; I shall no longer be thwarted in my journeys and in every thing I wish to do by the representations of doctors and the chattering of matrons. I will go and I will come according to my own fancy, and you will leave me in peace.' A silence, in which you might have heard an ant move, succeeded to this sally. Our eyes were cast down; we scarcely ventured to breathe; every one remained stupefied: even the domestics and the gardeners continued motionless. This silence lasted upwards of a quarter of an hour. "The king, leaning on the balustrade, was the first to break it, by some remark upon one of the carp; no one answered him. Afterwards he spoke to some of the domestics about the carp, but the conversation was not kept up as usual. No other subject was talked of but the carp; it completely languished, and the king went away some time afterwards. No sooner was he out of sight and we ventured to look at each other, than the meeting of our eyes said every thing. Every one who happened to be there became for the moment the confident of each other's thoughts. We wondered, we were astonished, we were grieved, we shrugged our shoulders. Notwithstanding the time that has now elapsed since this scene took place, it is constantly before my eyes. M. de Larochefoucauld was furious, and on this occasion not without cause; the first *écuyer* was almost frightened to death; and as for myself I examined every personage with eyes and ears; and I was not sorry to find the opinion confirmed which I had long entertained—that the king loved and regarded no one but himself, and was to himself his last end."

and detested a hot room, and astonished at finding when he arrived all closed up, would immediately order every window to be thrown up, utterly regardless, probably thoughtless, of the state of the patient, and thus they would remain up to ten o'clock at night, when he went to supper. If he wished to have music, her fever or her headache were never attended to, and a hundred candles shone on her eyes whether she could open them or not. Need it be matter of surprise that such a man was deserted on his death-bed, and that the instant Maintenon saw he was beyond recovery she left him to die at leisure, and retreated to her sanctuary of St. Cyr, where she could hear the result without chance of inconvenience?

The death-bed of this extraordinary man is as fine a piece of acting as any other in his life; if any thing could have gone deeper than the external surface of form and etiquette, assuredly it would have been the last agony. But Louis died as he had lived, with all the grace and decorum he loved in his brightest moments. His several addresses to his different friends and attendants, and lastly to his heir, were distinguished by that neatness and propriety for which he was famous: in fact, so studied and so perfect is the whole scene, as described in the faithful pages of Saint-Simon, that it produces the effect of a well-acted play, and may almost be said to be affecting. If the combined efforts of a nation of courtiers could ever raise a man out of humanity, it was done in the case of Louis le Grand: yet here he is, a dying god, on his bed, discovering, as the film comes across his physical sight and at the same time drops from his intellectual vision, that his apotheosis has been a mistake. His only regret was that he had neglected the interests of his subjects. His advice to the little Dauphin, not to build, not to make war, but to study the interests of his people, was as much as to say, "Take the precisely opposite course which I myself have followed."

He was long in dying; when he appeared at the worst the courtiers deserted his apartments, and flocked about the Duke of Orleans; when he rallied somewhat, the reaction was sudden and complete, and the Duke left for a whole day without a visit from a single individual.

Among the votaries at the shrine of royal favor, the man whom we shall first pause upon, is the Duc de Lauzun.

The Duc de Lauzun was perhaps the most extraordinary character that the artificial heat of this court-atmosphere ever encouraged in its superabundant and unnatural growth. The Duke de Saint-Simon and he married two sisters, and during the latter part of Lauzun's life (and it was a long one, for he lived to the age of ninety years) they were much together. The author of these

memoirs was therefore well qualified, both by position as well as by perspicacity, to detect the peculiar characteristics of his connexion.

The Duc de Lauzun was the third son of the Comte de Lauzun, Captain of the Hundred Gentlemen of the King's Household: in his youth he bore the name of Marquis de Puységur. He was a little, fair man, of good figure, of a lofty and imposing expression of countenance, without having agreeable features. When he came to court he was destitute of fortune, and was taken in by the Marechal de Grammont, his father's cousin-german, who at that time enjoyed the highest possible consideration at court, and was greatly in the confidence of Cardinal Mazarin and the Queen Mother. His son, the Comte de Guiche, introduced Puységur to the Comtesse de Soissons, at whose house the young king lived almost perpetually, and where Puységur quickly succeeded in attracting his good graces. The king gave him his regiment of dragoons, and soon after made him *Maréchal-de-Camp*, and created for him the charge of Colonel-General of Dragoons. When the Duc de Mazarin, who had already retired from court in 1669, wished to get rid of his place of Grand Master of the Ordnance, Puységur was the first who had wind of it, and asked the king for it, who promised to give it him, but under promise of secrecy for some days. The day arriving on which the king had promised to declare him, Puységur, who had the privilege of the *grandes entrées*, went into a room between the council-room and that where all the court wait, and where no one enters during the council, to wait the coming out of the king from the council of finance then sitting. He there found Nyert, the first *valet de chambre*, in waiting, who asked him by what chance he came there. Puységur, sure of his affair, fancied he should gain a friend in Nyert, by communicating to him what was going to be declared in his favor. Nyert pretended to be delighted, pulled out his watch, and saying there was still time to execute something the king had ordered him to do, he ran as fast as he could up the little staircase where Louvois was at work in his bureau, told him that at the breaking up of the council of finance, Puységur was going to be declared Grand Master of the Ordnance, how he had learnt it, and where he had left the expectant.

The story so far is characteristic of the falseness and intrigue of courts: the sequel will exhibit the character of an individual.

Louvois detested Puységur for many reasons, and feared his influence in a post which gave him so many occasions of interfering in his own department of war. No time was to be lost. Nyert was embraced, thanked, and sent off as quickly as possible, while Louvois, taking some paper by way of excuse, descended, and

found Puygilhem, and Nyert who had returned, in the cabinet already mentioned. Nyert feigns surprise at seeing Louvois, and tells him that the council has not risen. Never mind, says Louvois, I shall go in, for I have a matter of importance to communicate to the king which requires despatch. The king, surprised at seeing him, asks what he wants, rises, and goes to him. Louvois draws him to the window, and tells him that he knows his majesty is about to declare Puygilhem Master General of the Ordnance, that he is waiting for him at the door with that object, and then submits to him that although his majesty is of course full master of his own gifts and graces, that still he (Louvois) thinks it only for the good of his service to represent to him the absolute incompatibility that exists between Puygilhem's temper and his own, and that it will be impossible to get on amicably with a man of his extreme caprice and haughty manners. Several other objections are enumerated by Saint-Simon, as mentioned by Louvois. One circumstance was enough to decide the king. He was extremely provoked to find that the secret was known to the man from whom of all others he wished to conceal it. He answered Louvois very gravely, that the king was not done yet, and resumed his seat at the council-table. When it broke up, the king went out to go to mass, and passed Puygilhem without saying a word. Puygilhem waited the rest of the day in no small astonishment, and seeing that the promised declaration appeared to be no more thought of, he spoke of it to the king, after his evening audience. The king answered that it could not be yet, and that he would see about it. The ambiguity of the answer, and the dryness of the king's manner, alarmed Puygilhem. He had the run of the ladies of the court, and was master of the jargon of gallantry. He went in search of Madame de Montespan, to whom he related his griefs, and begged of her to interfere and bring the matter to a point. She promised him her aid, and amused him in this manner several days.

Tired out with delay, and tormented with anxiety to discover where lay the impediment, he hit upon the most impudent expedient that ever entered the brain of man, and which is only to be conceived of a man of Lauzun's incredible audacity and indelicacy combined. The king was accustomed, at that time, to pay his visits to Madame de Montespan in the afternoon. Aware of this circumstance, Puygilhem, by means of an intrigue with Madame de Montespan's maid, (for nothing came amiss to him that served his purposes,) contrived to secrete himself under the bed of her mistress's apartment. In this position he was enabled to overhear their conversation, from which he learned that Louvois was the obstacle in his way, the mortification of the king at his secret hav-

ing got wind, and his majesty's determination not to give him the Ordinance, out of spite. And then he heard all that was said of himself by both parties, and found that the lady who had promised him her good offices, did him all the ill turns that she could. A cough, the slightest movement, the least chance might have discovered the rash spy, and his fate would have been sealed. Much of his subsequent life was spent in the Bastille, but for this offence he either never would have gone in, or never come out. Saint-Simon observes that this is a story which suffocates and horrifies at the same time.

The use which Puygilhem made of his knowledge was pretty nearly as characteristic as the adventure itself. When he got from under the bed, he went and stuck himself at the lady's dressing-room door, to wait her coming out to go to the ballet. He presented his hand to lead her out, and asked her with an air of the most polished softness and respect, whether he could flatter himself that she had deigned to remember him to his majesty. She assured him that she had not failed to do so, and then told him all the fine things she had said to the king, and as he contrived to throw in a few incredulous interjections in order to draw her on, she repeated her assertions with many asseverations of their truth. As soon as she had finished he drew closer to her, and told her in her ear that she was a liar, a cheat, a swindler, and a strumpet; and he then repeated word for word the conversation she had held with the king. The effect of such a scene may be conceived. Madame de Montespan was so overpowered that she could not utter a word; she trembled from head to foot, could scarcely get to the ballet, and when there, fainted in the midst of the whole court. In the evening she told the king what had happened, and made no doubt but that it was the devil himself who had informed Puygilhem so exactly of their conversation. The king was extremely incensed at the insult Madame de Montespan had received, and not a little tormented to discover how Puygilhem had gained his information.

Puygilhem on his part was furious at having lost the place, and the king and his mistress were upon terms of no little embarrassment. At length Puygilhem, by means of his *grandes entreées*, seized the occasion of a *tête-à-tête* with the king to remind him of the Ordinance, and audaciously demanded that he should keep his word. The king answered that he was no longer bound to do so: that he had only given it under a promise of secrecy. Whereupon Puygilhem retired a few steps, turned his back on the king, drew his sword, and stamping on the blade with his foot, broke it in two, crying out furiously that he would no longer serve a prince who had broken his word so shamefully. The conduct of the

king, on this occasion, was marked by what Saint-Simon calls the finest action of his life. There is undoubtedly in it a mixture of dignity, grace, and at the same time point, which often characterized the behaviour of this monarch. He instantly turned away from the offender, opened the window, threw his cane out of it, and after saying that he should never have forgiven himself for having struck a man of quality, left the room. The result is curious. The next day Puygilhem was arrested, and sent to the Bastille; he, however, came out in a few days, having been prevailed upon to relinquish the Ordnance, and accept the charge of captain of the body-guards. Such is the wonderful force of unsubduable impudence.

The story of the attachment which Mademoiselle d'Orléans conceived for him, and the marriage which was only broken off by his own ill-timed punctiliousness, and would, if it had taken place, by her blood-royal and her immense wealth, have raised him above every subject in the realm, is well known by the account given of it by the lady herself in her Memoirs. He made his refraining from marrying Mademoiselle a great favor with the king, and his good fortune continued increasing, and advanced to a surprising height of prosperity and distinction when all of a sudden, about a year after, on his return from Paris to Versailles, he was arrested, conducted to the Bastille, and afterwards to Pignerol. The cause of this reverse of fortune is likewise traced to the resentment of the mistress and the minister. Madame de Montespan had not forgotten the treatment she had received from him, on a variety of occasions, and the jealousy of Louvois was continually excited by Lauzun's success, and by the impudence of his rivalry.

Lauzun recovered his liberty, but not till ten years after, when it was purchased at an immense sacrifice by Mademoiselle, but he was never restored to his influence over the king's mind. For many years he was not permitted to come within five miles of the court, and ultimately only procured his return by his gallantry in safely escorting the Queen of James II. and her son from London to Calais, when that monarch was obliged to make his escape from England. This return was, to a man of Lauzun's character, one of triumph; adroit and able courtier as he was, he did not fail to make the best use of his position between the two courts of St. Germain and Versailles. For the rest of his life he enjoyed great consideration and a munificent fortune, and lived the life, and had all the distinctions of a nobleman of the very highest class. He had the best table and the best house both at court and at Paris, and they were graced by the first society. But with all this, he was miserable. The familiar approach to the king was gone.

With all Lauzun's capricious love of independence, his vanity, and his insolence, he was a courtier by birth, education, and habit, and to a courtier of Louis XIV. the idea of the king was all in all. It was like living without light to be without his favor, and having enjoyed his intimacy, to be deprived of it was to be struck blind. Such tricks can the force of habit play with the imagination of the strongest minds; the impression of received and undoubted public opinion scarcely ever fails to sink deep. The atmosphere in which a man is born seems to color his intellect, and the dye is too fast ever to be washed out. Sir Thomas More believed in witchcraft; Lord Bacon in the force of charms; and Lauzun in the magic of a king's smile. In order to regain it, he did many of the extraordinary things recounted by Saint-Simon, and what is more, his vexation at not succeeding led him into indescribable folly. He either fancied himself or pretended to be in profound disgrace, and every year he kept a sort of anniversary of his fall by some extravagant exhibition of madness. At these times he used to say his grief overcame his reason. He hoped to please the king by this refinement of flattery; the king only laughed at him. Nobody else, however, dared to laugh: Lauzun was the most formidable person about the court: his malice was as bitter as his wit was inexhaustible. His manners were reserved, measured, even gentle and respectful: from under this low and honied tone, however, sprung up sallies of the most piercing and overwhelming description, either for their extreme justness, their force, or their humor, and this in two or three words, and sometimes with an air of absence or indifference as if he was not thinking of what he said. A man so much feared had of course no friends. He was not only severe in words, he punished practically sometimes. In the execution of one of his schemes of regaining the confidence of the king, he went to Aix-la-Chapelle, in order to pick up some political connexion among the foreigners of distinction who at that time resorted there, and whom he calculated on turning to account. Not succeeding, he resolved on visiting the army of Maréchal Villeroy, then in the field (1705), where he was received with all the honors of war, as having commanded in chief the armies of the (French) king in Ireland. He remained three days with the army, which was in presence of the enemy. It was known that the king was desirous of a battle, and all the world, which is the way of the peaceable folk, seconded the king in his wish, for nothing is so gratifying to citizens at home as to hear of the spilling of blood. This was the reason of Lauzun's visit. The officers to whose care Villeroy had committed him, took him to see the enemy's outposts and showed him all in their power; he, however, so teased them with questions, and was so

anxious to know more than they could tell him, that out of spite, they carried him within musket shot, and ran the risk of being surrounded, thinking thereby to give him a fright. Lauzun, however, was the last man on earth to be afraid. He had, with all his ardor, that kind of cool courage which is so well acquainted with every degree of peril, that it can look on and discriminate the nature of every risk, as if the observation was carried on at the fireside. Instantly seeing through the design, he diverted himself with redoubling his questions, and took care to stop in every position which he knew to be most dangerous, so that he had the satisfaction of seeing several of them walking wide, and endeavouring to shuffle off. He only permitted them to withdraw, when he had thoroughly convinced them that they had mistaken their man.

On his return to court, every body got about him to learn the situation of the armies. This was what he had gone to see, and longed to tell. He acted his usual part of the reserved, the disgraced courtier, a forgotten, neglected character, who could not see two steps before him. The day after his return he went to the Princess of Conti's, to pay his court to the Dauphin, who did not like him, but who knew that he (Lauzun) detested Villeroy. Monseigneur put various questions to him respecting the position of the armies, and the obstacles which prevented them from engaging. The duke drew back, after the manner of a man who is resolved to be pressed; he did not conceal that he had been a great deal between the two armies, and very near the enemy's outposts, but contented himself with launching out in praise of the beauty of the king's troops, and the high spirits they were in at finding themselves so near the enemy, in such fine position, and on their eagerness to engage. "But why did they not engage?" Pushed at length to the point he wanted, "I will tell you," said he, "since you absolutely command me, that I have very exactly reconnoitred the fronts of the two armies, and the whole ground between them, and on their right and left. It is true there is no rivulet between them, and that I saw neither ravine nor hollow road either to get over or into, but there are other obstacles which I took a great deal of notice of." "But what on earth are they?" said Monseigneur: whereupon Lauzun began repeating over again the impediments which did not exist; at last, pushed to extremity, he drew his snuff-box from his pocket. "Remark now, Monseigneur; there is a thing between them which is exceedingly embarrassing for the feet,—a growth of broom." "But how high?" "How high shall I say,—how high," he repeated, looking about the room for an object of comparison; "high,—high," at length he said, "high, I do assure, *as this snuff-box.*"

The Dauphin burst into laughter, as it was intended he should ; all the company joined : the story took, ran through the court, and soon arrived in town. The same evening it was told to the king. Lauzun had his triumph, and showed, in this way, his gratitude to Maréchal Villeroy for all the honors he had paid him, and his own pique at having picked up nothing at Aix-la-Chapelle which answered his purpose.

One day, a short time before his death, when he was supposed to be dying, he called the priest to him who had been very assiduous during his illness, and who, as Lauzun knew, was stimulated to his extra exertions by his hope of a considerable bequest for the rebuilding of his church, and gave him a formal benediction, telling him that that was all he had for him. The Duc de la Force was present, a man whom Lauzun had always made his butt ; to him he began making a grave speech of thanks and gratitude for his attention to him during his illness, and as he was the eldest of his house, beseeched him to give him his blessing. The Duc de la Force, with the priest beside him, was struck by the absurdity of the request, but at length complied ; the pair were immediately dismissed and retired, the duke laughing, and the priest not a little mortified at the scene. Another day, when he was said to be very ill, Biron and his wife ventured on tip-toe to the door of his room, and keeping behind the curtains, contrived to get a peep at him ; they were perceived in the glass. To Biron he was attached, but his wife, who was his own niece, and his principal heir, he detested, as he thought her mercenary, and her manners were disagreeable to him. Offended at this invasion of his sick chamber, which he attributed to avarice and a desire to ascertain whether he would soon be dead, he determined to make the parties repent, and to amuse himself at the same time. He began to pray aloud, in the character of a repentant sinner, to beg pardon of God for his past trespasses, and to hope that at least the goods which he possessed might serve to expiate his sins, and to promise that all should be left for pious uses without reserve, and to thank the Almighty for having left him this last means of escaping from the consequences of his iniquities. This prayer was uttered in a tone so penitent and with such apparent earnestness, that Biron and his wife never doubted for a moment that he was going to execute his design, and that they should be left without a penny. The sick duke sent for notaries, who drew up the will in the spirit of his prayer, and Madame de Biron was in despair. He, however, deferred adding his signature, and finding himself getting better and better, never signed it at all. This comedy greatly delighted him, and he often laughed over it with some of his particular friends, on his recovery ; for in spite of the strength

of his disease, and his extreme old age, (he was ninety when he died,) he got quite well, and no signs of weakness seemed to remain. With all the external indications of poor health, he had a constitution of iron, and an appetite of inordinate vigor.

His long confinement in prison had rendered him enamoured of a gloomy solitude ; he would retire from the best company in the world to his apartment, and indulge in moody reflections : this was his custom every afternoon. It had also rendered him suspicious. When a confessor was sent to him in prison, at a time when he was expected to die, he insisted upon having a Capuchin, only for the sake of the test of his beard, and when he came near him he laid hold of him and gave the beard such a twitch as proved to him at least that it was not false, and that there was a probability that the priest was not a spy.

Of the very able and brilliant general, the *Maréchal de Luxembourg*, these *Memoirs* speak copiously ; partly because he was the commander under whom Saint-Simon served his first apprenticeship in arms, but chiefly on account of a claim which the *Duc de Luxembourg* set up of precedence over sixteen dukes and peers of France, in right of the duchy he received through his wife. The importance attributed to this claim in these times it is hardly possible for us to appreciate ; precedence and the trifling shades of rank are accidents which the more philosophical spirit of the present day leads men to speak of at least lightly, however in some instances they may stickle for them. But precedence in the court of Louis XIV. was the life and the soul of the age ; and if there was any thing deemed worth the sacrifice of life or fortune, it was the privilege of standing higher, or being called up before another. In the details of this cause so variously and ingeniously pursued, there is nothing to interest a modern reader beyond the devotion with which it was carried on, the ability and rank of the parties who struggled through this contest about a shadow, and more especially the solemn importance attached to it by the able, the sensible, and upright Saint-Simon himself. The spectacle is humiliating ; it leads a man to suspect the nature of his pursuits, assume what guise of respectability they may, and to be at last disposed to exclaim that all is "vanity and vexation of spirit."

The *Duc de Luxembourg* was named Bouteville : he was the son of the famous duellist, the *Comte de Bouteville*, who, when he was in exile at Brussels for having killed the *Comte de Thorigny*, had the temerity to return to Paris and fight *Beuvron*, the relation of *Thorigny*, whose second was *Bussy D'Amboise*, and who was killed in the *rencontre*. Bouteville, with his second and cousin, *Rosmadec*, failed in making his escape : both were beheaded on the *Place de Grève*, in 1627. Bouteville was of the

family of Montmorency. The young Bouteville was born six months after the catastrophe which befell his father. His name, his talents, and his ambition triumphed over obstacles which to another would have been fatal; features of a very repulsive cast, and a figure which a hump before, and a very pointed one behind, had not prepared him for a career of gallantry. Nevertheless the spirit of intrigue, the confidence acquired from his familiarity with the great world, together with the habit of gayety and debauch then in fashion, enabled him successfully to overcome the deficiencies of his person. His countenance, moreover, when the eye had become accustomed to it, though it had that peculiar expression which distinguishes the deformed, won upon his friends, more especially when joined with the grace and brilliancy that seemed to mark his most trifling action.

The military career of Luxembourg was marked by alternations of idleness and victory: he seemed to have only to make an effort to triumph over his enemies. His *coup-d'œil* was extremely accurate; in the face of the enemy he was calm, deliberate, prudent; on the day of battle, full of confidence and boldness, and, at the same time, a coolness which enabled him to see and foresee every thing in the midst of the hottest fire and the most imminent danger. It was then that he was really great; in all other matters he was indolence itself. Play, and gay conversation with his intimate friends, and every evening private suppers with select friends, were all he seemed to care for: at them every thing was forgotten but gayety, and if he was near a town, women were always added to the party. At such times he was inaccessible; he neither gave an order nor received a message, and however urgent, he was never interrupted. He lived to the age of sixty-seven, leading the same life, and acting as if he thought himself but twenty-five. At last, however, age, temperament, and conformation, combined to betray him, and he sunk in the midst of a most brilliant career.

Among the other generals of the court and the contemporaries of Saint-Simon, one of the most distinguished and remarkable was Maréchal Villars. His success, both in the field and court, have given him a name in history which shows how little history is to be depended upon for any thing except the rude outlines of events. The contemporaries of Villars saw the real man, and Saint-Simon has painted him at full length. Our character shall be true to the impression received from the Memoirs: it must necessarily, however, be condensed into a comparatively brief space.

The birth of Villars, in his time, when aristocratic distinctions were so highly prized, was not one to build a reputation upon: his father had risen from obscurity by his skill and courage in the

use of the small sword, and had been retained in the household of, and seconded in their duels, some of the first nobility, after which he was employed at court, and was received chevalier of the order of St. Esprit. - Villars, his son, is said to have received a piece of advice from his mother, on which he invariably acted, and which probably proved of more service to him in life than the reputation of his father's courage, or the distinctions it acquired him. She said to him, "When in presence of the king talk continually of yourself:" a counsel which he religiously kept with his sovereign, and moreover extended to all his subjects, forgetting the second part of her advice, which was "never to mention himself to any body else." Villars was a Thraso in speech, but he contrived to be so also in deeds: by the concurrence of lucky accidents he realized his most extravagant boasts, and no one was more lost in admiration at their accomplishment than himself: he could neither think nor speak of any thing else, and as he was a complete repertory of plays and operas, and filled his discourse with quotations from them, the air of rhodomontade he gave to his whole course of action may be easily conceived. In fact, in his highest employments and greatest commands (and he rose to the highest the monarch had to bestow) he was nothing more or less than a strolling player ranting through his part, with this method in his madness, that he always took care to rant wholly on the subject of his own exploits. It may be supposed, that the man who had eyes only for his own deeds had a heart for nobody but himself, and but little love was lost; he had no friend but himself, and to serve that friend there was no depth of servility or baseness to which he would not crawl; he was never known to do any thing for another beyond paying an extravagant compliment, which was the coinage with which he used to repay all sorts of services; consequently, he had as few followers as friends: he maintained his consequence chiefly by the magnificent opinion he maintained of himself, and by the determination to spare no sacrifice of self-respect or indeed any thing or any body else to uphold his authority. As for the ordinary means of preserving an employment, attending to its duties, of them he was utterly reckless; they might perform them that would, all he was intent upon was to remain in the enjoyment of the dignity and the income of his charge: his magnificence was of a kind truly Gascon, for it concealed the most wretched avarice; and his rapacity was that of a harpy. During the war he would send out detachments with no other view than pillage, and has been known to direct the movements of an entire army with this sole view. He had heaped together piles of gold by the plunder of war, and, as he was utterly shameless, he would make a joke of the means by which

he had amassed it. His love of gambling was unconquerable : for he was as lucky in the saloon as in the field : he always won. The stage was another of his passions, whether from a love of the drama or the loose women who are always connected with a theatre ; with these people and their paramours he lived, and spoke their language. Not all his honors and great employments could keep him from this description of society, or from disgracing his old age by the most gross and indecent conversation, of which he made no secret. He was, in fact, utterly destitute of shame. With all this, he possessed some of the highest qualifications of a general. He had a tolerably just *coup-d'œil* : his greatest virtue was, however, that of masking his real intentions, and at the same time bringing up his forces to a particular spot, and at a particular moment ; this is the great problem a general has to work : Napoleon solved it better than any one ; Villars owed his success to it. It is made a matter of reproach to him, that he was utterly indifferent to every thing which respects the commissariat, the wagon train, the protection of convoys, — he left such matters to those who would care for them. In modern armies a commander-in-chief is almost relieved from such duties by means of responsible agents. Villars cared little about their responsibility ; if they failed, he threw the failure upon them ; if they succeeded, he took all the glory of success to himself.

In action he was cool, and his ideas clear ; though, occasionally, he would permit his sanguine temper to triumph and get heated, thus involving himself in confusion and embarrassment. When he gave orders, they were couched in the most fulsome language to the party to whom they were addressed ; he dwelt upon the esteem he had for the officer, and the confidence he felt in his exertions, but he committed nothing to paper, and went into no details, — all was cloudy ; if good came out of it, Villars was glorified ; if evil, the agent was overwhelmed with the consequences of failure. His *personal* courage never fluctuated ; not so his *mental* courage ; as long as he was not invested with responsibility, there was no exploit too daring, no scheme too wild for him ; but when he was placed at the head of armies, he grew chary of his laurels, and at times even allowed opportunities of exertion to escape him which ought to have been turned to account. In spite of the success with which he was generally attended, he failed to convince any one of his great services excepting the king and himself. It is probable that kings are placed, in respect of individuals, very much in the position of posterity ; they are too far above them to see any thing beyond gross results.

The Memoirs of Villars, published under his name, bear every mark of having come from his pen ; they are confused and bom-

basic; and even where he enters into minute details, they are almost entirely a tissue of fiction. The embarrassment which distinguishes his writings marked his conduct in council; he began with ardor, then wandered, and soon lost himself, until some charitable colleague assisted him in recovering the track and helped him out with the remainder of his opinion; and his confusion frequently arrived at that pitch that he would declare the exact contrary of what he evidently meant to say.

With all his own licentiousness and with that strange inconsistency which distinguishes men, he was exceedingly jealous of his wife, whom he placed under the duennaship of his mother, whose undertaking was, never to let her out of sight. The Duc de Saint-Simon observes, that these precautions are always ridiculous, and by no means so successful as might be wished. As he directed his armies sometimes solely with a view to the amassing of wealth, on other occasions he would change the whole plan of a campaign, that he might have an opportunity of seeing his wife.

The first president of the Parliament of Paris, D'Harlay, was a man whose character will well repay the study. Saint-Simon, who hated him, —and he was generally both feared and hated, — has touched off his minutest peculiarities with a felicity animated by warm admiration of his talents and the deepest contempt of his character. The high office held by Harlay brought him repeatedly into contact with the king, and more especially with the aristocracy, with whom it was then the custom prevailing to *solicit* their own cause before the tribunal over which Harlay presided.

Harlay was a spare little man, but full of vigor and energy, with a lozenge-shaped face, a large aquiline nose, and vulture eyes, that seemed ready to eat every thing up and to pierce the very walls. His dress was more ecclesiastical than legal, for he carried every thing that was formal to an extreme. He was always full-dressed, his gait stooping, his speech slow, studied, and distinct, his pronunciation of the old school, his words and phrases the same: his whole manner was made up, constrained, and affected: an air of hypocrisy infected all his actions; his manner was hollow and cynical, his reverences were to the ground, and as he walked along, his dress rustled against the walls with a pretence of humility. His manner was always profoundly respectful, under which was clearly enough to be seen a spirit of insolent audacity: and though his expressions were measured and guarded, pride of some sort was sure to peep out, and as much contempt and sarcasm as he dared to show.

His conversation was usually made up of sententious sayings and maxims, always dry and laconic; he was never at ease himself, and no one with him. He had a great fund of sense, great

penetration, a vast knowledge of mankind, more especially of that class of persons with whom he dealt ; he was well acquainted with literature, extremely learned in jurisprudence, and more especially in international law. His reading was general, his memory extraordinary ; and though he studied a deliberate preciseness of manner, his quickness of repartee was surprising and never failed him. In all the intricacies of practice he was superior to the most dexterous practitioners. He had rendered himself so completely the master of the Parliament, that not a single member stood before him, but with the trembling humility of a pupil : he ruled all connected with it with the most absolute tyranny, turning and using them as he listed, and often without their perceiving it ; and when they did, they were obliged to submit. He never suffered the slightest approach to familiarity on the part of any person : even in his own family as much ceremony was kept up, as between the most perfect strangers. At table the conversation turned upon the most common-place subjects, and though resident in the same house, his son never called upon him without sending a message ; when he entered, his father rose to meet him with hat in hand, ordered a chair to be brought, and took leave of him in the same manner. Harlay was celebrated for his dexterity in his form of "bowing out" : the instant he wished to get rid of any person, he began bowing them out from door to door, with so much affected humility, and at the same time with such determined perseverance, that it was equally impossible either to be offended or to resist. After he had uttered one of the cruel *bon mots*, for which he was remarkable, and many of which are preserved, he would instantly commence his "reverences" and not end until his antagonist was fairly driven from the field. He carried his formal mode of politeness to such an excess, that he generally saw his victims into their coach, and the door shut upon them. On one occasion, the Duc de Rohan leaving him in great dudgeon at the manner in which he had been treated in an audience, as he was descending the stairs indulged in all sorts of abuse of the First President to his intendant, who accompanied him, when suddenly turning round, they found Harlay close behind them, bowing them out in the most reverential style possible. The Duke, quite confused, begged and prayed, and was quite shocked that he should give himself the trouble to see him out. "Oh, Sir," said Harlay, "it is impossible to quit you, you say such charming things ;" and in fact he did not leave him till he had seen him off in his carriage. The Duchess de Ferté, in the same way, as she was descending his staircase, called him "an old baboon" : she found he was close behind her, but hoped it had not been heard, for no change in his manner was visible. He put

her into her carriage with his usual prostrations. Shortly after her cause came on, and judgment was quickly given in her favor. The Duchess ran to the President and overwhelmed him with her gratitude. He as usual plunged into his reverences, and was full of humility and modesty, till he caught an opportunity when all eyes were upon them; then looking her full in the face, he said, "Madam, I am delighted that an old baboon can do a favor for an old ape." The Duchess would have killed him on the spot; he, however, recommenced his reverences and bowed her out of the place, in profound silence and his eyes upon the ground, until he had seen her into her carriage.

When the Jesuits and the Fathers of the Oratory were disputing, he wished to make up the quarrel without bringing it before the tribunals. He sent for the leaders of the two parties and tried to reconcile them; as he was taking leave of them, he said to the Jesuits, "My fathers, what happiness it would be to live in your society," and turning to the delegates of the oratory, "and, my fathers, to die in yours." His sayings were, however, not so remarkable either for their point or wit as for their consummate audacity, their cruel triumph over every feeling of sympathy and consideration for another. He gloried in inflicting a blow which, in defiance of all the laws of good breeding and in the security of his high and sacred position, laid his object sprawling in helpless humiliation.

Montataire, a chevalier of the Order of the Holy Ghost, who had married the daughter of the well known Bussy-Rabutin, was remarkable, as well as his wife, for being a great talker: they were also celebrated for their excessive litigiousness. They were once at an audience of the President and began to talk of a cause which they had before him, as was the manner and custom of the time. The husband began to speak, but had not advanced far before the lady took the words out of his mouth, and proceeded to explain the business for him. The First President listened for some time; at length, interrupting her, he said to Montataire, "Is that your wife, Sir?" "Yes, Sir," said Montataire, not a little astonished at the question. "Sir," replied the President, "*I pity you*," shrugging up his shoulders with an air of compassion, and then turning his back upon them. Every body laughed: it was impossible to help it. The discomfited pair retreated in confusion.

Two counsellors, who had bought estates of the noble names of De Persan and De Croi, and had taken their names, as was customary with the nobility of the time, were announced at one of his audiences. He pretended not to know them, and as they were presented, bowed with his lowest reverence; but on rising,

he looked suddenly in their faces, and pretended all of a sudden to recognise them ; "Masks !" he said, "I know you."

He seems to have treated all such pretensions as an invasion of the ranks of the privileged order, and in the same light regarded even the assumption of their dress or costume. During the vacation, while he was residing at his seat of Grosbois, two young barristers called on him to pay their respects. They were attired in gray dresses, such as were worn in the country, with their cravats twisted and passed through the button-hole, after a manner that seems at the time to have been fashionable, and which was, perhaps, an infringement on the etiquette of the court, or rather a departure from the costume of the bar. This shocked his cynical humor. He called for a sort of equerry, looked at him, and then said to a groom, "Drive out this fellow," (alluding to the equerry,) "who has the impudence to wear a cravat like these gentlemen here." The gentlemen, says Saint-Simon, were nearly on the point of fainting, got off as quickly as they could, and promised never to return.

The brutality of Harlay arose from his own wretched sufferings ; he lived on the rack of a horrible temper ; he was eaten up, not with remorse, but with what at the present day, might perhaps, be called indigestion. He suffered from a kind of madness, which, without interfering with his efficiency or his acuteness in the most intricate affairs presented for his decision, made him the terror and scourge of every person that had any thing to do with him. His natural talents were of the highest order, and yet he was destitute of every principle of honor ; ambition, avarice, and even crime, were the stains of his life. He was proud, haughty, rancorous, spiteful, and even wicked by the natural promptings of his heart ; he was hypocritical, and when there was need, grovelling and humble ; in the commonest actions of his life, hollow and false ; and yet in all matters of common business between Peter and James, he was scrupulously exact and just for the sake of his reputation ; but let his interests, his passions, or even the air of the court or success there interfere, and no man was capable of committing more barefaced iniquity. *

Of all the interesting characters sacred to fame and history with which this voluminous work abounds, none is more attractive in all its forms than that of Fenelon. Man, in a state of society, by which we understand a being artificial to a certain extent, and under a despotic, a religious, and a refined reign, like that of Louis XIV., artificial to a point of extreme nicety, certainly never so nearly approached the model of perfection as in the instance of

* Vol. i. 305.

this great man. In the circumstances of his rise, in his fall, in his manners, in the tolerance of his spirit and the wonderful mode in which he combined the finesse of a courtier with the simplicity of a Christian, qualities are exhibited which require to be separately and minutely studied by one who would make himself master of this great character. Saint-Simon, as the bosom friend of the Dukes of Beauvilliers and Chevreuse, fast and faithful friends of Fenelon, to whom he owed his rise, and who, as long as he lived, remained his faithful and devoted intimates and disciples, had many and ample opportunities of knowing him well. His portrait and the anecdotes respecting him are certainly striking portions in a work, which is so rich in court-and-state human nature, that we do not know where to turn without lighting upon either a picture or a lesson. We shall not do wrong in endeavouring to do justice to the character of Fenelon by Saint-Simon in a translation, however difficult it may be to transfer the force and conciseness of the author to another language.

“ This prelate was a tall, spare man, of a good figure, pale, the nose large, the eyes full of fire and most expressive of sense and talent; I have never seen any thing like his countenance, and having once seen it, it was impossible to forget it. It was full of contraries. There were gravity and gallantry, seriousness and gayety; it was as appropriate to the man of learning as the bishop, to the bishop as the man; above all, there shone forth in it, as in all the rest of his person, an air of perfect grace, decorum, delicacy, mind, and, more than any thing, nobleness. It required an effort to take your eyes from him. All his portraits are speaking, without, however, catching the exact harmony which reigned in the original, or the various delicate shades of character collected in his face. His manners corresponded with his appearance; his ease communicated itself to others; there were moreover, an air and a good taste that are only acquired by mixing with the best society and the great world, which diffused themselves over all his conversations; along with which a natural eloquence, gentle yet flowery, an insinuating politeness, at the same time noble and discriminative. An elocution, neat, easy, and agreeable; every thing appeared, as it fell from him, clear and perspicuous; even matters, which in other hands would have been thought embarrassed and obscure. He seemed never to wish to appear a wiser man than the one he was conversing with; he put himself within the reach of his auditor, without letting him perceive it, so that the effect was like enchantment, and nobody could leave him, no one not try to return to him. It was this rare talent, — and he had it to the highest pitch of perfection, — which all his life bound his friends to him, in spite of his disgrace, and which in their dispersion brought them together to talk of him, to regret him, to wish for him, to attach themselves closer and closer to him, as the Jews sigh for

Jerusalem, and to pine for his return, as that unfortunate people sigh and wait for the coming of the Messiah. It was in the character of a species of prophet that he had acquired that power over his followers, which, though exercised in all sweetness and gentleness, yet could bear no resistance. If he had returned to court, or entered the council, which was his grand aim, he would not long have suffered his coadjutors to remain as companions. Once at anchor, once without need of the aid of others, it would have been soon dangerous not merely to resist him, but not to maintain a constant condition of suppleness and admiration towards him.

"In the retirement of his diocese he lived with the humble and industrious piety of a pastor, and with the magnificence and confidence of a man who felt no pain at renouncing what others might suppose him to regret. He had the air of keeping the world at its proper distance. No man ever had the passion of pleasing more than he : it extended to the servant as well as to the master ; never did man carry it further, or with a more constant, regular, and continued application, and undoubtedly that man never lived who succeeded more eminently. Cambrai is a place of great resort and passage : nothing could equal the politeness, the discernment, the charming and agreeable manner, with which he received every body. At first he was shunned ; he courted no one ; gradually, and almost insensibly, the charm of his manner attracted a small body of friends ; under favor of this little crowd, several of those whom fear had kept away, were glad to come and sow seeds, to be reaped in other times. From one to another the fashion caught, and every body went. When the Duke of Burgundy began to show himself, the prelate's court was still further increased, and really became an effective one when the duke became Dauphin. The number of persons whom he had welcomed, the quantity of those who had lodged with him in passing through, the care he had taken of the sick, of the wounded, who on various occasions had been brought into the city, had won the hearts of the troops. He was assiduous in his attendance on the hospitals, and among the officers, high and low ; he would keep invalids at his palace for months together, until they were perfectly reëstablished. While in the character of a true pastor he was vigilant in his care of their souls, and ready at the call of the meanest among them, and with his power of eloquence, and his knowledge of the human heart, so successful in gaining authority over their minds, he was not less attentive to their corporal wants. Subsistence and nutriment for the sick, delicacies for the fastidious, and even medicines, were brought from his abode in quantities ; and yet in all this was an order, a method, and a care, that each thing was the best of its kind. At all consultations on critical cases he was sure to preside. It is absolutely incredible to what a point he became the idol of the soldiery, and how his name resounded into the very heart of the court.

"His alms, his repeated episcopal visitations many times in the

year, which made him personally known in the remotest district of his diocese, his frequent preachings both in town and village, his facility of access, his humanity to the lowly, his politeness to others, the natural grace, which increased the value of every thing he said and did, made him adored by the people; and the priests, whose brother and father he called himself, wore him in their very hearts. And with all this art and this passion for pleasing there was nothing low, nothing common, affected, misplaced; he was always precisely on the right footing with every one. He was easy of access, and every claim upon him was met with a prompt and disinterested expedition; and all who held office under him throughout his extensive diocese seemed animated with the spirit of their principal." — Vol. XII. p. 66.

Saint-Simon then goes on to describe with minuteness the daily habits and modes of life of this true bishop, and charms us by the description of the curious combination he contrived to make between the hospitalities of a prince, and the duties of a Christian pastor. The details are full of interest, and we would recommend them to all such of our clerical readers as will condescend to study the character of a Catholic bishop, and adopt a model from another church; we regret that they run to too great an extent for our pages.

Equally instructive is the history of this extraordinary man's rise at court and his sudden banishment from it. The annals of theology contain no more instructive lesson than the history of Fenelon's connexion with Madame Guyon, Madame Guyon's introduction to Madame de Maintenon, the intrigues of the Jesuit bishops, and the use they made of the king's mistress in bringing their machinations to bear.

It is to be lamented that Fenelon did not survive the king. If any man could have established a permanent and beneficial influence over the mind of the Regent, it was the Archbishop of Cambrai. The Duke of Saint-Simon himself was the person whose power, during the reign of the Duke of Orleans, was expected to be all paramount. A long intimacy had subsisted between himself and the duke, and when the latter was under the displeasure of the king, his uncle, when he was consequently abandoned by the whole court, and the subject of the most atrocious calumnies, — calumnies, however, in those times, not impossible and scarcely improbable, — Saint-Simon alone, of all the grandees of the court, continued on the same footing of intimacy and friendship that had been previously maintained: before the death of the king he had become his principal adviser, and when the regency was declared, might have been principal minister. He appears, however, to have shrunk from the cares and respon-

sibility of a similar post, and contented himself with a place at the council-board. His opinion and advice never ceased to possess great weight with the duke; but the mind of Saint-Simon was of too stern and uncompromising a cast to retain a permanent influence over a character like that of the Regent. Saint-Simon's independence, his aptitude for business, his plans of reform and amelioration, together with his strong aristocratic prejudices, probably more frequently rendered his advice importunate than acceptable, so that, after various fluctuations and disappointments, after intrigues against him and vigorous sallies in defence of his opinions, Saint-Simon accepted the temporary retirement of a ceremonial embassy to Madrid, and seems to have retreated into the character of a vigilant spectator and tried friend, who was called upon when others deceived or were not to be trusted. The intercourse between the Regent and our author was however permanent, and the intimacy and confidence on the part of the Duke of Orleans subject but to very slight intermissions. It was impossible, however, for a man of Saint-Simon's habits and sentiments to remain constantly in the direction of a character like that of the Duke of Orleans. A much meaner instrument was better adapted to the purpose; and upon very different men from Saint-Simon must be thrown the extravagant measures, the unsettled policy, in short, the horrid profligacy, public and private, of the Regency. Saint-Simon was however sufficiently mixed up with it all to let us fully into the secrets of the reign.

The charge of the general falsehood of history, alleged so freely and perhaps so truly, is inapplicable to such a work as the one before us. Saint-Simon was not a *littérateur* collecting scattered notices of public events from insufficient authorities, and moulding the whole into some general idea of the order and succession of motives and actions cast in his own brain. When he writes of the men who influenced the transactions of his time, he speaks of persons he was in daily contact with, and in conjunction or opposition to whom he was himself concerned in the transaction of the most important affairs in the country. Were it necessary to produce instances of the light which such men throw upon the rude and shadowless pictures of history, we might instance the character of the Regent himself, which, till the publication of these Memoirs, has never been rightly understood. As we pass from page to page of the latter volumes, the monster of other writers vanishes, and the human being takes his place: his vices do not become less odious, but they are more intelligible: instead of being horrified by a phantasmagoria, now retreating into undistinguishable pettiness, now rushing upon and overpowering the imagination with the vastness and ugliness of its lurid pro-

portions, we have presented to us the image of man, the likeness indeed of a fallen angel, but at the same time a being whose inconsistencies and excesses we can comprehend and arrange or account for, with whose misfortunes and disappointments we can sympathize, while we do not the less detest his enormities. He and his daughter the Duchess of Berri, as they are painted in the Saint-Simon gallery, are admirable studies for the moralist who would write on the education of princes. Cardinal Dubois, the Duke de Noailles, and all the other heroes of the Regency, are also drawn at full length. This portion of the Memoirs relative to and on the Regency, and that short period of the majority of Louis XV. which preceded the death of the Duke of Orleans, occupy rather more than seven volumes of the whole twenty-one, and are perhaps more replete with stirring incidents than the preceding part, but fall sadly below them in the dignity and ability of the historic personages of the former reign. On the death of Louis the government became one infamous scramble, and the persons engaged in the disgraceful hustle were fit actors in such scenes.

[From "The Asiatic Journal, No. 37."]

MOFUSSIL STATIONS.*

NO. II. — AGRA.

IN this age of tourists, it is rather extraordinary that the travelling mania should not extend to the possessions of the British Government in India; and that so few persons are induced to visit scenes and countries in the East, embellished with the most gorgeous productions of nature and of art. The city of Agra is well worthy of a pilgrimage from the uttermost parts of the globe: yet a very small number amid those who have spent many years in Hindoostan are tempted to pay it a visit; and the civil and military residents, together with casual travellers passing through to the places of their destination, alone, are acquainted with a city boasting all the oriental magnificence which imagination has pictured from the glowing descriptions of eastern tales. The Smelfungus tribe is very numerous in India; necessity, and not "a truant disposition," has occasioned the greater portion of the servants of the Company to traverse foreign lands; and the sole remark frequently made by persons who have sojourned amid the marble temples and citron groves of Agra, consist of a simple statement, that "it is exceedingly hot." Bishop Heber, who possessed a true relish for the sublime and beautiful, and who delighted with all a poet's enthusiasm in the picturesque, has not done Agra justice in his

* See the Select Journal of Foreign Periodical Literature, Vol. I. p. 293.

interesting narrative. He was ill during the brief period of his sojourn there, and had come immediately from Delhi, the stately rival of the city of Achar. This is the more unfortunate, as his work, being very popular, and considered good authority, has led a favorite writer of the day to portray ruin and desolation as the prominent features of Agra; whereas, though somewhat shorn of the splendor it possessed in the times of the Moghul emperors, it is still a place of wealth and importance, inhabited by rich natives, both Moosulman and Hindoo, and carrying on an extensive trade. Should steam-navigation ever be introduced with effect upon the Ganges and Jumna, there can be little doubt that the seat of government will be, at some time, removed from Calcutta to a more central station, and the probabilities are greatly in favor of Agra being the selected spot. In this event, improvements of vast magnitude may be expected to take place in the upper country. The hill-stations especially will be benefited by the influx of visitors; they must necessarily be enlarged, roads must be made, bridges constructed, gardens cultivated, and public buildings erected, until they will offer the accommodations of European watering-places, in addition to the far superior attractions of their scenery. Persons weary of Cheltenham, Baden, Spa, and other springs of fashionable resort, may take a trip to the Himalaya, and visit the source of the Ganges by way of variety. Even now, it would be perfectly practicable for a tourist, in search of novelty, to climb the heights of the Asiatic mountains to the limits of eternal snow, that untrodden barrier which has defied, and will defy, the adventurous foot of man, and return to England, without experiencing a single day in which the thermometer shall have risen beyond the bounds of moderate heat. By landing in Calcutta in the middle of October, four months of cold weather is secured, a period sufficient to admit of easy travelling through the upper provinces, *viâ* Benares, Lucknow, Agra, Bhurtpore, Delhi, and Meerut; from the latter station it is only a few marches, or a three days' journey by dawk (post) to Landour, a sanatorium perched upon the crags of the Himalaya. This place, and Mepoorisse, another hill-cantonment should form the head-quarters during the eight months of heat endured in the plains; and in the following October, passing through the central provinces, and visiting Jyepore, Nusseerabad, Ajmere, and Mhow, the tourist may proceed to Bombay, and take his passage home before the commencement of the hot weather.

To a lover of the picturesque, Agra is one of the most delightful stations in India; but as persons of this description form a very small portion of the community, a residence amid the splendid monuments of Moghul power is not considered desirable, in consequence of the alleged heat of the climate, and the high prices demanded for the bungalows. It possesses a garrison, consisting of one European or King's corps, and three of Native Infantry, with their requisite staff, under the command of a brigadier. The military cantonments are the ugliest in India, being situated upon

a wide, bare plain, enlivened only by a few Parkinsonias, * trees which are too uniformly covered with yellow flowers to appear to advantage when not mingled with others of more varied foliage. The Jumna is completely hid from view by intervening sand-banks, which also shut out the beauties of the Taaje Mahal, with the exception of its silvery dome; and the exteriors of the bungalows, with few exceptions, are hideous. They are usually built of brick, a material amply supplied by the ruins in the neighbourhood; the gateless, and sometimes fenceless compounds, have a desolate appearance; and a handsome church is the only redeeming feature in the scene. The houses, however, have good gardens, though the latter are not made ornamental to the landscape; and their interiors are remarkable for the elegance of the fitting-up, an abundance of marbles furnishing chimney-pieces, cornices, and plasters of a very superior kind of chunam; and instead of bare white-washed walls, the apartments are decorated with handsome mouldings and other architectural ornaments. The civil lines, at the distance of two miles, are much more beautifully situated, amidst well-wooded ravines, which, during the rainy season, are covered with a verdant carpet of green, and watered by numerous nullahs. The roads are excellent, and kept in the finest order by the labors of gangs of convicts, who are employed upon the public works of British India. Many of the houses belonging to the families of civilians are *puckha*, and built in the style of those of Calcutta; others assume a more fanciful aspect, the centre being composed of an abandoned mosque, with wings spreading on either side. The distance between the military and civil lines at Agra constitutes a very considerable obstacle to the social intercourse of the station: throughout India, there exists a degree of jealousy on the part of the former, which renders them tenacious of appearing to show too much deference to the superior wealth of the judges and collectors, whom they fancy must look down upon a poorer class. There are, of course, a few instances of civilians in high appointments, who hold themselves far above their less fortunate military compeers,—a set of persons who have obtained the cognomen of “Buhàdur,” a very significant phrase, borrowed from the title of honor bestowed by natives upon great men, or assumed by those who desire to give themselves consequence;—but, generally speaking, the civilians, being fewer in number, are glad to pay attention to all the military in the neighbourhood; and at least during my residence at Agra, they made far less difficulty in coming over to the balls in the cantonments than was raised by the families of officers, who frequently declined invitations to the civil lines on account of the distance, or because they would not receive civilities which they were unable to return. This sort of pride is very detrimental to the society of small communities, and at Agra it always appears to be

* So called from having been introduced in India from the Cape by Colonel Parkinson.

in full operation, the station never having had a reputation for gayety.

Excepting in Calcutta, and there the occurrence is rare, evening parties are not given in India. Balls and suppers are of course very frequent, but entertainments of a less magnificent description would be considered mean, and an affront to those invited. Strangers are, however, sometimes asked in a friendly way to tea, and a visit of this description affords a novelty not unamusing to persons who have just arrived in the country. It is necessary to enter into some details respecting the modes of living adopted by European residents in India, in order to explain the nature of these tea-drinkings.

The hour of dinner makes a very material difference in the disposition of the day. Those who do not take that meal until after sun-set, sit down to a tiffin at two o'clock, which, being composed of hot dishes, is to all intents and purposes a dinner, and is usually made the principal repast. It is customary, after leaving the table, to undress and lie down until the sun declines, and at the conclusion of the evening-drive, dinner is served, a meal which is frequently suffered to go away almost untasted; indeed it is considered a mark of high-breeding to sit without eating, though the guests would be shocked if three courses, at least, were not provided for them; the quantity of curry and rice, which has been devoured at home, may be accurately measured by the consumption of the delicacies abroad, which in a very fine lady will not exceed half-a-dozen grapes: in fact, it might be supposed that the company, like the bride in the Arabian tales, who ate rice by the single grain, were in the habit of supping with goules. This is called dining at night. Other persons pursue a different, and perhaps a more rational plan; they dispense with tiffin altogether, and sit down to dinner at four o'clock; the repast may easily be prolonged until it is time to go out, or the sun is sufficiently low to permit an adjournment to the verandah; and on returning from the evening excursion, the family find the tea prepared. Unless the servants, however, shall have been well trained, and habituated to English customs, they will load the table with hot viands, meat, vegetables, and pastry, sometimes laying the cloth, and at others spreading their hot dishes upon the bare mahogany. These tea-drinkings somewhat resemble the entertainments given in America, and might be made exceedingly social, did not pride and dignity forbid; not more than two or three persons are invited at a time, and when the parties are not intimate, nothing more *triste* can be imagined; they sit looking at each other until the guests, annoyed to death, find a decent pretext to withdraw. Great reform is absolutely called for in the mode of visiting in India, where, according to the present system, pains appear to have been taken to render it as formal and inconvenient as possible. Morning calls ought to be abolished by an order of council; for where it is dangerous to be out after ten o'clock, even in a carriage or a palanquin, during

eight months in the year, ladies must often pay visits at the hazard of their lives. If early dinners were more general, the station, or at least that portion socially inclined, might meet at each other's houses after the evening-drive, either alternately or according to some other regulation. The gate of a compound being closed, is a certain indication that the family, who cannot so easily as in England profess to be not at home, do not desire to receive visitors; carriages roll away without offence taken by their inmates, and those who might not desire to have their houses filled with company, could adopt the same precaution to secure themselves from interruption. The faint attempt made during my stay at Agra to introduce a better system, though a decided failure, owing to the want of courage requisite to invite numerous guests to a slight entertainment, deserves honorable mention, and perhaps may induce more enterprising persons to improve upon the plan. There are no subscription-balls at Agra, and dancing depends upon the hospitalities exercised by private individuals; a play is occasionally performed at the theatre, a building of no exterior beauty, and whose properties are of a very inferior order; and races have been established, which, however, bear no proportion to the celebrity acquired by those at Meerut and Ghazeepore.

It is in the city of Agra and its environs, that intellectual persons must seek gratification. The Taaje Mahal is usually deemed the most attractive object, and, considered in its character of a mausoleum, it has not its equal in the world. The reader of eastern romance may here realize his dreams of fairy land, and contemplate those wondrous scenes so faithfully delineated in the brilliant pages of the Arabian Nights. Imagine a wild plain, broken into deep, sandy ravines, the picture of rudeness and desolation, a tract as unpromising as that which Prince Ahmed traversed in search of his arrow. In the midst of this horrid wilderness, a palace of deep red stone, inlaid with white marble, and surmounted by domes and open cupolas, appears. It is ascended by flights of steps; in the centre is a large circular hall, with a domed roof, and a gallery running round, all in the most beautiful style of oriental architecture. This is the gate of the Taaje Mahal, a building which, in any other place, would detain the visitant in rapture at the symmetry and grandeur of its proportions, and the exquisite elegance of the finishing; but the eyes have caught a glimpse of a delicious garden, and the splendors of this noble entrance are little regarded. At the end of a long avenue of graceful cypresses, whose rich foliage is beautifully mirrored in marble basins, fed with water from numerous sparkling fountains, the Taaje arises, gleaming like a fairy palace. It is wholly composed of polished marble of the whitest hue, and if there be any faults in the architecture, they are lost in the splendor of the material, which conveys the idea of something even more brilliant than marble, mother-o'-pearl, or glistening spar. No description can do justice to this shining edifice, which seems rather to belong to the fanciful creations of a dream, than to the

sober realities of waking life, — constructed of gathered moonbeams, or the lilies which spring in paradise. The mausoleum is placed upon a square platform of white marble, rising abruptly to the height of about twelve or fifteen feet, the steps being concealed, which is perhaps a blemish. The place of actual sepulture is an apartment within this platform; round it on three sides are suites of apartments, consisting of three rooms in each, all of white marble, having lattices of perforated marble for the free transmission of air, and opening to the garden. At each of the four corners of the platform, a lofty minaret* springs, and the centre is occupied by an octagonal building, crowned by a dome, surrounded by open cupolas of inferior height. Nothing can be more beautiful or more chaste: even the window frames are composed of marble, and it would seem as if a part of Aladdin's palace had been secured from the general wreck, and placed in the orange-groves of Agra. The plan of the building, which is purely Asiatic, is said to have been the design of the founder, who placed the execution in the hands of foreigners of eminence. The interior is embellished with beautiful mosaics, in rich patterns of flowers, so delicately formed, that they look like embroidery upon white satin, thirty-five different specimens of cornelians being employed in a single leaf of a carnation; while agates, lapis lazuli, turquoise, and other precious materials, occur in profusion. The mausoleum, washed by the Jumna, looks out upon that bright and rapid river, and its gardens of many acres, planted with flowery forest-trees, and interspersed with buildings and fountains, stretch to the banks of the stream. It is truly a place which a votary of Mohammed would form from his ideas of the paradise of the true-believer, haunted by beautiful birds of variegated plumage, and filled with blossoms of every scent and hue. No lover of ancient or modern times ever testified more genuine attachment to the memory of the object of his affection, than that which is recorded by this enchanting edifice. It was created under the auspices of the Emperor Shah Jehan, the son of Jehanguire, and the father of Aurungzebe, who, however failing in his duty as a son, in his character of a husband and a father stands unrivalled. When his beloved wife Moom Taze Mhal lay dying, in the passionate anguish of his heart he assured her, that as, while existing, she surpassed in loveliness and virtue all the women of her time, so after her decease she should possess a monument which should be unequalled in the world. He fulfilled his promise. It was his intention to have built a mausoleum of similar magnificence upon the opposite side of the river, for himself, and to have connected both by a marble bridge across the Jumna; but the troubles of his reign did not allow him to complete this superb design, and his bones repose beside those of the object dearest to him while

* These minarets, though beautiful in themselves, have a formal appearance as they stand, and look too much like high and slender castles upon a gigantic chess-board.

on earth. To Shah Jehan's strong paternal affection we are indebted for our first settlement in Hindoostan; he gave a grant of land in Bengal to an English physician travelling through Agra, as a token of his gratitude for the restoration of one of his daughters, whose malady was subdued by the stranger's skill and attention.

In wandering over the princely gardens of the TaaJe Mahal, the monarch's virtues alone can be remembered, and it is with feelings of no common gratification, that those who are not wholly engrossed by passing objects, add a flower to the fresh coronals daily strewed upon the monarch's grave. The natives of Agra are justly proud of the TaaJe Mahal; they are pleased with the admiration manifested by strangers, and gratified by the care and attention bestowed to keep it in repair: upon Sunday evenings especially, crowds of Moosulmans of all descriptions, rich and poor, visit the gardens, and contribute not a little, by their picturesque groupes, to the attraction of the scene.

At the distance of about a mile from the "palace-tomb," for that is the signification of its name, stands the fort of Agra, a place of great strength in former times, before the introduction of fire-arms. One side is defended by the river, the others are surrounded by high battlemented walls of red stone, furnished with turrets and loop-holes, and in addition to several postern entrances, a most magnificent building, called the Delhi-gate. Perhaps Lord Byron himself, when he stood upon the Bridge of Sighs, his heart swelling with reminiscences of Othello, Shylock, and Pierre, scarcely experienced more overwhelming sensations than the humble writer of this paper, when gazing, for the first time, upon the golden crescent of the Moslems, blazing high in the fair blue heavens, from the topmost pinnacle of this splendid relique of their power and pride. The delights of my childhood rushed to my soul; those magic tales, from which, rather than from the veritable pages of history, I had gathered my knowledge of eastern arts and arms, arose in all their original vividness. I felt that I was indeed in the land of genii, and that the gorgeous palaces, the flowery labyrinths, the orient gems, and glittering thrones, so long classed with ideal splendors, were not the fictitious offspring of romance. Europe does not possess a more interesting relique of the days of feudal glory, than that afforded by the fort of Agra. The interior presents a succession of inclined planes, so constructed (the stones with which they are paved being cut into grooves), that horses, and even carriages may pass up and down. The illustrations of fortified places, in Froissart's Chronicle, offer an accurate representation of these ascents, where knights on horseback are depicted riding down a steep hill, while descending from the walls.

The fort is of very considerable extent, and contains many objects of interest and curiosity. The Mootee Musjid, or pearl mosque, disputes the palm of beauty with the TaaJe Mahal, and is by many persons preferred to that celebrated edifice. Neither drawing nor description can do it justice, for the purity of the ma-

terial and the splendor of the architecture defy the powers of the pencil and the pen. An oblong hall stretches its arcades along one side of a noble quadrangle, surrounded by richly sculptured cloisters, whence at intervals spring light and elegant cupolas, supported upon slender pillars. The whole is of polished white marble, carved even to the very slabs that compose the pavement, and when moonlight irradiates the scene, the effect is magical.

Acbar was the first of the Moghul emperors who, preferring Agra as a residence to its neighbour Delhi, embellished and beautified the city; his name, as the "mighty lord," is of course held in great reverence by the inhabitants, and his tomb, a gorgeous pyramidal structure, at about five miles, distance, is scarcely less an object of admiration than the Taaje. The *darbar*, or hall of audience, a magnificent apartment, is converted into an arsenal; but the marble palace remains nearly in the same state in which it was left by the Jauts, when the city was taken by Lord Lake. After the beautiful buildings already mentioned, this palace, though very rich and splendid, has comparatively little to recommend it. If, however, wanting in the external attractions of its prouder rivals, it is not less interesting on account of the recollections attached to it, having been the residence of some of the most celebrated conquerors of the East. It is pleasantly situated upon the banks of the Jumna, which its balconied chambers overlook. The hall, formerly ceiled with silver, is still a fine apartment, but the smaller suites of rooms, being more singular, are more interesting to a stranger. These are mostly of an octagonal form, leading out of each other, or connected by a smaller antechamber; they are composed of white marble, the walls, floors, and roofs being all of the same material, the former decorated with mosaics of flowers rudely executed in many-colored agates and cornelians. The windows open upon narrow balconies, having very low parapet walls, which overhang the Jumna: the bosom of the river is gay with boats, and the opposite bank finely planted, and adorned with bright pavilions glancing from between the trees, or raised upon some jutting point of land. From these suites, flights of marble stairs lead to the roof, which is flat, and commands a still nobler view. The plan of the palace is very curious as seen from this elevation; with the exception of the range of buildings fronting the river, it is laid out in small quadrangles, each with its garden or its bath in the centre. One of these, destined for a retreat during the hot winds, is particularly curious. It contains a square apartment of tolerable dimensions, unprovided with windows. The walls are lined with fantastic ornaments of spar, silver, and other glittering materials, intermixed with small oddly-shaped pieces of looking-glass; the pavement is cut into channels, for the purpose of allowing a perpetual flow of running water in the hot season. Here the emperors were wont to retire during the most sultry hours, substituting the glare of torches for the light of day, and admiring, doubtless, the barbaric splendor with which they were surrounded.

The palace of Agra has been frequently irradiated by the presence of the "Light of the Harem," the beautiful Nourmahal, one incident in whose eventful life has been immortalized by the pen of Mr. Moore. The marvellous adventures of her history might fill a volume. Shere Afkun, the husband who stood between her and a throne, was one of the paladins of Eastern chivalry, and the deeds imputed to him, by authentic records, are only to be paralleled in the pages of romance: he seems to have formed his character after that of Rustum Khan, or some other poetical hero equally celebrated. He is said to have rushed unarmed upon a lion, and quelled the monster single-handed; and when, after a hundred victories in perilous adventures, in which his cruel master involved him, for the purpose of procuring his death, in the last struggle with twelve assassins, he yielded rather to the determined hatred of the king than to the weapons of his murderers; throwing away a life embittered by ingratitude. Nourmahal, by her intrigues for her children's elevation, her caprice, and her revenge, endangered the sceptre of her imperial husband a thousand times, yet maintained her ascendancy over him to the last. Once he was wrought upon, by the representations of a faithful friend, to consent to her death, but could not refuse a farewell interview: the consequences were such as had been predicted; she regained her influence, and the realm was again distracted by civil dissension. Highly accomplished, according to the fashion of her country and the age in which she flourished, Nourmahal was indeed the 'light of the harem'; her inexhaustible fancy devised new schemes of pleasure for each day and hour, and in her seductive society a luxurious monarch forgot his duties as well as his cares. Nourmahal can make no pretensions to excellence as a wife, for if not consenting to the persecution of her first husband, she tacitly sanctioned his rival's pretensions; while to her second she brought discord and ruin; but as a parent and a child she seems to have acted in an exemplary manner.

On the opposite bank of the Jumna, near the stately gardens of the Rambaugh, said to have been originally planted and laid out by Jehanghire, stands one of the most beautiful specimens of oriental architecture which India can boast, the tomb of Utta ma Dowlah, the beloved father of the empress Nourmahal. Anxious to ensure its durability, she proposed to erect this monument of silver, as a less perishable material than stone; but some judicious friend assured her that marble would not be so liable to demolition, and accordingly, time alone has injured a building which the Jauts were not tempted to plunder. It is lamentable that the British Government should have limited its expenditure to the repairs of the Taaje Mahal, and that this gem of art should be suffered, for want of the necessary repairs, to fall into decay; its surrounding garden a wilderness, destitute of fences, and the exquisite monument left to a few poor natives, who lament over the neglect sustained by the great lord, once the pride and glory of the East.

The care of the dead forms a beautiful trait in the Moosulmaun character. Kingdoms have passed away, and dynasties failed, and while nothing of the magnificence of the silent tenants of the tomb is left save the name, their graves are still honored and respected, and flowers are strewed over them, and lamps are burned, by those who have long submitted to foreign dominion. Utta ma Dowlah's tomb is one of the most attractive spots in the immediate neighbourhood of Agra. It is within the compass of a morning or evening drive, and the gardens of the Rambaugh, in its close vicinity, are as splendid as those we read of in the Arabian tales. From the roof of this monument one of those views is obtained, which once seen can never be forgotten. The blue waters of the Jumna wind through a rich champaign country, with gardens stretching down on either side to its rippling current; opposite, the city of Agra, with its bastioned fort, its marble palace, splendid cupolas, and broad ghauts, intermixed with trees, stands in all the pomp of eastern architecture; below, in silvery pride, the lustrous TaaJe Mahal is seen; and far as the eye can reach, country houses, decorated with light pavilions springing close to the margin of the streams, diversify the landscape.

The tomb of Acbar, like that of Utta ma Dowlah, is falling into a state of dilapidation. It is of a character admirably suited to the splendid barbarian to whom it is dedicated, and is more difficult to describe than the TaaJe Mahal, to which, however, it does not bear the slightest resemblance. Superb colonnades of white marble sweep on either side a gigantic pyramid of red stone. Below, in a dark vault, illumined only by a single lamp, lies the body of Acbar, but each of many stories arising above contains his sarcophagus, placed over the spot where his remains are interred; and the lofty building terminates in a square roofless chamber of white marble, whose walls are perforated in exquisite patterns, and which enclose the last and the most beautiful of the marble coffins. Narrow flights of stairs lead to a terraced platform surrounding low corridors, and decorated at the angles with open cupolas faced with blue enamel and gold; a second flight leads to another platform of smaller dimensions, similarly embellished, and a third and a fourth story succeed. The view from each is magnificent, and the design, though certainly grotesque, is rendered majestic by the air of grandeur imparted by the immense size of the building. At Futtehpoore Secri, and at Deeg, distant a few marches from the city of Agra, are equally splendid remains of Moslem glory. Bhurtpoore also, the strong-hold of the Jauts, and Gwalior, a fort supposed to be impregnable until stormed and taken by a young British officer, the residence of Scindia, are within an easy journey, together with Muttra and Bindrabund, the seats of Hindoo superstition, which possess several extremely curious and ancient temples. The profusion of marble, with which Agra abounds, has been brought from Oodipore, and the adjoining district of Bundelkhund has furnished its more precious stones.

[From "The New Monthly Magazine," No. 147.]

EARL FITZWILLIAM AND ALDERMAN WAITHMAN.

[In the second part of this journal there is a notice of Earl Fitzwilliam, occasioned by his recent death. Alderman Waithman, whose name has long been familiar to those acquainted with English politics, died February 6, 1833.

The peculiar spelling of the word Alderman in the following notice of both, is intended to remind the reader that Alderman (*Saxonice* Ealderman or Ealdorman) was in Saxon times a title of high dignity and office, equivalent to that of Earl at the present day. We doubt, however, whether there be any authority for the spelling, *Eorlderman*.]

EARL FITZWILLIAM AND EORLDERMAN WAITHMAN. — The prince and the shopkeeper: what a difference there was a month ago between these two men — each eminent in his way — and now the distinction is but small! If it were desired to pick out of all known men of the last age the two individuals who had run a kind of parallel career of distinction, and were yet the most contrasted, — where could better names be hit upon than those of the two who are just now deposited several feet below the bustle of humanity? The distance established in an old society like ours between individual and individual is enormous; nature is altogether controlled, and artificial distinctions are set up of a force stronger even than nature. Had these two men been put together in a republic, Waithman would have been the tyrant of his tribe, and Fitzwilliam would never have moved from the respectability of a steady and amiable citizen. Had they been born under some old monarchy, such as that of Louis XIV., Fitzwilliam, by the force of his rank and birth, would have shone a court star, and might at any one moment have had Waithman bastiled or bastinadoed for a look of impertinence. England is the *juste milieu*: we give each the opportunity of a distinguished career, and yet in all things personal hold them as far as the poles asunder. Publicly, that is to say in controlling the tide of events, there is no doubt that Waithman has played even a more important part than the distinguished nobleman; and yet how high in society the Yorkshire prince has always stood over the Fleet-Street shopkeeper!

How tenderly was the now dead earl nurtured! — what tutors awaited his opening intellect, — what grooms, what masters, — what doctors watched the developement of his limbs — what youthful pleasures were laid at his feet — what a succession was promised! — how he travelled! — into what capitals he was ushered! — and then he reigned as viceroy over a kingdom — became beloved — was suddenly recalled, and the nation went into mourning! — on the day of his sailing out of the bay of Dublin all the bells of Ireland were muffled: it was a national funeral, and they buried their best hopes. He then came home to his Yorkshire palace; to his wide domains; his stud which kings might envy;

to tenantry who followed, and met him, and attended in town and country, like retainers of old; and then he had his public day, and, in short, his court, where we have seen a numerous and yet chosen band of the representatives of the richest and oldest country aristocracy of England. In revenue, in power, in worship, in dignity of person, character, and bearing, Earl Fitzwilliam was a prince! he was a prince in bounty, too; tempered benevolence was the daily habit of his mind. He was the regal steward of enormous revenues, which he administered for the good of that portion of the public over which he presided. In this high and equitable career he moved with order and reverence for upwards of fourscore years. Had he been formed in a stronger mould, he might have gone on for a score or two of more years, for no vice or passion ever hurried or rendered turbid the fine stream of blood that circulated in his noble frame.

Now look on this picture:—Waithman, a somewhat younger man, was cradled in hardship; education he snatched; nay, he grappled and wrestled with circumstances for grammar and spelling; he walked into London and bore his burthen as a linen-draper's porter; by saving and shrewdness, and by demonstration of strong character, he worked his way to a sort of booth-shop, and secured a fair average of passing custom. The bread and cheese being provided for, he turned round to look at his position in reference to his fellow-men: he found that the city was the prey of a privileged class, and that the hogs did not know how they were cheated of their food. He was a member of the livery, and had the right of speech before an assembly,—the most invaluable of privileges, before which no abuse can last very long; he spoke out of the honest conviction of his heart, for he had sense and passion, and a deep impatience of wrong: he persuaded a few moulded of the same cast-iron as himself; but from the multitude, the hoppers from the present, the meanly doing-well, the timid and the peaceable,—not to mention the bold gainers by the old Pitt system,—from these he drew upon himself an intensity of obloquy, that none could have stood—that was not by nature formed for controlling and enjoying the storm. He went on from municipal to national wrongs,—taking a strong vulgar view of our country's evils; and partly by the aid of an old rump of Beckford whigs, and Wilkes-and-liberty adherents, but principally by his own broad and highly-colored denunciations, which created partisans, he succeeded in making and keeping up a party powerful in speech, from the days of the French revolution to the days of doctrinal reform.—which we think we are right in saying superseded the old Burdett school of politics about the time of the establishment of the “Westminster Review,”—a work that has had more to do with recent changes than many suppose.

In the mean time, Waithman's business thrived,—for his strong sense and sharp dealing was as applicable to Manchester goods as to Manchester politics,—and he spoke himself into the Common

Council ; and his prosperity seemed to justify the shrievalty ; and hence the mayoralty, and the membership, and, in short, all the honors the city can bestow ; and how dearly earned, by shouldering the world both in public and private affairs ! Many are the nights and days of deep chagrin, and stern anxiety, and struggling will, that this man must have gone through in the course of his fight, first against the difficulties of life, and next against the bitter hostilities of the political contests of those days. It was then a supposed struggle *pro aris et focis*. Men had been so completely mystified by the authorities of this country, that it was pretty generally deemed that the sacrifice of such an agitator as Walthman would have been a civic virtue. This was our reign of terror. Walthman was, in fact, the city agitator ; and amongst his brother citizens he had all the capacities of an agitator. He lived hard, like them, and yet with a sort of rule and mastership over apprentices and journeymen. He loved, too, a social union ; was absolute and even sublime, in a sort of broad, overwhelming joke, which gagged and suffocated his opponent ; and then he would come down with a common-sense view of a question which overwhelmed both sides as ignorant as himself, but neither half so clever.

His presence was impressive, and yet there was something repulsive in it ; he spoke well, for he never appeared to be thinking of speech-making, but of hammering his own notions into a public body. Walthman was honest : he was too proud to be otherwise ; he was scarcely liked, for the weapon with which he used to slay his enemies, he used to swing it about in joke, and it gave rude hits. He was not rich, for, in order to make wealth, wealth must be the god, and only god. Walthman, on the contrary, thought a great deal more of the machine the Creator had set a-going, and whom men called Walthman, than of any thing the said Walthman could put into a recess the tailor had fabricated in his coat of West of England cloth. No wonder he died under seventy ; adamant would have worn out sooner : deduct the tare and tret from this man's constitution, and the result would have given a continuity of life equal to that of the patriarchs of old.

We have sat with both these men at the table, where character shows itself ; and conclude as we began, with saying, that nature never made two more different men, and that society, while it made both eminent, yet contrived that their distinctions should be a thorough contrast.

We recommend the consideration of these two different walks in life to our friends in America, as a curiosity, at least to those who will take the pains to consider it : to most thoroughgoing republicans, the idea of a Lord Fitzwilliam will appear a fable.

SELECT JOURNAL

OF

FOREIGN PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

OCTOBER, 1833.

[From "The Foreign Quarterly Review, No. 22."]

ART. I. — *Le mie Prigioni. Memorie* di SILVIO PELLICO, da Saluzzo. Torino. 1832. 8vo.

[*My Ten Years of Imprisonment in Italian and Austrian Dungeons.* By SILVIO PELLICO. Translated from the Original, by Thomas Roscoe. Small 8vo. London. 1833.]

WE will candidly confess that the deep interest we have felt in the perusal of these Memoirs nowise arises from any great sympathy with the actors in Italian revolutions in general. Admitting the oppressive character of the Austrian government of Italy, and the undisguised contempt for national feelings and prejudices with which it is administered; and therefore conceding to the Italians in the fullest manner their right to obtain redress, *par voie de fait*, when constitutional representations are disregarded, there has been in their late insurrections a union of fool-hardiness in the conception with saint-heartedness in the execution, sufficient to throw discredit on any cause, and to postpone, perhaps indefinitely, the chance of any general and vigorous effort in behalf of Italian freedom. In the fate of the actors in these ill-advised explosions it is difficult therefore in general to feel much interest. If they will set their lives on a cast, they must abide the hazard of the die. But exceptions do occasionally occur, and it is the very nature of these which must make every man of calm judgment regard with an unfavorable eye all such premature and hazardous movements; men, of whom their more scheming and worldly associates were not worthy, and who, by their firmness and passive fortitude under adversity, captivity, and exile, shed a redeeming lustre upon a cause which has little else to recommend it. It is the misfortune, we say, of these rash movements, that, once commenced, they involve in them, against their better judgment, many virtuous and amiable men, who, had they been left to themselves, would never have attempted, with means so inade-

quate, and minds so unprepared for a serious and lasting struggle, to precipitate their country into the certain miseries which must in the outset accompany every revolution, and with scarcely even a probable chance of ultimate success. The wise and rational attachment they feel for *liberty*, as being but another word for the *happiness* of the community, would have taught them how little the interests of *liberty*, in its true sense, could be promoted by such attempts, — the failure of which would only afford to their stern masters a justification of their iron system of coercion, and an opportunity for increasing its rigor. But when once the cry of liberty has been set up, the very generosity and chivalrous nature of such men prevents them from hanging back; they would not needlessly have challenged a gigantic enemy, but they cannot refuse their support when called on to aid their countrymen in a desperate struggle; and their reward too often is, that while the scheming agitator, who had set the whole in motion, makes his escape, or his peace, on the first reverse of fortune, the disinterested and intrepid, who have adhered to a hopeless cause through good report and bad, are ultimately the victims on whom the vengeance of their successful antagonist descends.

For men such as these, whose natural disposition is averse from the troubled elements of revolution, who, if left to themselves, would have pursued the quiet path of philanthropy, of science, of literature, but who have been involved by the force of circumstances in the movement which rasher heads or more interested minds have set in motion: for the Gioias, Arrivabenes, and Pellicos of suffering Italy, we feel that interest and sympathy which a generous though mistaken self-devotion must always awaken. When Pellico, therefore, lays before us the narrative of his imprisonments, in this simple and beautiful volume, with scarcely a loud complaint, without a single invective, with no political disquisition whatever, — and where the mild, benevolent, and pure-hearted character of the author shines out in every page, — men of all parties and political opinions must equally yield to the charm which it possesses; and, whether he look on the revolutionary movements of Italy with the eye of a liberal or an absolutist, the reader must equally regret that one, whose nature seems so opposed to conspiracies or political struggles, should have been their victim.

For our own part, we will candidly say, that this little work seems to us more calculated to enlist the sympathies of mankind against Austria, to expose the cold-blooded and relentless character of its Italian administration, and to prepare the way for its downfall, than any revolutionary movements to which it is likely to be exposed, or the political invectives by which it has been

assailed. It is not from secret societies and Carbonari that Austria has much to fear. Judging from the issue of the Neapolitan and Piedmontese revolutions, we should say, there was more peril in one of Pellico's pages than twenty of their swords. Neither has she much to apprehend from the rancorous and exaggerated tone of those political works in which the character of her Italian government has usually been attacked; for these have in general been so questionable in their facts, or at least so distorted and over-colored by the violence of political and national prejudice, that in the minds of calm observers they frequently produced an impression directly the reverse of what was intended. But here is a work which appeals, not to party feeling, but to the general sympathies of humanity, which does not deal in vague generalities, or doubtful anecdotes, but sets forth with truth and soberness the workings of that system in an individual case: instead of exaggeration there is rather a studied exclusion of every thing approaching to violence of thought or expression; and yet no one can peruse it without feeling his heart revolt, and his indignation rise, at the system of mean, paltry, and persevering cruelty which it developes. There might have been some excuse for violent and rigorous measures, carried through under the alarm and irritation excited in the minds of the rulers, by the supposed discovery of an extensively ramified conspiracy; but what can be said in defence of a system, which, when the danger and the excitation are past, labors with studied ingenuity to deepen the miseries of solitary imprisonment for life, by exposure to cold and damp in winter, and to the suffocating heat of leaden roofs in summer, — by coarse and revolting food, — by labor, — by the load of chains, — by the want of medical assistance, save on particular days, — by the exclusion of all communication with relatives and friends, — by every petty refinement, in short, which can render the sufferings of the prisoner more intolerable? To us it seems a matter of no moment in the consideration of such a system, whether the victim was guilty of the crime which was imputed to him or not. That in any civilized country in Europe, and for any crime whatever, above all for political offences, such a system should exist in the nineteenth century, is matter of astonishment; and if the Austrian government does not wish to place itself beyond the pale of humanity altogether, and to stand conspicuous as a monument of barbarism in the midst of surrounding civilization, it will assuredly avail itself of the disclosures which have now been given to the world in so affecting a shape, to abolish at once that disgraceful apparatus of moral and physical torture to which we have alluded.

The main charm of this book of Pellico lies in the singular

calmness and placid beauty of its tone. It is one long tragic monologue, and the scene is but a succession of prisons. And yet it presents a picture so interesting of a refined and amiable mind laboring against the most trying of earthly calamities, long continued and solitary imprisonment; it exhibits him under so many touching aspects of weakness or strength,—of patient mental exertion, or the weariness and sickness of hope delayed,—of the influence of skeptical doubt creeping in upon despondency, or the revival of courage and religious faith; it is brightened or saddened by so many little interesting episodes,—glimpses of existence, as it were, seen through prison bars; it is instinct throughout with so kindly a spirit towards mankind, so anxious a desire to discover good even in evil, and benevolence beneath the outward garb of harshness or selfishness, that it possesses the interest of a romance combined with the truth of reality. It is at once a historical document and a psychological picture, drawn, as the author himself says, from no motive of personal vanity, but left as a legacy to those who may be placed under circumstances as trying, and with the hope, “that the detail of his sufferings, and of the consolations which even amidst the deepest misfortunes he still found attainable, might impart comfort to their minds; with the view of bearing testimony to the fact, that even amidst all that he had endured, he had not found humanity so wicked, so destitute of exalted feeling, as it had been represented; of encouraging all noble spirits to love many, to hate none; to reserve their irreconcilable hatred for mean imposture, cowardice, perfidy, and every moral degradation; and of inculcating the once well known, but now too often forgotten truth, that religion and philosophy can command both energy of mind and calmness of judgment, and that without their union there can exist no justice, no dignity, no certain principle of action.” — A worthy and elevated object, and worthily accomplished!

It may no doubt be possible that something of the subdued tone which distinguishes this production may be owing to the fact, that it appears under the surveillance of a Piedmontese censorship; and if so, we are disposed for once to consider the influence they have exercised as advantageous to its character. Had the work been an ordinary invective against Austrian oppression, conceived and executed in the usual perfervid manner of Italian partizanship, it would have been forgotten in a fortnight; but this calm, classical, and moving picture of suffering insinuates itself irresistibly into the heart, and will long maintain its hold on the memory.

The name of Silvio Pellico must be familiar to every reader of Italian poetry, as one of the most distinguished of the modern

dramatists of Italy. The glowing and yet gentle spirit, the pure and elevated imagination of the author, is reflected in all his writings. With more of tenderness* than Foscolo, and more of dramatic skill than Manzoni, he has in his "*Francesca da Rimini*," founded on the tragic episode of Dante, given one of the best specimens of a native Italian drama, constructed on the freer and deeper principles of the English and German schools. His "*Eufemio da Messina*" is scarcely inferior. Beloved and respected by a numerous circle of friends and acquaintances, and admired by the public as a rising ornament of Italian literature, his arrest, which took place at Milan in October, 1820, on the charge of being implicated in a conspiracy against the Austrian government, excited a deep and general sensation of sympathy and regret. After undergoing an examination, as to the particulars of which he is silent, — "being," as he says, "like an ill-used lover, determined to bear his injuries with dignity, to leave politics alone," — he was conducted to the prison of St. Marguerite, and consigned to a room on the ground-floor, looking out on a court surrounded on all sides by prisons.

The first day of imprisonment passed wearily indeed. The gaoler, who had studied the philosophy of imprisonment after his way, advised Pellico to kill time by taking some wine with his meals, and when Pellico informed him that he drank none, "I pity you," said he; "you will suffer doubly from solitude." He was left to gaze out of the window into the court, to listen to the sound of the gaolers' feet as they walked the passages of the prison, and to the half-frenzied songs which at times rose from the different cells. He tried to amuse himself by contrasting the purposes to which the building, which had once been a monastery, had been originally devoted, with its present gloomy application. But the consideration of his own position could not be long excluded; the recollection of a father, mother, two brothers, and two sisters, left at Turin, recurred to him; and Pellico felt the truth of the observation, how certainly, in moments of sorrow, the remembrance of any supposed unkindness to those who should have been dear to us, is sure to rise up in judgment against us, and to haunt the mind with unavailing regret. He had visited his family about three months before at Turin, but occupied by other business, he had had but little time to devote to his relations. "Ah," observed his mother, who probably perceived the difference on this occasion, "I see our Silvio does not now come to Turin to visit us." This observation of his mother now occurred to him; he reproached himself with not having shown more visibly, ere it was too late, the affection he felt for them all; and he wept like a child till evening darkened about

him, and he laid himself down on his hard couch, not expecting to sleep. Weariness, however, overpowered him, and he slept soundly for a time.

His first feeling on awaking, which he did some hours after, he describes as one of despair. Frightful visions of his own fate, and that of his family, pursued him in the darkness. He wished they had been in their graves before the news of this stroke should reach them in Turin. "Who," he asked, "will enable them to bear it?" At this moment the idea of an overruling God, of the consolations of religion, first became seriously impressed on his mind; hitherto it had exercised but little practical influence on his thoughts, but now, in the gloom and solitude of his cell, he began to dwell upon it long and earnestly, and as he did so he felt his mind grow calm, and a ray of hope seemed to him to emerge where all had at first appeared to be despair. The very turnkeys observed the difference in his appearance next morning, and congratulated him upon it. "Yesterday," said one of them, "you had the look of a basilisk, but to-day I am glad to see you don't look so rascally. Your rascal always looks worse the second day than the first." Pellico had been allowed the use of a copy of Dante and the Bible. Of the former he used to commit a canto to memory every day, till at last the exercise became so mechanical that it ceased to afford any interruption to the train of melancholy thought. It was otherwise with the study of the Bible; for though his attention at first wandered often, yet by degrees he became capable of meditating on it with fixed attention, and of absorbing himself in its perusal to the exclusion of every other intrusive thought. The precept, "Pray without ceasing," in particular, made a deep impression on his mind, and he determined to realize it, by keeping the idea of the Deity constantly present to his thoughts, and conforming every purpose (for there was little room for action) to the Divine will. Thus a tranquil hope and confidence that he was not left alone in the world, seemed to grow upon him day by day.

Meantime he thought it his duty to preserve his spirits and his cheerfulness, by finding some objects which might afford interest or occupation to his mind. Even in the first few days of his imprisonment he had found a friend. This was a deaf and dumb child of five or six years old, whose father and mother had been robbers, and had fallen victims to justice. The poor orphan was brought up here by the police, with other children in the same situation. They lived all together in a room in front of Pellico's, and at times they came out to take the air in the court.

"The deaf and dumb boy," says he, "came under my window and smiled and gesticulated to me. I threw him a piece of bread;

he took it, leaping for joy, ran to his companions, shared it with them all, and then returned to eat his own small portion opposite my window, expressing his gratitude to me by the smile that beamed in his beautiful eyes. The other children looked at me from a distance, but did not venture to approach. The deaf and dumb boy had a deep sympathy for me, and one not founded on mere motives of interest. Sometimes he did not know what to do with the food I threw him, and made signs to me that he and his companions had had enough, and could not eat more. If he saw a turnkey coming towards my room, he would give him the bread to return to me. Though expecting nothing from me, he would continue to gambol beneath my window with the most amiable grace, delighted that I should see him. One day a turnkey promised that he should be allowed to visit me in my cell: the moment he entered he ran to embrace my knees, with a cry of joy. I took him in my arms, and the transports with which he caressed me are indescribable. What attachment there was in that poor creature! How I longed to educate him, to save him from the abject condition in which I found him!

"I never learnt his name. He himself did not know that he had one. He was always gay; nor did I ever see him weep but once, when he was beaten, I know not for what, by the gaoler. Strange! To live in a prison seems the height of misfortune, and yet assuredly this child was then as happy as the son of a prince. I reflected on this: I learned that it is possible to render the mind independent of place. Let us keep imagination in subjection, and we should be well every where. A day is soon over, and when at night we lie down without hunger or pain, what matters it if our bed be placed between walls which are called a prison, or walls which bear the name of a cottage or a palace?"

Of the consolation and amusement which his intercourse with this poor child afforded, Pellico was soon deprived, by his removal to another room, his own being required for a newer arrival. It was darker, dirtier, and more comfortless than the former, commanding on one side a view of a court with the windows of his former room, and on the other, a prospect of part of the prison for the women. Pellico looked anxiously for some days towards his old lodging, to see if he could catch a glimpse of his successor at the window; at last he discovered him to be his friend Melchior Gioia. Gioia had, in his turn, been made aware what part of the prison was occupied by Pellico. The friends could not speak, but they waved their handkerchiefs, and endeavoured to express their feelings by silent yet speaking gestures. But such intercourse was contrary to the rules of the prison, and the turnkey entering, directed Pellico to discontinue it.

The apartment of Pellico, we have mentioned, adjoined the prison of the women; only a wall divided them. Through this

thin partition, the sound, sometimes of their songs, sometimes of their quarrels, reached him ; and at night, when all around was quiet, he could almost hear their conversation. Among their voices there was one that peculiarly attracted his attention. It was sweeter than the rest, it was heard more seldom, and gave utterance to no vulgar thoughts. Sometimes it sang two simple verses,

“ Chi rende alla meschina
La sua felicità ? ”

at other times, accompanied by the rest, the Litany. Without seeing its possessor, Pellico formed to himself a most interesting picture of this unfortunate and repentant being, and an almost fraternal attachment for her. Often was he on the point of calling to her through the wall, but as often his courage failed him, and this little romance of a dungeon ended where it began.

In the commencement of the year 1821, Pellico was allowed the comfort of a visit from his friend Count Luigi Porro (in whose family he had lived as tutor), and from his father. They could give him no hope of liberation ; it was evident that his imprisonment was to be a long one. His chamber was again changed, and this time for the better. The day of his removal was a day of events for Pellico. As he crossed the court he again saw the deaf and dumb orphan, and again exchanged a parting greeting with Melchior Gioia. On entering his new apartment, he found some French stanzas written on the wall, and signed “The Duke of Normandy.” He began to sing them, adapting them, as he best could, to the air sung by the unseen Magdalen of the women’s prison, — when, to his surprise, a voice from an adjoining cell took up the strain and sang them to another air. “Bravo,” exclaimed Pellico, as he finished. The singer saluted him politely, and asked him if he was a Frenchman. Pellico told him his name and birth-place, and in return asked the name of his companion. The answer was, “I am the unfortunate Duke of Normandy.”

This was one of the numerous pretenders to the character of the son of Louis XVI., who had been imprisoned by the vigilance of the Austrian government. He told his story with a surprising air of truth and conviction, and a most remarkable familiarity with the events of the Revolution, and the family history of the Bourbons. Though Pellico gave no credit to his tale, he could not help admiring the appearance of candor, goodness, and elevation of mind, which he showed in the long and frequent conversations which they held together ; and yet he reproached himself afterwards that he did not fairly tell him at once that he disbelieved his pretensions. There was a degree of pusillanimity,

he observes, in thus appearing to give credit to an imposture, of which he afterwards felt ashamed ; and still more did he regret that the light and skeptical tone, in which his unseen neighbour talked of religious subjects, had so far influenced his mind at the time, that he had been weak enough in their conversations to disguise the depth and sincerity of his own convictions. Often and often did the recollection of this piece of moral cowardice recur to his mind, and excite feelings of contrition and shame.

On the night of the 18th February, 1821, he was suddenly awakened by the noise of chains and the grating of locks. Count Bolza, the Commissary of Police, entered his prison, and desired him to dress himself as quickly as possible. In the first moments of his surprise the idea occurred to him that the Count might be sent to conduct him to the confines of Piedmont ; that he was once more to rejoin his family and enjoy the sweets of liberty. "Where am I going ?" said he to the Count as they got into the carriage. "I cannot tell you till we are a mile beyond Milan." But Pellico saw that their course was not towards the Porta Vercellina, and this was a sufficient answer. It was a lovely moonlight night ; the streets, the houses, the churches, the public gardens in which he had walked with Foscolo, Monti, Breme, Borsieri, and Porro, could all be recognised as they drove along ; his heart swelled at the thought that he was looking at them for the last time, and when they passed the gate, he pulled his hat over his face to conceal his tears. "I suppose," he said, after a time, "we are going to Verona." "Farther," replied the Count, "we are going to Venice, where you are to be consigned to the charge of a special commission." They reached Venice on the 20th February.

Pellico's destination was the celebrated *Piombi*, forming the upper part of the old palace of the Doge, and so called from their leaden roofs. From his chamber window he looked out on the roof of the church of St. Mark, beyond which he could catch a glimpse of the extremity of the square with its numerous cupolas and steeples. Rising immediately over the roof of the church was the gigantic *Campanile*, which was so near that he could even in calm weather hear the voices of the persons who were talking on its top. Crowds of doves fluttered about his windows, or rested in the adjoining spires. At one corner of the church a small portion of the court of the palace, with a public well, were visible ; but, from the height of his prison, the people in the street beneath looked like children, and their voices were lost as they ascended. He felt his solitude more complete than even in the prison of Milan. The faces of the men about him seemed more solemn and appalling. The gaoler, with his wife

and family, which consisted of a daughter about fifteen, and two sons of thirteen and ten years old, had already heard of his name and reputation as a tragic poet. They looked upon him at first as a sort of magician, and scarcely ventured to utter a syllable in his presence; but by degrees all of them, except the wife, whose temper seemed naturally harsh and unamiable, seemed to grow accustomed to him. The daughter and the two boys generally accompanied their mother when she took the prisoner his coffee or his meals, and would often turn round and regard him with a deep expression of pity, when the door was about to be locked.

Meantime the investigation before the special commission was proceeding; day after day Pellico had to undergo long examinations; and often he returned to his cell in such a state of excitement and despair, that he would have committed suicide, if the recollection of his family, and the voice of religion, had not restrained his hand. Yet this harassing scene of never-ending examinations began at last even to shake his religious faith. He neglected prayer; he vented curses on his fellow men and the world; he tried to still the agitation of his mind, by singing for hours with a forced gayety; he gossiped with whoever entered his cell, and endeavoured to look on all things with a cynical indifference and contempt.

But happily these evil days were few. His Bible, neglected in the mean time, had become covered with dust. "Since you have given up reading that large, ugly book," said one of the gaoler's little boys to him one day, "you don't look so melancholy, I think." "Do you think so?" said Pellico, sorrowfully and with a feeling of shame taking the Bible in his hand, and brushing the dust from it. It opened by chance at these words: "It is impossible but that offences must come, but woe unto him through whom they come! It were better for him that a millstone were hung 'bout his neck, and that he were thrown into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones." He blushed as he shut the book, and when the boy retired, he fell on his knees, re-opened the Bible, and amidst tears, sweeter than any other enjoyment could have been, he read for an hour, and rose with the feeling, that he had reconciled himself again to a friend whom he had forsaken, and that he could now look on imprisonment, nay, the scaffold itself, with resignation.

His solitude, however, became still more dreary and complete. The two little boys of the gaoler were sent to school; his visitors were now reduced to their mother and sister, and even they no longer lingered in his room, as they had been accustomed to do. The mother's absence Pellico scarcely regretted, but he felt the

want of the compassionate looks and gentle speech of Angela, the daughter, who, though plain, had a certain sweetness of look and language which were not without their attractions to a solitary prisoner. "When she brought me my coffee," says he, "and told me she had made it, I thought it excellent. When she said her mother made it, it seemed but tepid water." Deprived of human society, Pellico had recourse to that of the insect creation. He feasted large colonies of ants which inhabited his window, and made a pet of a handsome spider on the wall, whom he fed with gnats and flies, and who became at last so domesticated, that he would crawl into his bed, or on his hand, to receive his allowance. It would have been well for Pellico, if these had been the only insects to whose visits he was exposed. But the extreme mildness of the winter, and the heat of the spring, had generated millions of gnats, which filled the sweltering oven in which he was confined. The reflection of the heat from the leaden roof was intolerable, while the bed, the floor, the walls, the air, were filled with these venomous insects, constantly going and coming through the window with their tormenting hum. The suffering produced by the burning heat and the stings of these creatures almost drove the prisoner to distraction. He applied frequently for a change of prison, but no attention was paid to his request. Still, with the assistance of his own firmness of mind and religious faith, he bore up against all these miseries. He determined, if possible, to divert his attention by committing to writing the thoughts which passed through his mind. He was allowed paper, pen, and ink, by the gaoler; but was obliged to account for every sheet he used, by exhibiting its contents. He did not venture, therefore, to make use of any part of his allowance of paper for this purpose, but contrived to procure a substitute by scratching the surface of a deal table smooth with a piece of glass, and using it as a tablet. And thus, with his hands in gloves, his legs and head wrapped up as much as possible from the attacks of the gnats, he sat, covering the surface of the table with reflections and recollections of the history of his life, and giving vent in this mute shape to all the anxious visions that crossed his mind. When he heard the gaoler approaching, he used to throw a cloth over the table, and place upon it his *legal* allowance of ink and paper.

At times again, he would devote himself to poetical composition, often for a day or a night at a time. Two tragedies, "*Esther of Engaddi*," and "*Iginia of Asti*," and four *Cantiche*, "*Tancreda*," "*Rosilde*," "*Eligi e Valafrido*," and "*Adello*,"* with

* All these are included in the two volumes of his "*Opere Inedite*," lately published at Turin. There has also appeared a still more recent volume, "*Tre Nuove Tragedie*."

many other sketches of poems and dramas ; among others, one on the League of Lombardy, and another on Columbus, attest the undiminished activity and power of his mind, amidst every thing calculated to paralyze the intellect, and deaden the heart. As there was occasionally some difficulty in getting the *legal* supply of paper renewed when exhausted, the first draft of all these was made either on the table, as above mentioned, or on the scraps of paper in which figs and dry fruits had been brought to him. Sometimes, by disposing of his allowance of food to one of the turnkeys, he could procure a sheet or two of paper in return, and endure the pains of hunger till the evening, when he would request that the Siora Zanze (Angela) would make him some coffee stronger than usual. The effect of the liquid, acting on an empty stomach, was to produce a state of mild and pleasing intoxication, which Pellico, having once experienced its soothing influence, could not resist the temptation of repeating, even when he was not under the necessity of famishing himself during the day. Frequently he would abstain from food, merely to enjoy the state of pleasurable sensation produced by this refreshment. And grievously was he sometimes disappointed, when, instead of the strong cordial beverage which Angela used to send him, he received only some weak and watery potion, manufactured by her mother. How important are trifles to a prisoner ! These occasional disappointments seemed to poor Pellico almost more grievous than imprisonment itself, and poor Angela on her next visit was sure to encounter a torrent of reproaches for having broken her word.

A scene of this kind one day extracted from the poor girl the confession that she was in love, — not with Pellico himself (though he pleads guilty to a momentary imagination of that sort having flashed across his mind), but with a young man of her own age. "The course of true love" had, however, at the moment been interrupted by a quarrel, and she came to seek a comforter, or at least a patient listener in Pellico. The whole of this little idyl is beautifully given. Gradually, Pellico begins to find that Angela was less plain than he had at first thought, nay, that at times she had even some pretensions to beauty ; her visits began to be anxiously longed for, the touch of her hand confused him ; and at last, one day, when the innocent girl, in return for some words of consolation and hope which he had spoken to her, threw her arms in a transport of gratitude about his neck, and embraced him as if he had been her father, the agitation he experienced was such, that he was obliged to request that she would not again honor him with such marks of filial confidence.

Angela, however, was taken ill, and here her story, much to

the disappointment of the reader, breaks off as abruptly as Cambruscan's. Some hints, dropped by the turnkeys as to the cause of her disappearance, were of an unfavorable tendency, but Pellico gave no heed to them. So it was, however, she returned no more ; and now the solitude of his dungeon pressed upon him more desolate than ever. It felt, he says, like a tomb.

A somewhat singular incident, however, occurred to divert his thoughts. One of the turnkeys, one morning, with a mysterious air, presented him with a letter. It bore to be written by a person whose name Pellico conceals, who described himself as an admirer of his genius, and requested him by means of the friendly turnkey, to correspond with him. Pellico at first naturally suspected this to be a mere scheme to entrap him into a correspondence which might be turned against him, but the fact turned out to be otherwise. The most singular part of the business, however, was the strain which the unknown letter-writer chose to adopt. His letters, instead of touching on his own situation or that of Pellico, consisted of a series of the most audacious and abusive attacks on the Christian religion ; and when Pellico, determined not to be guilty a second time of the moral pusillanimity he had shown in the case of the *soi-disant* Duke of Normandy, frankly avowed in his answers the strength of his own convictions, and the disgust which the ribaldry of this modern Julian (for so he chose to term himself) had caused him, he only became more impious and indecent in his replies, till at last Pellico allowed the correspondence to drop. Had it been worth any one's while to divert himself with the misfortunes of a poor captive, we should almost have been disposed to regard the whole of this letter-writing episode as a mystification. At a subsequent period of his captivity, however, he obtained some information, which seems to have considerably modified his unfavorable opinion of this singular correspondent.

Another change of apartment now took place. It was not without feelings of regret that Pellico quitted even his former dreary residence, — for here were his ants, his spider ; here the kindness of the gentle Angela had helped to wile away many a tedious hour ; here, in the exercise of composition, in the consolations of devotion, he had often forgotten his misfortunes. The new room, which was also under the *Piombi*, had two windows, the one looking out on the palace of the patriarch, the other, small and high up in the wall, could only be reached by placing a chair upon the table, but, when attained, commanded a view of great part of the city and the Lagune. Here, too, Pellico soon found some human objects of interest. In some small apartments opposite the larger window lived a poor family, who soon evinced, by their kind gestures, the sympathy they felt for the prisoner.

"A little boy of nine or ten," says Pellico, "raised his hand towards me, and I heard him say, 'Mother, mother, they have just put somebody in the *Piombi*, — O, poor prisoner! who are you?' — 'I am Silvio Pellico.' — Another boy came running to the window, and cried, 'You are Silvio Pellico?' — 'Yes, and you, my dear children?' — 'I am called Antonio S., and this is my brother Joseph.' Then, turning round, I heard him say, 'What more shall I ask?' and a woman, whom I supposed to be their mother, and who stood half concealed behind them, suggested kind expressions to the children, who repeated them, and I thanked them with the warmest tenderness."

These consolations were renewed every morning and evening; when the lamps were lighted, and the windows about to be closed, the children used to call from their window, "Good night, Silvio!" and the mother, emboldened by the darkness, would repeat, in a voice of emotion, "Good night!"

Suffering and anxiety, which he had now endured for nearly a year, began to produce their natural effects upon his health. His nerves had become so shattered, his frame so weak, and his sleep so broken, that his mind also to a certain extent gave way. He fell into a state nearly resembling that of Tasso in his prison at Ferrara.

"Yet do I feel, at times, my mind decline,
But with a sense of its decay: I see
Unwonted lights along my prison shine,
And a strange demon who is vexing me
With pilfering pranks and petty pains, below
The feeling of the healthful and the free;
But much to one who long has suffered so
Sickness of heart and narrowness of place."

"My nights," says Pellico, "became more and more sleepless and feverish. In vain I gave up taking coffee in the evening; my restlessness continued the same. I thought at times, that I consisted of two men, one anxious to write letters, the other to do something else. 'Well,' said I, 'let us compromise matters; let us write the letter, but let us do it in German, and thus we shall learn the language.' So for a time I continued to write only in bad German, and even in this way I made some progress in that study. Towards morning, after a night of wakefulness, sleep would fall upon my wearied brain. Then I dreamt, or rather raved, of seeing my father, my mother, or some other dear relative, despairing of my fate; I heard their sobs in my sleep, and would awaken sobbing, and terrified.

"Sometimes, in these short dreams, I thought I heard my mother comforting the rest, entering my prison along with them, and addressing to me the most consoling words on the duty of resignation; then, when I was rejoicing at the prospect of my own resolution and their courage, she would suddenly burst into tears,

and all would weep along with her. I cannot describe the agonies which these visions caused me.

" Sometimes, to escape these miseries, I tried not to go to bed at all. I kept my light burning all night, and sat reading or writing at my table. But the time always came when I found myself reading, perfectly awake, but understanding nothing, and my head incapable of directing my thoughts for composition. Then I would try to copy something, but I copied, thinking of any thing except what I was writing, thinking only of my misfortunes.

" And yet when I went to bed it was worse. Every position in which I lay was intolerable to me. I moved about convulsively; I was obliged to rise; or, if I dropped asleep, those fearful dreams shook me more than want of sleep. My prayers came with difficulty, yet I repeated them often, not in many words, but in invocations to God, — to that God who had united himself with man, and was acquainted with his woes.

" In these terrible nights, my imagination was so excited, that, even when awake, I seemed to hear groans, or the sound of stifled laughter, in my prison. From infancy I had never been a believer in witches or spirits, but now these groans and sounds of laughter terrified me, I knew not why, till I began to doubt whether I were not the sport of some unseen and malignant being. Several times I took the light, and looked if any one had concealed himself under the bed to torment me. Sometimes I thought they had removed me from the former room to this, because it contained some trap-door or secret aperture in the walls, through which my gaolers might inspect my movements, and find a cruel amusement in my terrors. Even when standing at the table, I thought I felt some one pull me by the coat, or a push given to a book on the table, or that some one behind me blew upon the light to extinguish it. Then I sprang upon my feet, looked around me, walked about timidly, and asked myself whether I were in my senses or not. Of all I saw I no longer knew what was reality and what illusion, and used to exclaim with agony, 'My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me!'"

This morbid state, which, had it been prolonged, must soon have terminated in madness, was brought to a crisis by a violent convulsive attack, from which Pellico recovered, exhausted, indeed, but freed from the harassing visions which had been the offspring of his disease. A fire, which about this time took place in a building adjacent to the prison, and which for a time threatened the safety of the prison itself, is described with a force and animation that makes us feel, as if in our own case, the awful situation of a prisoner awaiting, without the power of escape, the approach of that devouring element. But another change of situation was now awaiting Pellico.

On the 11th January, 1822, he was informed that he was to be transported to the prison of St. Michele at Murano, to receive the sentence of the commission. He entered the gondola that was to bear him across the Lagune with mixed sentiments; the pleasure of breathing once more the refreshing air upon the sunny Adriatic, of seeing the lovely picture of the city and the sky without the gloomy framework of prison bars around it, was mingled with a feeling of regret at quitting even the dreary Piombi, where some affectionate recollections were blended with many sufferings; and with the idea which he could not exclude, that evil as had been the past, it was yet possible that worse was to come. At St. Michele, while awaiting his own sentence, he contrived secretly to obtain some intelligence of the fate of his companions, who had been arrested along with him. Count Camillo Laderchi, he learned, had been liberated, as well as Professor Gian Domenico Romagnosi, and Count Giovanni Arrivabene. Maroncelli now occupied the prison which had been inhabited by Laderchi; Rezia and Canova were confined together; Professor Ressi was dying in a neighbouring cell; some weeks afterwards he learned that he was dead.

On the 21st of February, Pellico was conducted to the hall of the commission to receive the announcement of his sentence. The president, rising with an air of dignified commiseration informed him that the sentence had been a terrible one, but that it had been mitigated by the kindness of the Emperor. The sentence had been death; the mitigation was imprisonment for fifteen years in the fortress of Spielberg, in Moravia. Pellico answered, "The will of God be done!" "To-morrow," said the inquisitor, "I am sorry the sentence must be read in public; but the formality is indispensable." "Be it so," said he. "From this moment you will be allowed the society of your friend;" and Pellico was conducted from the hall to embrace once more his friend Maroncelli.

Next morning they were put into a gondola, and reconducted to the prison at Venice. The scaffold from which the sentence was to be proclaimed was in the centre of the Piazzetta. Two files of soldiers were drawn up from the foot of the Giant's-staircase, down which they descended, to the foot of the scaffold, along which they walked. An immense multitude surrounded it, on whose countenances sat marks of terror and pity, though the consciousness that every part of the square was commanded by cannon, with lighted matches ready, of course controlled the expression of their feelings. A curious recollection at that moment flashed across the mind of Pellico. On that very spot, in September, 1820, a month before his arrest, a beggar had said to him,

"Ah! signor, I wonder how so many strangers admire this place. It is an unfortunate spot." The observation had indeed been verified, and Pellico glanced his eye over the multitude, to see whether the beggar was there to witness the fulfilment of his prediction. At that moment, however, the prisoners were directed to turn round and face the palace; an officer appeared on the balcony with a paper in his hand; it was the sentence; he read it aloud, and the deepest silence prevailed, till he came to the words, *condemned to death*, when a general murmur of compassion arose. It subsided when the crowd perceived there still remained something farther to be read, but revived more loudly at the conclusion: "Condemned to the *carcere duro*,* Maroncelli for twenty years, and Pellico for fifteen." The prisoners were then reconducted to St. Michele, to await their removal to the Austrian fortress.

Before they set out, they received from the German Commissary, who had just arrived from Vienna, the consoling information that he had had an interview with the Emperor, and that his majesty had graciously announced that the days of their imprisonment should be counted by twelve hours instead of twenty-four, — a roundabout way of stating the simple fact, that their actual imprisonment would only be of half the duration of the nominal. This was not officially announced to them, but as the information was given publicly, there was no reason to doubt that the promise had been made. If so, it will be seen that in Pellico's case it was violated. Every where on their route the prisoners were received with kindness. Pellico had feared that this would cease when they had crossed the Alps; but it was not so; in Germany, as well as in their native Italy, they were every where received with the exclamation, "*Arme Herren*," — Poor gentlemen!

"Sometimes," says Pellico, "our carriages were forced to stop as we entered a village, before deciding where we were to be lodged. Then the people would gather round us, and we heard on all sides expressions of compassion that burst from the heart. The kindness of these poor people affected me more than even that of my own countrymen. How grateful I felt to all! how sweet is the sympathy of our fellow creatures! how delightful to love them!

"The consolation I derived from this, mitigated the rancor I felt towards those whom I had called my enemies. Who knows, thought I, if I could see them more narrowly, — if they could but see me, — if I could read in their souls and they in mine, who

* "*Carcere duro*," imprisonment accompanied with labor, chains on the feet, sleeping on bare boards, and miserable food. In the *carcere durissimo* the prisoner is chained to the wall, so as to be unable to move beyond a certain distance, and the food is only bread and water.

knows but I should be forced to confess there was no villany in them, and they to admit that there was as little in me! who knows but we might feel ourselves compelled mutually to pity, to love each other! Too often men *hate*, only because they do not *know* each other; and could they but exchange words, they would extend the arm of confidence towards one another."

They reached their destination on the 10th of April. Unwell when he left Venice, the journey had exhausted Pellico's strength; his body was racked with pain and fever; a continual cough preyed upon his constitution. Maroncelli and he were placed in two separate cells; and the imperial Commissary, on parting, impressed upon them the necessity of the most implicit submission to all the rules of the prison.

About half an hour after Pellico had taken possession of his new dungeon, the door opened, and the head gaoler entered. The character of this man, who bore the renowned name of Schiller, unfolds itself with singular beauty, and is one of the most delightful parts of the book. On his first entrance, Pellico, suffering from pain and irritation of mind, received him rather rudely. He came to bring him a pitcher of water to drink.

" 'To-morrow,' said he, 'I will bring the bread.' 'Thanks, good man.' 'I am not good.' 'The worse for you,' I added. 'Is this chain' (pointing to one on the floor) 'for me?' 'Yes, signor, if you should be unmanageable or insolent: but if you are reasonable, we shall only put a chain on your feet. The smith is preparing it.'

"He walked slowly up and down, shaking a vile mass of large keys, while with angry looks I watched his old, gigantic, and meagre figure, and, in spite of some lineaments of no vulgar kind, I thought I read in his countenance nothing but the odious expression of the most brutal harshness.

"How unjust are men, when they judge by appearances and according to their own hasty prepossessions. The man, who I thought was rattling his keys joyfully for the mere purpose of making me feel his power, whom I had conceived hardened by a long course of cruelty, was accessible to sentiments of compassion, and made use of this harsh tone only to hide the feelings of which he was conscious. He wished to hide them, from the fear of being thought weak, or the idea that I might prove underserving of them; and yet, believing at the same time that I was more unfortunate than guilty, he longed to disclose them.

"Annoyed by his presence, and still more by the air of a master which he wore, I determined to humble him, and said to him imperiously, as I would have done to a servant, 'Give me some drink.'

"He looked at me as if to say, 'Arrogant man, here you must get quit of the habit of commanding.' He said nothing, however, but bending his long back, he took up the pitcher and gave it to

me. As I took it, I observed he trembled ; and attributing this to his age, a feeling of compassion and respect mingled with and mastered my pride.

“ ‘ How old are you ? ’ said I, with a voice of more gentleness. ‘ Seventy-four, signor ; and many misfortunes of my own and other people have I seen.’ This allusion to his own misfortunes and those of others was accompanied by a new fit of shaking, as he replaced the pitcher : and I could not help now attributing it not so much to age as to the influence of a generous feeling of sympathy. This idea at once removed from my mind all those hostile feelings with which I had at first regarded him. I looked at him more attentively than before, and his look was no longer displeasing to me ; and notwithstanding a certain air of rudeness in his language, there were in it traces of an amiable mind. ‘ The office of head gaoler,’ said he, ‘ has been conferred upon me as a place of repose, but God knows if it does not cost me more pain than risking my life in battle.’ I repented having asked for drink with such haughtiness. ‘ My dear Schiller,’ said I, taking him by the hand, ‘ it is in vain for you to deny it ; I know that you are a kind man ; and since I have fallen into this misfortune, I thank Heaven that it has given me such a guardian.’ He listened to my words, shook his head, then answered, — rubbing his forehead as if at the recollection of some unpleasant thought, ‘ I am a *karsk* man, signor. I have taken an oath which I cannot violate. I am obliged to treat all the prisoners without regard to their condition, without indulgence, without allowing the least abuse, and particularly the prisoners of state. It is the Emperor’s concern, and I must obey.’ — ‘ You are an honest man, and I shall respect what you think a conscientious duty.’ — ‘ Poor gentleman, have patience, and make allowance for me. I shall be inexorable in my duties ; but my heart, — my heart, — is filled with anguish at my inability to succour the unhappy. This is what I wished to tell you.’ Both of us were moved. He entreated me to be calm, and to give way to no violence, as the prisoners too often did, that he might not be compelled to treat me with rigor ; then resuming his harsher tone, as if to conceal from me the depths of his sympathy, he said, ‘ I must go.’ He turned, however, asked me how long I had been so miserably tormented with cough, and muttered a curse against the physician because he was not to come that evening to visit me. ‘ You have a fever enough to kill a horse,’ he added : ‘ you will require a mattress at all events, but we cannot give it you till the physician comes to order it.’ ”

Nothing could be conceived more miserable than the situation in which Pellico was now placed. Exhausted by cough and fever, he had to wait till the usual visiting-day of the physician arrived, which was not to be till the second day following. No change from the coarsest food, no mattress could until then be allowed him. Covered with perspiration, he in vain applied to

be allowed the use of some of the sheets he had brought with him. It was contrary to the rules of the prison, which allowed only a sheet per week. At last the physician arrived, who sanctioned the indulgence of the mattress, and directed him to be removed from his subterranean cell to the floor above; and this, after a special application to Count Mitrowsky, the governor of the provinces of Moravia and Silesia, was with some difficulty effected. In a day or two Pellico's prison-dress arrived, consisting of a sort of harlequin suit of two colors, and a shirt as rough as hair-cloth, with chains for the feet. As the smith fastened them on, thinking that Pellico did not understand German, he observed to Schiller, "I might have been saved this trouble; he has not two months to live." "*Mochte es seyn!*" (Would it were so!) exclaimed Pellico, to the confusion of the poor workman, who begged his pardon, and prayed that his prophecy might not be fulfilled.

On the detail of all the minor miseries of the prison, we will not pause; suffice it to say, that if a system could be devised for rendering existence intolerable, it seemed to have been discovered and carried into execution in the prison of Spielberg. The only consolation the prisoners experienced was the obvious though ineffectual desire which the officials felt to mitigate their sufferings, even with no inconsiderable risk to themselves. Often Pellico was obliged to refuse the finer bread, which the servant who cleaned out his room would secretly put into his hands, from perceiving his inability to swallow the black bread allowed to the condemned; and often, when Schiller would in the same way bring him a bit of boiled meat, though he confesses he could have sometimes almost snatched and devoured it, he felt himself obliged to reject his kind offering, from the feeling that if the practice was persisted in, it would in all probability be discovered, and that the kind-hearted gaoler might be the sufferer.

We prefer turning to some of those incidents by which the gloom and suffering of the prison were occasionally mitigated. Pellico had more than once heard in the neighbourhood of his cell the sound of some Italian song, but it was generally soon suppressed by the sentinels. One evening, however, when the sentinels had been less attentive, Pellico distinctly heard the song sung in the cell adjoining his own. His heart beat rapidly, he sprang from his pallet, and called through the wall, "Who are you, unfortunate man?—I am Silvio Pellico." "O Silvio," answered his neighbour, "I know you not by sight, but I have loved you long. Come, let us to the window, and talk in spite of our gaolers." It was Count Antonio Orobini, a young man of twenty, imprisoned on a charge similar to his own. Their con-

versation was soon interrupted by the threats of the sentinels, who had positive orders to prevent all communication between the prisoners ; but at last, by watching the moments when the sentinels were farthest off in making their rounds, and talking in a whispering tone, they found themselves able to converse every day, though without seeing each other's faces. A warm friendship sprang up between them. They related to each other the events of their lives, — they tried to impart to each other comfort and hope. Oroboni shared the strong religious feelings of Pellico ; and even Pellico himself derived lessons of resignation and Christian charity from the tone in which the youth of twenty spoke of his sufferings and his oppressors.

The prisoners at Spielberg were allowed a walk of an hour twice a week, between two guards, upon a platform of the castle, commanding a view of the city of Brünn and a large tract of surrounding country. The path to it led along the range of the prisons in which all the Italian prisoners were confined, with the exception of the unfortunate Maroncelli, who still languished in his subterranean cell below. Each used to whisper to Pellico as he past "*Buon passeggio !*" (A pleasant walk !) but he was not allowed to return their greeting. The people from the town, who were occasionally on business at the castle, used to gather into groups as he passed, and cry, "There is one of the Italians !" and sometimes, thinking that he did not understand them, they would shake their heads and say, "That poor gentleman will soon grow old, he has death in his face." It was with difficulty, in fact, that Pellico was able to drag himself and his chain so far as the platform, and once arrived there he used to throw himself on the grass, and remain there till the expiration of the hour allowed him. The guards stood or sat beside him, and gossipped together. Both were good-natured and kind, and one of them, Kral, a Bohemian, was well acquainted with Klopstock, Wieland, Goethe, Schiller, and the best German writers. Of these he used to recite long passages with intelligence and feeling, while Pellico lay and listened beside him on the grass. A touching little episode follows, which we shall give in the author's own words.

"At one extremity of the platform were the apartments of the superintendent ; at the other lived a head gaoler, with his wife and infant son. Whenever I saw any one come out of these buildings, I used to rise and approach them, never failing to be received with marks of courtesy and pity.

"The wife of the superintendent had long been ill, and was declining slowly. She sometimes made herself be carried out on a sofa into the open air. I cannot describe with what emotion she

expressed the compassion she felt for us all. Her look was very gentle and timid, and yet, timid as it was, it used sometimes to rest, as if with intense and inquiring confidence, on those who spoke to her.

"I said to her one day, smiling: 'Do you know, lady, that you have some resemblance to a person who was dear to me?' She blushed, and replied, with a serious and amiable simplicity, 'Do not forget me then, when I am gone. Pray for my poor soul, and for the poor little infants I leave behind me.'

"From that day she could not leave her bed. I never saw her more. She languished a few months longer and then died.

"She had three sons, beautiful as Cupids, and one of them still at the breast. The poor creature often embraced him in my presence, and said, 'Who knows who will become their mother after me. Ah! whoever it may be, may God give her the bowels of a mother, even for those who are not her own!' And then she wept. A thousand times I have remembered that prayer and those tears.

"When she was no more, I often embraced the children, and with tears in my eyes repeated their mother's prayer. I thought of my own mother, and of the ardent prayers which her loving heart doubtless offered up for me. And I exclaimed with sobs, 'O happier that mother who dies and leaves behind her her children in infancy, than she who lives to have educated them with every care, and to see them taken from her!'

"Two kind old women used to accompany the children, one of them the mother, the other the aunt of the superintendent. They wished to know all my history, and I related it to them shortly.

"'How unfortunate we are,' they would say, 'that we can do nothing to assist you. But be assured we shall pray for you, and if your pardon some day arrive, it will be a day of joy for all the family.'

"The former of them, whom I was in the habit of seeing most frequently, possessed a wonderful eloquence in imparting consolation. I listened to her with filial gratitude, and treasured her words in my heart.

"She told me things I knew already, which yet struck me as new;—that misfortune does not degrade a man, unless he be a worthless one, but rather elevates him;—that if we could understand God's counsels we should frequently see cause to think the conqueror more to be pitied than the vanquished, the exulting than the afflicted, the rich than the destitute; that the special grace shown to the unfortunate by our Saviour should reconcile us to our situation, and that we ought to glory in the cross which was borne by him.

"But these two good old women, whose company gave me such consolation, were soon, for family reasons, obliged to leave Spielberg, and the children no longer came upon the platform. How deeply did these losses afflict me!"

The health of Pellico, which had at first improved a little by the change of lodging, now began rapidly again to decline. Severe head-aches, with violent fever, and dreadful spasms of the chest, tortured him day and night. In their conversations he mentioned his situation to Oroboni. He too, who had long been declining, was one evening worse than usual. "My friend," said he, "I perceive the day is not far off when one of us two will no longer be able to come to the window. Every time we salute each other may be the last. Let us hold ourselves prepared, therefore, the one to die, the other to survive his friend." Poor Oroboni's presentiment was correct. Various discharges of blood from the lungs in rapid succession, and followed by dropsy, showed that he was destined to precede his friend. He soon became aware of his situation, and often looking towards the burying ground of the castle, of which his window commanded a view, he would express to Pellico the deep pain it gave him, notwithstanding all his efforts at resignation, to think that his remains were destined to moulder beneath a German instead of an Italian sky. After lingering till June, 1823, he expired, his last words being, "I pardon from my heart all my enemies." His patience had won the hearts of all his attendants. Kubitzky, the sentinel, who had attended the bier to the grave, and who knew his wish, said to Pellico, with a degree of delicate feeling which surprised him, "I have marked his burial-place exactly, that if any of his friends should obtain permission to carry his bones to his own country, they may know where they lie."

His death was followed by that of Antonio Villa, another of Pellico's companions in misfortune. Even poor Schiller, worn out with age and infirmities, was removed from the active duties of gaoler, and could no longer by his kindness soften the rigor of imprisonment.

"From the time he left us he was often unwell, and we inquired for him with the anxiety of children. When he got a little better, he used to come and walk under our windows; we hailed him, and he would look up with a melancholy smile, and say to the sentinel, in a voice that we could overhear, 'Da sind meine Sohne,' (There are my sons!)

"Poor old man, what grief it gave me to see him tottering feebly along, without being able to offer him the support of my arm!

"Sometimes he would sit down on the grass and read the books he had lent to me. That I might recognise them, he would read the titles to the sentinel, or repeat some extracts from them. For the most part the books were stories from the almanacs or other romances of little value, but of good moral tendency. After several relapses of apoplexy, he was conveyed to the military hospital, where he shortly died. He had amassed some hundred florins, the

fruit of his long savings ; these he had lent to some of his fellow soldiers, and when his end approached, he called them about him and said, 'I have no relations, let each of you keep what he has in his hands. I only ask that you will pray for me.'

"One of these friends had a daughter of about eighteen, who was Schiller's god-daughter. Some hours before his death the good old man sent for her. He was no longer able to speak distinctly, but he took a silver ring, the last of his possessions, from his finger, and put it upon hers. Then he kissed her, and shed tears over her. The girl sobbed, and bathed him with her tears. He dried her eyes with his handkerchief ; then took her hands and placed them on his eyes ; — those eyes were closed for ever !"

While friend after friend had thus been taken from him by death, one comfort was at last vouchsafed to Pellico. Maroncelli was allowed to share his cell. A new stimulus was given to both for a time by this indulgence. The liberation also of two of the prisoners, which took place about this time, (Solera and Fortini,) one of whom had been condemned to fifteen, and the other to twenty years' imprisonment, revived their hopes that at last the hour of deliverance would approach even for them. The end of 1827 they thought would be the term of their imprisonment ; but December past and it came not. Then they thought that the summer of 1828 would be the time, at which period the seven and a half years of Pellico's imprisonment terminated, which, from the report of the Emperor's observation to the commissary, they had reason to think were to be held equivalent to the fifteen, which formed the nominal amount of the sentence. But this too past away without a hint of deliverance. Meantime the effects of his long subterranean confinement began to show themselves in Maroncelli by a swelling of the knee-joint. At first the pain was trifling, merely obliging him to halt a little as he walked, and indisposing him from taking his usual exercise. But an unfortunate fall, in consequence of the snow, which was already beginning to cover the ground, increased the pain so much, that after a few days the physician recommended the removal of the fetters from his legs. Notwithstanding this, however, he grew daily worse : leeches, caustics, fomentations were tried in vain, they merely aggravated his pangs.

"Maroncelli," says Pellico, "was a thousand times more unfortunate than myself ; but O, how much did I suffer for him. The duty of attendance would have been delightful to me, bestowed as it was on so dear a friend. But to see him wasting amidst such protracted and cruel tortures, and not to be able to bring him health, — to feel the presentiment that that knee would never be healed, — to perceive that the patient himself thought death more probable than recovery, — and with all this to be obliged at every

instant to admire his courage and serenity, — Ah! the sight of this agonized me beyond expression!

"Even in this deplorable condition, he composed verses, he sang, he discoursed, he did every thing to deceive me into hope, to conceal from me a portion of his sufferings. He could now no longer digest nor sleep; he grew frightfully wasted; he often fainted; and yet the moment he recovered his vital power again, he would endeavour to encourage me.

"His sufferings for nine months were indescribable. At last a consultation on his case was allowed. The chief physician came, approved of all the physician had ordered, and disappeared, without pronouncing any further opinion of his own.

"A moment afterwards, however, the sub-intendant entered, and said to Maroncelli, — 'The chief physician did not like to explain himself in your presence; he was apprehensive you might not have sufficient strength of mind to endure the announcement of so dreadful a necessity. I have assured him, however, that you do not want for courage.'

"'I hope,' replied Maroncelli, 'I have given some proof of it by suffering these pangs without complaint. What would he recommend?'

"'Amputation, Signor! — except that seeing your frame so exhausted, he has some hesitation in advising it. Weak as you are, do you think yourself able to bear the operation? Will you run the risk?'

"'Of death? — And should I not die at all events in a short time, if this evil be left to take its course?'

"'Then we shall send word immediately to Vienna, and the moment the permission is obtained,' —

"'What! is a permission necessary?'

"'Yes, Signor.'

"In eight days (!) the expected warrant arrived. The patient was carried into a larger room. He asked me to follow him. 'I may die,' said he, 'under the operation; let me, at least, do so in the arms of a friend.' I was allowed to accompany him. The Abate Wrba, our confessor (who had succeeded our former confessor, Paulowich), came to administer the sacrament to the sufferer. This act of religion being over, we waited for the surgeons, who had not yet made their appearance. Maroncelli employed the interval in singing a hymn.

"The surgeons came at last: there were two of them; one the ordinary household surgeon, that is to say, our barber-surgeon, who had the privilege, as matter of right, of operating on such occasions; the other a young surgeon, an *élève* of the school of Vienna, and already celebrated for his talents. The latter, who had been despatched by the governor to superintend the operation, would willingly have performed it himself, but was obliged, in deference to the privileges of the barber, merely to watch over its execution.

"The patient was seated on his bedside, with his legs hanging down, while I supported him in my arms. A ligature was attached round the sane part, above the knee, to mark where the incision was to be made. The old surgeon cut away all round to the depth of an inch, then drew up the skin which had been cut, and continued to cut through the muscles. The blood flowed in torrents from the arteries, but these were soon taken up. At last came the sawing of the bone.

"Maroncelli never uttered a cry. When he saw them carry away the leg which had been cut off, he gave it one melancholy look, then turning to the surgeon who had operated, he said, 'You have rid me of an enemy, and I have no means of recompensing you.' There was a rose standing in a glass near the window. 'May I request you to bring me that rose?' said he. I took it to him, and he presented it to the surgeon, saying, 'I have nothing else to present to you in token of my gratitude.' The surgeon took the rose, and as he did it, dropt a tear."

Amidst so much that is calculated to inspire the profoundest disgust at the whole system of the Austrian prison-discipline, it may be right to mention that the Emperor himself, who had probably heard of the courage and resignation with which Maroncelli had borne his hard fate, specially directed that his diet during his recovery should be of the most restorative kind, and should be sent him from the kitchen of the superintendent. One would have thought that after nine years of captivity, followed up by such a scene as that we have just quoted, an instant order for his liberation would have been rather "more German to the matter." But this suited not the unbending rules of state. The cure was completed in about forty days, after which Pellico and the mutilated Maroncelli, with his wooden stump and crutches, were again consigned to their old prison, improved, however, so far, by the removal of the partition which had formerly divided it from the cell once occupied by the hapless Orobani.

Are not our readers tired of this long detail of misery, unadorned as it is in our pages by the exquisite language and deep pathos of the original? We fear they must be; and therefore passing over many events to which he has contrived to impart variety and interest,—the visits of successive imperial commissaries from Vienna, the changes of gaolers, the fluctuations of hope and fear as to his ultimate liberation,—let us turn at once to the catastrophe of this dungeon drama.

The 1st of August, 1830, was a Sunday. *Ten* years had now nearly elapsed since Pellico had first been imprisoned: eight and a half since he had been consigned to the *carcere duro* of Spielberg. Pellico had returned as usual from mass; he had been looking from the terrace upon the cemetery where the dust of

Oroboni and Villa reposed, and thinking that his own would shortly be laid beside them. The prisoners were preparing their table for their meal, when Wegrath, the superintendent, entered. "I am sorry," said he, "to disturb your dinner, but have the goodness to follow me, — the director of police is waiting for you." As this gentleman's visits generally indicated nothing very pleasant, the prisoners, it may be supposed, followed their guide somewhat reluctantly to the audience-room. They found there the director and the superintendent, the former of whom bowed to them more courteously than usual, then taking a paper from his pocket he began, — "Gentlemen, I have the pleasure, the honor, of announcing to you that his Majesty the Emperor has had the kindness —." Here he stopped without mentioning what the kindness was.

"We thought," says Pellico, "it might be some diminution of punishment, such as freedom from labor, the use of books, or a less disgusting diet. 'You do not understand me then,' said he. 'No, Signor. Have the goodness to explain what this favor is.' 'Liberty for both of you, and for a third, whom you will soon embrace.' One would suppose this announcement would have thrown us into transports of joy. Yet it was not so: our hearts instantly reverted to our relations, of whom we had heard nothing for so long a period; and the doubt that we might never meet them again in this world so affected our hearts, as entirely to neutralize the joy which might have been produced by the announcement of liberty.

"'Are you silent,' said the director of police; 'I expected to see you transported with joy.' 'I beg of you,' I answered, 'to express to the Emperor our gratitude; but, uncertain as we are as to the fate of our families, it is impossible for us not to give way to the thought that some of those who are dear to us may be gone. It is this uncertainty that oppresses our minds, even at the moment when they should be open to nothing but joy.'

"The director then gave Maroncelli a letter from his brother, which allayed his anxiety. He told me, however, he could give me no tidings of my family, and this increased my fears that some accident had befallen them.

"'Retire,' said he, 'to your room, and in a short time I shall send to you the third individual to whom the Emperor's clemency has been extended.' We went and waited with anxiety. Perhaps, we thought, it is the poor old man Murani. We thought of many; there was none, in fact, who had not our good wishes. At last the door opened, and we saw that our companion was to be Andrea Tonelli, of Brescia. We conversed till evening, deeply pitying those whom we were to leave behind. At sunset the director of police returned to rescue us from this ill-omened abode. Our hearts groaned, as we passed before the prisons of our friends,

at the thought that we could not take them along with us. Who knew how long they were destined to languish there! — how many of them to be the slow victims of death! A soldier's cloak and cap were placed on each of us, and in our old galley-slave attire, but divested of our chains, we descended the fatal hill, and were conducted through the city to the prisons of the police. It was a lovely moonlight night. The streets, the houses, the people whom we met, all appeared to me so delightful, so strange, after so many years, during which I had looked on no such spectacle. After four days the commissary arrived, and the director of police transferred us to him, putting into his hands at the same time the money we had brought to Spielberg, and that produced by the sale of our books and effects, which was delivered to us at the frontier. The expense of our journey was liberally defrayed by the Emperor."

The weakness of Pellico's health when he set out from Brunn rendered it necessary for him to remain for some time in Vienna, for the sake of medical attendance. His anxiety to depart, it may easily be imagined, was not lessened by the news of the *three days* of Paris, which reached him on his arrival. It is a singular coincidence that the day on which the French revolution broke out was that on which the Emperor had signed the warrant for their liberation. Pellico knew not, however, what baleful influence the state of matters in France might have upon the views of the Emperor, and began to fear, that though they might not again be recommitted to their Moravian prison, they might be transported to some imperial town, far distant from their native country. While visiting the palace at Schönbrunn as he began to be convalescent, in company with the commissary, whose presence was still required, and Maroncelli, the Emperor passed, and the prisoners were directed to stand a little aside, that the sight of their miserable figures might not annoy him. At last, however, the warrant arrived for their departure from Vienna. Another attack of illness seized Pellico at Bruck; but, tormented by the homesickness of the mind, he considered the sickness of the body as comparatively unimportant, and after being bled and taking a liberal supply of the medicine which had formerly relieved him (*digitalis*), he insisted on their route being resumed. They crossed through Austria and Styria, and entered Carinthia: at Feldkirchen they had to halt again, till new orders for their route should arrive. At last they came, — *Italy*, — *was* to be their destination!

"I exulted," says Pellico, "along with my companions at the news, but still the thought occurred that some terrible disclosure for me might be at hand, that father, mother, or some one most dear to me might be no more. My depression of spirits increased

as we approached Italy. The entrance to it on that side has few charms for the eye; or rather, the traveller descends from the beautiful mountains of Germany into the plains of Italy, by a long, sterile, and unlovely track, which gives to foreigners but an unprepossessing idea of our country. The dull aspect of the country contributed to render me more melancholy. To see once more our native sky, to meet with human faces whose features bore not the aspect of the north, to hear on all sides our own idiom, — all these melted my heart, but with an emotion more akin to sorrow than joy. How often in the carriage did I cover my face with my hands, pretend to be asleep, and weep. Long years of burial had not indeed extinguished all the energies of my mind, but alas! they were now so active for sorrow, so dull, so insensible to joy! Pordenone, Conegliano, Ospedaletto, Vicenza, Verona, Mantua, reminded me of so many things! A young man, who had been my friend, and had perished in the Russian campaign, had been a native of the first; Conegliano was the place where the Venetian turnkeys told me poor Zanze (Angela) had been conducted during her illness: in Ospedaletto an angelic and unfortunate being had been married, now no more, but whom I had loved and honored once, whose memory I love and honor still. In all these places, in short, recollections more or less dear, crowded upon me, in Mantua particularly. It appeared to me but yesterday since I had come thither with Ludovico in 1815, with Porro in 1820. The same streets, squares, palaces, — but how many social differences! How many of my acquaintances carried off by death, how many in exile! A generation of adults whom I had seen but in infancy! And to be still prevented from flying from house to house, to inquire after one, to impart consolation to another! To complete my distress, Mantua was the point of separation between Maroncelli and myself. We passed a melancholy night. I was agitated like a criminal on the evening before he receives his sentence of condemnation. In the morning I washed my face carefully, and looked in the glass, to see whether it bore traces of weeping. I put on as far as possible a tranquil and smiling air; I repeated a short prayer to God, but in truth my thoughts wandered, and hearing Maroncelli already moving about on his crutches, and talking to the servant, I ran to embrace him. Both seemed to have collected their courage for the separation. We spoke with some emotion, but in a strong voice. The officer of the gendarmerie who was to conduct him to the frontiers of Romagna was come; he must depart immediately, — one embrace, — another, — he entered the carriage, — he disappeared, and I remained as if annihilated.

"I returned to my room and prayed for the poor mutilated being, separated from his friend. I have known many excellent men, but none more affectionately social than Maroncelli, none more alive to all the refinements of gentleness, none more inaccessible to attacks of bad humor, or more constantly mindful that

virtue consists in a continual exercise and interchange of toleration, generosity, and good sense. O thou! my companion through so many years of sorrow, may heaven bless thee wherever thou mayst be destined to breathe, and grant thee friends who may equal me in attachment, and surpass me in worth! *

"We set out the same morning for Brescia, where our other fellow-captive took leave of me. Here he learned, for the first time, that he had lost his mother, and the sight of his tears wrung my heart at parting. Grieved, however, as I was for so many causes, the following occurrence almost extorted a smile from me. On the inn table there lay a play-bill, which I took up and read; 'Francesca da Rimini, Opera per Musica. — Whose is this opera?' said I to the waiter. — 'Who may have composed the music,' said he, 'I know not, but, in short, it is that Francesca da Rimini, which every body knows.' 'Every body?' said I, — 'you are mistaken. I who am but just arrived from Germany, what can I know about your Francescas?' The waiter, a young fellow with a rather haughty and truly Brescian expression of countenance, looked at me with disdainful pity. 'Signor, we are not talking about Francescas. We speak of *one* Francesca da Rimini, I mean the tragedy of Signor Silvio Pellico. Here they have turned it into an opera, spoiling it a little, but all's one for that.' 'Ah! Silvio Pellico!' said I, 'I think I have heard of him. Is not that the political agitator who was condemned to death, and afterwards to the *carcere duro* some nine or ten years ago?' — I ought never to have uttered that jest. He looked round, — then at me, — grinned so as to show two and thirty handsome teeth, and if he had not heard a noise at the time, I verily believe he would have knocked me down.

"He went on murmuring to himself, 'Agitator! agitator!' But before I left, he had got hold of my name. He could then neither ask questions nor answer them, nor even walk about, such was his distraction and surprise. He kept gazing at me, rubbing his hands, and exclaiming, 'Yes, Sir,' 'Coming, Sir,' without knowing the least what he was about. Another delay took place at Novaro. On the morning of the 16th of September the final permission arrived. And from that moment I was liberated from all surveillance. How many years had elapsed since I had enjoyed the privilege of going where I would, unaccompanied by guards. I set out about three in the afternoon. My travelling companions were a lady, a merchant, an engraver, and two young painters, one of them deaf and dumb. They came from Rome, and I was gratified to learn that they were acquainted with the family of

* Maroncelli shortly afterwards went to Florence, where he was not allowed to remain long, the government having ordered him away, in consequence of the expressed wishes of that of Austria. He is now in Paris; and we observe that a French translation of Pellico's Memoirs, with notes by him, is announced for immediate publication.

Maroncelli. We spent the night at Vercelli. The happy morning of the 17th of September dawned. Our journey proceeded: How slow the conveyance seemed! It was evening ere we reached Turin.

"Who can attempt to describe the transport, the consolation my heart received when I again saw and embraced father, mother, and brothers. My dear sister Josephine was not there, for her duties detained her at Chieri, but she hastened as soon as possible to join our happy groupe. Restored to these five objects of my tenderest affection, I was,—I am the most enviable of mortals. Then, for all these past sorrows and present happiness, for all the good or ill which fate may have in store for me, blessed be that Providence in whose hands men and events, with or without their will, are but wonderful instruments for the promotion of its all-wise and beneficent ends!"

So ends this pure strain of gentle and devotional feeling, leaving at its close an impression on the mind like that produced by soft and melancholy music. We were unwilling to interrupt the course of the narrative by any reflections of our own, and now we have lingered on it so long, that we have left ourselves no room for any, had they been called for. One observation, however, we must make, in the justice of which we think every one will concur, that a book like this could not have appeared at a more acceptable time than the present; that the spirit of religion, humanity, resignation, and Christian charity, which it breathes, and the simple, subdued, and natural tone in which these sentiments are embodied, contrast most favorable with those hideous pictures of crime, those alternately voluptuous or loathsome exhibitions of vice, those physical horrors, that affected contempt for all generous sentiments, that fierce and relentless spirit of pride, hatred, and selfishness, which have of late contaminated our own literature, and still more conspicuously that of France. These "Prison Thoughts" of Pellico may teach us, that it is not necessary to heap together impossible miseries, in order to touch the feelings; nor "on horror's head horrors accumulate," in order to excite the dormant sympathies; nor to make the hero of the tale a ruffian, an atheist, or a misanthrope, in order to invest his character with dignity and originality; nor to hurry the reader through a series of violent and startling contrasts, in order to stimulate the edge of curiosity. They should teach us that it is on the simple, the natural, the gentler elements of feeling, not on the uncommon or the overstrained, that our sympathies must permanently repose; and that though novelty may for a time give a fleeting popularity to compositions inculcating the affectation of indifference, selfishness, and contempt for the ties which bind man to his Maker and his fellow men, those better feelings are

too deeply engraved on the heart to be ever eradicated, or even long held in abeyance. The fate of this book, we are convinced, will prove, that when a writer has the manliness to avow the sincerity of his belief, the depth and stability of his attachment to his fellows, his confidence that, even in this world, full as it is of deceit and suffering, "virtue is no name, and happiness no dream,"—and does this too amidst every thing calculated to shake his faith, and deaden his feelings, he will find "fit audience," and that not few. And Signor Pellico may be assured that his cheering, elevated, and tranquil pictures of the human heart will survive for the instruction and consolation of others, when the hollow, glaring, and disturbed phantasmagoria of life to which we have alluded is deservedly forgotten.

[From "The Foreign Quarterly Review, No. 21."]

- ART. II.—1. *Le Duc de Reichstadt*. Par M. de Montbel, Ancien Ministre du Roy Charles X. Paris. 1832. 8vo.
 2. *Lettre à M. * * **, sur le *Duc de Reichstadt*. Par un de ses Amis. Traduite de l'Allemand. Par Gerson Hesse. Paris. 1832. 8vo.

By a strange fatality, one of the ministers of the dethroned Charles X. was driven to Vienna for shelter, where he arrived in good time to gather up the remains of the *ancien Roi de Rome*: one of the last ministers of the banished restoration occupies his exile with the latest souvenirs of the abdicated Empire. But a Frenchman is always a Frenchman, and no matter to what party he belongs, or by what party he has suffered,—in foreign countries, *la patrie*, and *la gloire*, invariably attaching to it, are always ideas which with him sanctify every thing connected with them. Who could have expected to find an ultra-royalist minister of the Restoration occupying his leisure,—or rather his time, for it is all leisure with him,—with the recollections of the last of the Imperial dynasty? and yet so it is, that with pious hands and reverent feelings, M. de Montbel has taken upon himself the task of recording, for the benefit of the historical world, all that he could discover of the life and character of the son of the most illegitimate of rulers. Let his politics or policy be what they may, we owe his piety grateful thanks for having undertaken the duty, and are happy to say, that the manner in which it is executed is highly creditable both to his feelings as a man, and

his abilities as an author. It redounds to the praise of M. de Montbel, that he has been so well able to divest himself of the narrow prejudices of party, and at once, as regards the interesting subject of his biography, place himself in a position of perfect impartiality, and in a most favorable point of view, for recording all that must necessarily interest the world and posterity in the history of this extraordinary graft on the ancient stock of Austrian legitimacy.

The Life, as given by M. de Montbel from the best sources, and frequently in the very words of the only persons qualified to speak, will long be a favorite text both for moralists and politicians. The influence of hereditary disposition, the effect of education generally, and the peculiar character of this youth's education, are fruitful sources of reflection and instruction; while his anomalous position, the chances of his future life, and the probable effect it might have had on France and Europe at large, are not less likely to stimulate the disquisitive faculties of historical writers. M. de Montbel's book has also the recommendation of complete novelty. The life of the son of Napoleon, since he fell into Austrian hands when an infant, has been a perfect mystery: the people were scarcely kept in more complete ignorance of the daily life of the man with the Iron Mask: his death was almost the first certain news of his continued existence. Now that there is no motive for farther concealment, we are let into all the details of his short career, down even to the most trivial actions of hourly existence; not without some reservation certainly, produced by a perpetual consciousness of the position of the writer,—a dependent of the Court of Vienna,—but still with a sufficient abundance of particulars, flowing from the mouths of his friends, tutors, and household, to satisfy us altogether as to the character and disposition of a remarkable and most interesting personage.

Many unworthy suspicions have been entertained of the Court of Austria respecting the treatment of this young man: these suspicions will at once vanish before the perusal of this book, while the truth of the intentions of the Emperor, or at least of his minister, will appear with tolerable plainness. It was resolved, first, that the young King of Rome should be made a German Prince;—next, that as every man who has passions and talents must have a pursuit, it was deemed safest, and perhaps most beneficial, that he should be indulged in his enthusiasm for the military profession. The example of Prince Eugene was set before him as the one they would most desire him to follow. Prince Eugene was neither imperial nor alien, and yet one of their most valuable generals, and in no way a dangerous subject, while he gained

glory enough to satisfy the most ambitious of men. These calculations would probably have answered, had not the natural been a more complex machine than the political, and as such even beyond the ingenious management of M. de Metternich. The youth was in a moral prison, and his soul pined. It was deemed necessary that he should be cut off from all communication with the agitators and adventurers of France. To effect this object, he was kept in utter solitude ; surrounded certainly by attendants and instructors, but still, in a social sense, buried in utter solitude. His orders were obeyed, his every wish anticipated ; he had his books, his horses, and his equipages for promenade or the chase ; but for all that the soul or the heart holds dear, he was, with slight exceptions, a solitary prisoner. This might be practicable to some extent with an Austrian archduke ; but with a child in whose veins the quick blood of the Corsican Conqueror flowed, it was a species of lingering moral torture. To outward appearance, he was like Rasselas in the Happy Valley ; but, like him, he was wearying for all that was beyond the range of the mountains that separated him from his fellow-men : in the one case, these mountains were physical obstacles ; in the other, moral ones. The spirit chafed against the prison bars : the victim, bruised and care-worn, refused its food, lost its substance, grew emaciated, and died. The mind all the while was developed, and grew apace, while the body became debilitated, nay, aged : the truth being, that intellectual food may always be found in prison, but moral and social isolation prey upon the physical state ; the creature grows up a sapless weed, with the suspicions and distrust of long experience, and the reflection and calm profundity of thought peculiar to unclouded age. After his death, young Napoleon presented in his body the same anomaly he had done in his lifetime : his frame had all the slenderness and fragility of infancy stretched into unnatural length, while his vital organs bore the schirrous and flaccid appearance of extreme old age : there was no part healthy or natural but the brain, which was wonderfully fine, with the exception, that it was more compact, and of firmer substance than is usually found. So it was in life. This boy had all the enthusiasm and passion of youth in extreme force, alternating with a distrust, a caution, and a rapidity in fathoming the character and appreciating the talents of the persons with whom he was necessarily brought into contact, which are the usual qualities of age. His intellect chiefly exhibited itself in mastering the history of his father in all its voluminousness, in the soundness and acuteness of his criticism on the several authors he had read, and in the facility with which he acquired the theory of war, and all the studies which conduce to it. He

seems to have known almost by instinct, that it was only through war that he could ever rise to more than a mere eunuch of the palace, and from the earliest age he took the deepest interest in every thing that partook of military movement. It was not, however, thought safe to intrust him abroad till he was nearly grown up; he felt that his entrance into a regiment was his first step to emancipation, as he called it, and he devoted himself to the practical duties of a soldier and a chief officer with an ardor which quickly devoured the pigmy body that had been frittered away and shaken by the silent struggles of solitude. The word pigmy must, however, be taken in the sense of feeble: in its sense of diminutive, it is wholly inapplicable; for the young Napoleon, in that respect, taking rather after the Austrian than the Corsican race, had shot up in his sunless nursery to the height of the tallest man. No story was ever replete with more painful interest than the account of the obstinate struggle which this unhappy youth kept up against physical decay; he never complained, never even would admit that he was ill; finding his voice fail him in manœuvring his corps, he would, after the exertion of a review, go and hide his weakness, fainting and sinking upon some secret sofa. He was terrified, poor fellow! lest he should be, on the very threshold of the world, driven back into his solitary splendor. At length, however, on the representation of a physician, whom he never would consult, he was sent to Schönbrunn, where he died. He had, however, nearly rallied, and if the disease had not advanced to the extent of producing severe organic change, would perhaps have recovered by a proposed tour to Naples, and other parts of Italy. The effect on the mind of the moral prisoner was electric, and to his dying hour, this journey was his chief hope and prospect in the world.

Before the little Napoleon came into Austrian hands, of course no regular attempt had been made to educate him; but it is not to be supposed that nearly five years of such a pregnant existence as his, were left without numerous and deep impressions. His was far from a communicative disposition, and, consequently, he did not, like some children, talk himself out of his recollections. They sank in the mind of the forlorn boy, and if ever they were permitted to see the light, it was in some little moment of excitement. One day, when he was playing with the imperial family, one of the archdukes showed him a little medal of silver, of which numbers had been struck in honor of his birth, and were distributed to the people after the ceremony of his baptism: his bust was upon it. He was asked, do you know whom this represents? "*C'est moi,*" answered he, without hesitation, "*quand j'étais Roi de Rome.*" Ideas of his own former consequence,

and the greatness of his father, says his early tutor, M. Foresti, were constantly present to his mind. Other impressions were not less deep; he had a love of truth which made him utterly intolerant even of fable, and probably contributed to his subsequent distaste for poetry. The word *vrai* he used to pronounce, when a perfect child, with a solemnity and a movement of the hand, which showed that it had to him all the sacred character of an asseveration. And yet, child as he was, he had that force of character, or rather that sensitiveness mixed with vigor, that, on being ridiculed unintentionally for its use, he never again repeated the word. On occasion of his mother's birth-day, some of the little court, soon after the dethronement, made these verses, in order to be repeated to Maria-Louisa by her child:—

“Autant que moi, personne, ô ma chère Maman,
Ne doit tenir ce jour prospère;
Vrai, ne lui dois-je pas le bonheur si touchant,
Et si doux à mon cœur, de vous nommer ma mère?”

He soon learned the stanza, and was afterwards told why the word *vrai* was introduced; he said nothing: when admitted to his mother, he showed a great deal of affection and amiability, but never pronounced the quatrain, and never more used the word.

The first instruction attempted to be communicated to him was a knowledge of the German language. To this he opposed a most determined resistance: not one word of German would he pronounce, and even resisted the endeavours to teach him as an insult and an injury; for his age he kept up this resolution a long time; when it was conquered by the mildness and persuasion of his teachers, he learned the language with a prodigious facility, and soon spoke it in the imperial family like one of themselves. Not only the rapidity with which he acquired this difficult tongue, but even his mistakes and misconceptions indicated a superior logical faculty; for they were generally founded on fancied analogies, and little etymological observations. M. Foresti, whose duty it was to teach him to read, found the difficulty insurmountable, until he introduced a rival and a fellow-pupil. The son of one of the valets-de-chambre of the Empress was procured, and in company with him the young Napoleon quickly devoured his task. Such was the being destined to be brought up in nearly a perfect state of isolation.

“From the very first,” says his tutor, M. Foresti, and he was with him full sixteen years, nearly the entire of the poor youth's Austrian life, “he exhibited the marked characteristics of his disposition. He was good-natured to his inferiors, friendly to his tutor, without any lively expressions of his feelings; he only obeyed on conviction, and always began with resistance. He loved to

produce an effect, and generally it was evident that he thought a great deal more than he said : the difficulty then was to prevent this habit from growing into dissimulation."

Begging the excellent M. Foresti's pardon, such a character as he describes was by no means likely to be guilty of the mean vice of dissimulation, which is the result of a base fear, and is the last fault to taint the character of a child, the first movement of whose mind is to resist, and who only yields on good reason being shown. Other traits are equally inconsistent with this apprehension.

"He always received our reprimands with firmness, and however annoyed he might have been by them, he never retained any rancorous feeling: he ended always by allowing the justice of the representations that had been made to him. When any mutual coldness had taken place in the course of the day, owing to some severe lecture, in the evening, on taking leave of us, he was always the first to hold out a friendly hand, at the same time requesting that we would pardon his faults, and overlook the wrong he had done."

"He gave me," says M. Foresti, "many proofs of the command he had over himself. Amongst others, this: — up to the time of Maria-Louisa's departure for her State of Parma, there was about him a person who had treated him with the greatest possible affection and attention. This was Mme. Marchand, the mother of the first valet-de-chambre of the Emperor: she remained with him all night, and every morning was the object of his warm infantine caresses. She was always present at his rising, and had the care of dressing him. On the departure of Maria-Louisa, Mme. Marchand returned to France at the same time with M. de Bausset,* who also had a great affection for the Prince. Henceforward I slept in his room at night. The first night I dreaded, lest in the morning he would give way to grief on finding that his affectionate nurse was no longer there. On waking, however, he spoke to me without hesitation, and, with a calmness astonishing for his age, said, 'M. Foresti, I wish to rise.'"

One of the youth's governors was a M. Collin, a poet and dramatist of Vienna of some celebrity. This gentleman could not help feeling that the young Napoleon's abhorrence of fiction was a sort of censure on his profession, and it is not to be wondered at that he endeavoured to dress up fiction in the garb likely to be most agreeable to the taste of the imperial pupil. In resorting to Robinson Crusoe for aid, may be perceived a tacit compliment to the youth's acuteness, for, assuredly, no other fiction was ever more like truth.

* Author of *Mémoires sur l'Intérieur du Palais*. See Foreign Quarterly Review, Vol. I. p. 400; Vol. III. p. 657.

"The poetical genius of Collin," says M. Foresti, "appeared to triumph somewhat over this obstinate resolution to reject every thing which did not appear to be true in all the exactitude of truth. On the heights which overlook Schönbrunn, on the right of the elegant arcades of La Gloriette, and at the bottom of a dark avenue of trees, may be found a spot, altogether shut out from a view of Vienna, by deep thickets, and an impervious mass of wood; a spot, from which nothing can be viewed save the cheerful but solitary aspect of mountain tops, smiling valleys, and rugged peaks, that go on ascending and ascending until they reach the lofty elevation of the summits of Schneeberg. Here there is a hut constructed after the fashion of Switzerland, or rather of the Tyrolese mountains, whence it is called the Tyrol's House. In this rustic abode and its neighbourhood nothing there is to remind the spectator of the vicinity of the capital. To this wild and quiet spot Collin would often bring the young Duke. He there told him the story of Robinson Crusoe. The imagination of the child warmed to the tale. Solitude and silence completed the illusion: he fancied himself in a desert, and Collin suggested that he should set himself to fabricate the utensils that would be necessary to him, were he under the necessity of providing for his own subsistence in a similar spot. He acquitted himself of the task with much handiness. A collection has been made of these things: they are placed in the pavilion, which still goes by the name of the House of the Duke de Reichstadt. The governor and his pupil, by uniting their efforts and their industry, succeeded in scooping out a cavern resembling that described as the abode of Crusoe on his desert island."

Such is the immortality of genius. The creation of Defoe, the persecuted and unhappy, imagined in some garret, whether in Bristol or Whitechapel, becomes the factitious stimulus of a Prince's education; and that Prince the son of a banished ruler of France, far greater than the Grand Monarque, who, in Defoe's day, seemed to have reached the *ne plus ultra* of earthly grandeur.

During the first period of the young Napoleon's instruction at Schönbrunn, his tutors were sadly perplexed by his extreme curiosity respecting his father, as to what had become of him, the causes of his fall, &c.: evasive answers did not satisfy him:—

"It was," says M. Foresti, "for us a species of torture. Happily the Emperor came at length; we hastened to inform him of the perpetual questions that were put to us, and to request his instructions on this point. The Emperor answered:—'Truth should be the basis of the education of the Prince; answer all his questions freely; it is the best, indeed the only mode of calming his imagination, and of inspiring him with confidence, which will be necessary for you, who have to guide him.'

"At first he overwhelmed us with questions, and exhibited an

affluence of ideas perfectly surprising. Finding that we were authorized, we answered him with perfect candor. That which the Emperor had foreseen came to pass. After a few days, he seemed satiated with this conversation, and thenceforward became more calm, more reserved on the subject. It may seem incredible, but it is nevertheless true, that at no time, under any circumstances, was he ever heard to utter one word of regret in connexion with it. Later in life, we saw that he was fully aware of the faults his father had committed, but it was a subject to which he never on any occasion alluded.

"The news of his father's death was brought to Vienna by one of the couriers of MM. de Rothschild. At this moment the Comte de Dietrichstein (the superior governor) was absent from Vienna, and the Emperor charged me to communicate to the young Prince the melancholy intelligence. He was then just turned ten years of age. It was the 22d July, at Schönbrunn: in the same place, on the same day, on which he himself, eleven years after, was doomed to die, that I announced to him the death of his father. He wept bitterly, and his sadness endured for several days. 'M. de Foresti,' said he to me, one day, 'my father little thought, that when he died you would be the person from whom I should receive such kindness and affection.'"

The youth alluded to an anecdote which the tutor had told him of his own career. M. Foresti had been taken prisoner by the French, and, on being sent to head-quarters, treated with some harshness by the Emperor.

Every pains were taken with the Duke's education. The dead languages he was taught by M. Collin, and afterwards, when Collin died, by M. Obenaus, who had been classical preceptor to half the imperial family. To these instructions, however, he inclined but an indifferent ear, and, of all his Latin books, took heartily only to Cæsar's Commentaries. His military studies took the alternate days with his classical ones, and to them he gave himself up with all possible ardor. By way of a check upon the apathy of private instructions, the Emperor directed that from time to time a Commission should proceed to inquire into the Prince's progress. These investigations were sedulously made, and greatly contributed to excite his attention and stimulate his ambition. Before these Commissions the boy showed an extraordinary aptitude for learning, more particularly such learning as chiefly turned upon military pursuits.

"Being myself acquainted with geographical studies, and the arts connected with design," says M. Foresti, "I was able to form an opinion of his performances. I consider them as lively proofs of the talents that have just been extinguished; so much so, indeed, that I have thought it my duty to recommend that they

should be collected and placed in the imperial archives, as memoirs of his remarkable genius."

Among the voluminous papers written in Italian by the Prince, M. Foresti showed M. de Montbel a sketch of the life of Prince Schwarzenberg; in which there were various passages respecting Napoleon: they were written in a calm and candid tone. From the time that he attained his fifteenth year he had access to every book without exception, relative to the history of his father and the French revolution. He read them with avidity, and is said to have been a more perfect master of every thing that has been written on these subjects than any of the persons about him. His collections in French on history, chronology, and travels, are said to be immense. His military enthusiasm showed itself in the ardor with which he pursued every thing which had any connexion with the accomplishments necessary to the soldier. "I wish him to have the education of a superior officer," said the Emperor; but this was only seconding the taste he had demonstrated from his earliest years. At the age of seven, he was indulged with the uniform of a private;—after a time, in reward for the exactness with which he performed his exercise, he received the marks of the grade of sergeant, and his delight knew no bounds. He afterwards went through every other rank, and learned the duties of each in its minutest details. In his rank of private soldier, he used to stand sentinel at the door of the apartments of the Emperor. Whenever a member of the Court passed,—if a man,—he used to present arms with the utmost gravity; but never if a woman. Some one rallied him on the subject: his answer was much more French than German:—"I am ready," he answered, with much liveliness, "to present to the ladies,—every thing but my arms." His respect for every thing military was remarkable. One day, when admitted to dine in company with the Emperor on a public day, he retreated from the place he usually occupied next to the Archdukes, and attempted to sit at the lower end of the table: when asked the reason, "I see generals here," said he; "they ought to precede me." The Empress one day at a *fête* wished him to sit among the ladies. He declined, saying, with the utmost gravity, "My place is among men." It was remarked by the people about him that he never was a child: he had scarcely ever associated with children, and had adopted the reflective manners of those about him. Without being any thing extraordinary as a child, his intelligence was from the first precocious. His answers were as quick as judicious; he expressed himself with precision and exactness, and with great elegance of phrase. He was a perfect master of the theory of the French and German languages, and wrote them with remarkable purity.

Up to a certain age, the young Prince had been permitted to store his memory with facts, and to interpret them according to his own judgment. At length, however, it was deemed right that the Austrian version of the European story should be made known to the young Prince. No fitter person could be found for the due execution of this task than the Prince de Metternich, who, under the name of lectures on history, gave him at length, and in a series of interviews, the whole theory of imperial politics. The leading views are given by M. de Montbel: they are very ingenious. Under the pretence of a sketch of his father's history, he points out to the young man the danger of rising above the station in which he is placed, and proves, in fact, that the very qualities which enable an individual to rise are precisely those which must afterwards ensure his fall. These lectures are described as having had the happiest results. The young Napoleon, or François, as he had been re-christened, eagerly accepted Metternich's instructions, and, in cases of any difficulty or doubt, always resorted to him for their solution. Both the Emperor and his minister, in short, seem to have succeeded in thoroughly winning the entire confidence of the youth: the practical result of which was, that no communication was ever made to him that he did not feel it a point of duty instantly to communicate. This was very convenient; and, if any proof were wanting, would prove the skill and true jesuitical dexterity of the Austrian minister. The youth is reported to have said to the Emperor and Metternich: — "The essential object of my life ought to be to make myself not unworthy of the glory of my father. I shall hope to reach this point of my ambition, if I can appropriate to myself any of his high qualities, taking care to avoid the rocks on which he split. I should be lost to a proper sense of his memory, if I became the plaything of faction, and the instrument of intrigue. Never ought the son of Napoleon to condescend to play the miserable part of an adventurer." This was of course the point desired. It is said the young Prince was surrounded with intrigues, and the utmost vigilance, which he knew and approved of, was necessary to protect him from attempts to draw him into them.

One of the very few friends whom the Duke of Reischstadt made for himself (it was probably, however, arranged by the Metternich policy,) was a very deserving young officer, M. Prokesch, who had distinguished himself by his travels in the East, and several military publications. From him M. de Montbel gained much interesting information. The manner in which the acquaintance was formed is thus described by M. Prokesch: —

"After my long travels and my numerous missions, I had gone

to visit my family at Gratz. The Emperor, who at that time was traversing Styria, stopped at this town. Pleased with my conduct, and the documents I had been able to lay before him, his Majesty testified his satisfaction by inviting me to his table. I found myself placed next the Duke of Reichstadt, whom I had often regarded with the interest generally inspired by him; but up to that moment I had never spoken to him, or heard him speak.

“ ‘I have known you long,’ said he to me; ‘I have been taken up a great deal by you.’

“ ‘How, Monseigneur,’ said I, ‘have I acquired this distinction?’

“ ‘I have read, I have studied your work on the Battle of Waterloo, and I have been so pleased with it, that I have translated it into both French and Italian.’ ”

This was the commencement of an intimacy which appears to have afforded the young prince a vast source of consolation in his peculiar circumstances. To have a friend, not of his suite, appeared as if he were putting one foot at least in the world. In the first interview the Prince seemed deeply interested about the East. He multiplied questions on the actual state of those countries, the character of the inhabitants, and particularly of the men who were likely to influence their future condition. This subject led to his father's Egyptian campaigns: to the causes which stopped his progress before St. Jean d'Acre; he grew warm and enthusiastic in speaking of the possibilities which would have followed the capture of that important place, and on the immense results which the large and active mind of his father would have drawn from it. He evidently took a grand and extensive view of the subject.

“ While we were both animated with all the fire of this subject, M. de N * * *, was announced; the visit greatly annoyed him: I got up to leave him. ‘Stay,’ said he, ‘the general will prove but a transient evil.’ In fact he very soon departed, and we recommenced our conversation with fresh vigor. The manner and voice of the Duke indicated the deep and lively interest he took in the subject; his tone was that of a lively attachment, a passionate admiration of the memory of his parent; he grew animated in talking of his achievements, which he knew in their minutest details, as well as in their general effect, and, in thanking me for the justice I had done him in my work on Waterloo, he testified a strong desire to re-read it with me, and enjoined me to visit him often during his sojourn at Gratz, where he had some days still to remain. I very gratefully accepted this favor, and took care not to break my promise. From that time I have taken a very exact note in my journal of all the circumstances that struck me during my habits of intimacy with this young prince.”

The epoch of the revolution of July may be supposed to have

produced a startling effect on the mind of a young prince, so deeply interested in the fortunes of his father, and so devoured himself with military ambition. All that we are told on this subject, and, perhaps, all that he expressed, is of a description that comes upon us, at least, with some surprise. "I wish that the Emperor would permit me to march with his troops to the succour of Charles X." Poor Boy! he seems to have proved an apt pupil of the political pope, — Metternich. Nevertheless, one who knew him well, the author of the "*Lettre sur le Duc de Reichstadt*" (who is said to be M. Prokesch himself), tells us that his hope and aim was the throne of France, on which he expected to be placed, not by a party in France, but by the general demand of the country, backed by the consent of the monarchs of Europe. To this secret idea, working in the recesses of his heart, must be attributed his restless labors, his continued studies, his fatiguing exercises, his rage for riding, and his passion for military information. He dreaded to be taken unprepared: he as it were slept in his arms. He read all the journals and the pamphlets attentively, watched the play of parties, and shrewdly predicted their duration. We are not told how much he was indebted to M. de Metternich for lights on these intricate subjects. It was about this time that he was agitated by an attempt on the part of the Countess Camerata, a daughter of Eliza Baccicchi, and consequently his cousin, married to a wealthy Italian noble, to involve him in a correspondence. A letter of hers is given, written in a style of considerable exaltation, with the view of exciting his ambition, and probably urging him to some movement respecting France. The letter was laid on his table by some secret agency. One evening, in disguise, she laid wait for him on entering the Imperial Palace, seized his hand, and kissed it with an expression of the utmost tenderness. Obenaus, the Duke's tutor, who was alone with him, and had been struck with surprise as well as the Duke, stepped forward and asked her what she meant. "Who," cried she, in a tone of enthusiasm, "will refuse me the boon of kissing the hand of the son of my sovereign?" At the time, the Duke was ignorant who it was that had tendered him this sort of equivocal homage, but her subsequent letters enlightened him on the subject. Napoleone Camerata is a lady whose personal and mental traits are said more nearly to resemble those of Napoleon than any other member of her family. She is remarkable for her resolution, her energy, and, say the reports, the incredible activity of her imagination: her tastes for horsemanship and the use of arms are points that might be more useful to her, had nature kindly bestowed on her the sex, as well as the character, of her uncle.

The French revolution, and the prospect of war which it opened upon the different armies of Europe, added fresh excitement to the Duke's military studies. He took M. Prokesch for his fellow student and friendly instructor. "We read, at this epoch, with much application, Vaudoncourt, Ségur, Norvins, the aphorisms of Montécuculli, the memoirs of Prince Eugene of Savoy, and the voluminous works of Jomini: all these works were in succession compared, discussed: they are covered with the prince's marks and marginal notes." About this time, also, he put into M. Prokesch's hands a manuscript of singular interest.

"It was a course of conduct traced by himself, in which he laid down the line prescribed to him by his duty. In this composition, interspersed with shrewd general views, he considered his position in relation to France and Austria, he pointed out the rocks which surrounded him, the means of avoiding these dangers, the influences to which his mind was subject, and by which it could be regulated, how his defects might be supplied, his ambition moderated, its movements governed, and in what way useful results might be extracted from tendencies which, if left to themselves, might be mischievous, — to, in short, prepare for an honorable life, such as accorded with the rank in which he had been placed by Providence. Particular circumstances, which gave to this memoir a remarkable character, induced the Prince to destroy it a few days after he had shown it to me. I now deeply regret it; it would have been a document of lasting interest. He had formed a judgment of himself of extreme sagacity: it was a portrait of an exact moral likeness, in which he had forgot neither his faults nor his good qualities." — *Montbel*, p. 256.

This intense self-occupation is not healthy: it is, however, frequently the morbidness of genius. The young Napoleon was, however, in a false position: there was no natural vent by which such diseased action might be carried off. This was the moral poison which made his countenance

“ ——— éclatant de paleur :
On dirait que la vie à la mort s'y mélange.”

The first appearance of the young man in society was on the 25th of January, 1831, at a grand party at the house of the British Ambassador, Lord Cowley. He was exceedingly struck with the strange mixture of remarkable persons, the representatives of the various changes that have lately taken place in Europe.

"How painful and wearisome," he said to a friend the next morning, "are parties of this sort to me. What striking contrasts were assembled in the same apartment! I saw about me (himself by the way a monument of political change) two princes of the

House of Bourbon, Baron de Kentzinger, the representative of Charles X., Maréchal Maison, the ambassador of Louis Philip, the Prince Gustavus Vasa, the natural heir of the throne of Sweden, and Count Lowenheilm, minister of Charles John. For the first time, I spoke with Maréchal Marmont: my father quoted him as a man of talent, and I found his conversation correspond with this character. I am to receive him to-day. I am glad to find myself in communication with Frenchmen. I do not wish to remain absolutely unknown in France, or that so many erroneous ideas respecting my situation should continue to be entertained there."

This interview with Marmont, the only survivor of his father's early aide-de-camps, had for some time been passionately desired by him. Metternich's permission was obtained: the Marshal and his ancient master's son were mutually pleased. The young Napoleon had a thousand questions to ask, a thousand points to clear up. Marmont is a man of education, agreeable conversation, and quite capable of giving all the advantage of language and expression to his experience. It ended in Marmont being engaged to give the Duke a whole course of military lectures; the text being Napoleon's campaigns. They were continued until the subject was exhausted, or until, as it is not improbable, their frequency had begun to give umbrage. Marmont retired, promising, at least, to see his pupil every fortnight.

The 15th of June, 1831, the prince was named lieutenant-colonel, and took the command of a battalion of Hungarian infantry, then in garrison at Vienna. His exertions in the discharge of his new duties, in addition to his previous occupations, appear to have made the progress of his malady, which had till now proceeded secretly, visible both in his appearance and in his inability to bear fatigue. His voice became hoarse, he was subject to coughs and attacks of fever; he had shot up to a prodigious height, and his appearance bore many marks of the germs of the terrible phthisis, now breaking out into activity.

"Frequently," says his physician, Dr. Malfatti, "I have surprised him in the barracks in a state of dreadful lassitude. One day, amongst others, I found him stretched on a sofa, exhausted, powerless, and almost fainting. Not being able to conceal the wretched state in which I found him, he said, 'I abominate this wretched body that sinks under my will in this manner.' 'It is indeed provoking,' I answered, 'that your Highness cannot change your person, as you do your horses when they are tired; but permit me, Monseigneur, I conjure you, to remember, that you have set a will of iron in a body of glass, and that the indulgence of your will cannot prove otherwise than fatal.'

"His life was, in fact, at that time undergoing a process of combustion; he slept scarcely four hours, though, by nature, he re-

quired a great quantity of sleep ; he scarcely ate at all. His soul was entirely concentrated in the routine of the manège and the different kinds of military exercises ; he was, in fact, never at rest : he continued to increase in height, grew wretchedly thin, and his complexion gradually became thoroughly livid. To all my questions he answered, ' I am perfectly well.' "

Malfatti at length considered it necessary to present a representation to the Emperor on the state of the Duke's health. Both the patient and the physician were summoned to the imperial presence. Malfatti repeated his statement. The Emperor then turned to the young prince, and said, " You have heard Dr. Malfatti ; you will repair immediately to Schönbrunn." The Duke bowed respectfully, and, as he was raising his head, he gave Malfatti a glance of excessive indignation. " It is you, then, that have put me under arrest," he said to him in an angry tone, and hurried away. He was placable, however, and soon forgave his amiable physician. The air and quiet of Schönbrunn were extremely beneficial ; he began again to sleep and to eat ; the first return of vigor was the signal for exertion. He commenced hunting, as the next best thing to war, in all weathers, and with a recklessness that, joined to similar exposure in visiting neighbouring military stations, soon reëstablished the malady. Phthisis assumed all its horrible power ; he gradually sank, and, after dreadful suffering, and all the rallying and resistance which a strong will can sometimes effect against disease, he fell a victim to it on the 22d of July, 1832, at Schönbrunn, on the same bed, in the same apartment, that his father had occupied as the conqueror of Vienna.

His mother was present during his latter days, and seems to have suffered all a mother's pains. The Emperor, whom all agree in describing as an excellent and amiable old man, was greatly affected ; a very strong affection subsisted between them ; and, on the part of the Duke, it was evident, that the honest, straightforward character of the Emperor, joined with his paternal kindness and evidently honest intentions, had made a profound impression on the mind and heart of his grandson. On the opening of the body, the opinions of the Duke's physicians were fully confirmed ; one lobe of the lungs was nearly gone ; and, while the sternum was that of a mere child, the intestines presented all the appearance of decrepid age.

As he lay on his bier, his resemblance to his father, that resemblance so striking in the cradle, became once more remarkable. It might have been detected in life, but the flowing *blond* hair of his Austrian mother, and his tall form, would naturally mask the resemblance. His manner was graceful and elegant, —

the expression of his countenance somewhat sad ; he was reserved till he fancied he had found a friend, when he became confidential, communicative, and even enthusiastic. He appears to have been universally beloved ; no one can recollect an offence, — much less an injury ; he was full of kindness and consideration for every one about him. But one passion appears to have been developed, — that of military ambition. The present with him was but a preparation ; in fact, he lived in a future, which for him was never to arrive.

Looking at the interests of Europe, it is impossible to regret his death ; looking at himself, it is impossible not to feel a great interest in his life ; had, in truth, his various qualities and dispositions been more generally known during his youth, it is very probable, that the popular feeling of France would have more deeply sympathized in his fate. He never was regarded otherwise than as *LE FILS DE L'HOMME*, and as such let him rest, — a last victim to the turbulent ambition of his own father.

[From "Tait's Edinburgh Magazine, No. 14."]

[Among the names distinguished in the lighter department of modern French literature, there is none more noted than that of Béranger. It is worth while to know something of his character, style, and genius. But his immorality and licentiousness are such, that the knowledge would be dearly purchased by familiarity with his works. Some of his least exceptionable songs, which show his manner and spirit, are very well translated in the following article. We have omitted a part of the prose criticism, but enough is left to show the estimate which the writer has formed of his author. In assigning to him the rank which he does, he seems to us to have mistaken a very happy knack at versification, and power of ridicule and sarcasm, for poetical genius. Some other translations, apparently by the same hand, may be found in "Blackwood's Magazine, No. 293." We have inserted one of these, a translation of "*Le Petit Homme Gris*," (The Little Grey Man,) one of the most popular of Béranger's songs. EDD.]

ART. III. — *Songs of Pierre Jean de Béranger.*

LITTLE of biographical incident belongs to our author's life. "*Mes chansons, c'est moi*," [My songs are the whole of me,] was his own faithful expression ; — in these the chief interest of his career must be sought. He was born of obscure parents in Paris in 1782 ; and having, it would seem, early lost his father, passed his childhood * under the care of an old tailor, his maternal grand-

*One circumstance befell in his childhood which Latin superstition would have deemed a presage, if not the cause of his subsequent eminence. He was struck by lightning.

father. To these humble circumstances, in after life, he took an ingenuous pride in alluding. His first occupation is said to have been that of "garçon d'auberge" [a waiter in a tavern]; from whence, at eight years of age, he was sent to learn the trade of a printer, to a M. Laisney, at Peronne. This was a good, and, in some degree, a literary man; and the talent of the young apprentice did not pass unnoticed. According to Béranger's own account, his master, having failed in the attempt to teach him to spell correctly, awakened in him a taste for poetry, — (we should say, fostered a taste, of which he had already detected the germ,) — gave him lessons in the art of versification, and corrected his first efforts. With this indulgent master-printer he remained for some time, during which, it may be supposed, he made some progress in repairing the deficiencies of his early education. In the year 1796, he returned to Paris. Amidst the turbulent and shifting scenes of which that capital was now the theatre, he appears to have passed some years in a desultory and aimless manner; but the activity of his mind forbids us to suppose that either his industry or his observation was dormant the while. He appears to have early resolved to embrace the profession of an author; and the years which were passed in uncertain and abortive attempts in various kinds of composition, were not, therefore, wholly unprofitable. To his early struggles with adversity, he was, no doubt, indebted for much of that sympathy with the feelings, and insight into the character, of the lower ranks of society, which he was one day to turn into a talisman of power. The early necessity of self-aid would encourage the bold independence of his character, and an acquaintance with hardship, and with those rigid outlines of the anatomy of passion and temperament which polished society conceals, were doubtless of use in giving determination and firmness to his poetical vision. After wearing on, in poverty and disappointment, until 1803, he at length, as a last expedient, enclosed some of his poems to Lucien Bonaparte, — little hoping, according to his own account, to obtain a reply. But this amiable man, himself a lover of poetry, held out the hand of kindness to the young author, administered to his immediate wants, and ultimately, we believe, was the means of procuring him the small appointment in the "Bureau d'Instruction Publique," which he retained until the restoration. Relieved from the pressure of want, he now began to study with some definite aim; and having chosen song as the province of his ambition, he devoted himself, with what success remains to be told, to the assiduous cultivation of that style of writing. We say assiduous; for, from his earliest appearance as a poet, his productions are characterized by that exquisite completeness and

finish which, although producing the effect of fluency and ease, evince to all but the most superficial examination, the consummate address, care, and proportion, with which they are composed. We may here take occasion to remark, that at no period of his career has Béranger been what is called a *ready* writer; many of his favorite songs have been the result of weeks of labor; and the mastery he has won over the resources of his language, the inimitable harmony of his versification, the almost startling happinesses of expression, and a seeming hardihood of simplicity which distinguish his productions, have been the fruit of unremitting diligence. Upon this, some of our readers may be tempted to exclaim with Marcelle in the comedy, “*Que de choses dans un menuet!*” * Let such attempt the translation of one of these simple-seeming lays, and they will discover whether we have spoken sooth, or no.

Béranger's first publications were little more than happy specimens of the common style of French song; but the individual tincture of his mind, as he proceeded, soon began to color his productions. He had already conceived the ambition of lending wider wings to song; and the fine vein of pensiveness which was a constituent part of his being, stole through the brightest current of his gayety. The pen which was afterwards to describe indelible lines of sarcasm, preluded lightly with the “*Roi d'Yvetot*,” (in which the ambition of Napoleon is pleasantly touched,) or with “*Le Sénateur*,” (a burlesque said to have relaxed the brow of the stern Emperor himself.) He was but playing with the foil, until his hand should become familiar with a brighter weapon.

His first essays, the while, were timid and unpretending. To achieve all he had dared to conceive, required a matured skill, and the vigor of more than youth. For one of his frank, joyous, and tender disposition, social and amatory themes could not fail to possess an irresistible attraction; and to such are most of his early songs dedicated. Of these, we select the graceful little *bijou*, entitled “*Roger Bontemps*,” the first of a class of compositions (which may be called his cabinet-sketches) in which our author eminently excels. So varied, so bright and picturesque, are these imaginary characters, struck out by a few happy touches, yet quick with the spirit of truth and vitality, that, once presented, they become part of our recollections, as known originals, and not as the mere creations of a poet's will. We had thought, in self-defence, to say something of the difficulties which the English translator of Béranger has to encounter, and of the reasons which

* How much there is in a minuet.

induced us, after some reflection, to attempt a task, in which little success could attend labors far better directed than ours. Our explanation would, however, interfere with the prescribed economy of space to which it is necessary to conform; and we must be content to abandon our versions to the mercy of the reader, confident that our least severe critics will be those whom a knowledge of the inimitable originals will enable to appreciate all the stubbornness of such an essay.

“To shame the fretfulness
That sullen fools betray,
Amidst a land's distress,
Was born one Robin May.
All snarlers to despise, —
Live free, — and shun display, —
Ah, gay! was the device
Of comely Robin May.

“The hat his father owned
On holidays to wear,
With rose and ivy bound,
To give a buxom air;
Coarse jerkin, patched and torn,
With years of service grey, —
Gay! was the costume worn
By comely Robin May.

“A pallet in his hut,
A table at its side,
A pack of cards, a flute,
A flask, by chance supplied; —
A sketch of Rose, — a chest,
But nought within to lay, —
Gay! was the wealth possessed
By comely Robin May.

“With urchins far and near,
Their childish games to ply, —
A ready part to bear
In stories quaint and sly; —
To con his song-book o'er,
And judge of dance or play; —
Ah, gay! was all the lore
Of comely Robin May.

“In lack of vintage rare,
To quaff his home-pressed wine:
To think his Rose more fair
Than dames precise and fine; —

With glad and loving look
 To meet the coming day ; —
 Ah, gay ! was Wisdom's book
 To comely Robin May.

“ To say, ‘ I trust, in need,
 Thy goodness, bounteous Heaven !
 And be the cheerful creed
 That guides my acts forgiven !
 And let my Winter pair
 With Spring, till life decay : ’ —
 Ah, gay ! was still the prayer
 Of comely Robin May.

“ Ye rich, who yearn and fret,
 Ye poor, who pine and fear,
 And you, whose wheels forget
 Their former bright career ; —
 And you, who soon may lose
 The titles ye display,
 Ah, gay ! for pattern choose
 The comely Robin May ! ”

THE LITTLE BROWN MAN.

“ A little man we 've here,
 All in a suit of brown,
 Upon town :
 He 's as brisk as bottled beer,
 And, without a shilling rent,
 Lives content ;
 For d' ye see, says he, my plan, —
 D' ye see, says he, my plan, —
 My plan, d' ye see, 's to — laugh at that !
 Sing merrily, sing merrily, the little brown man !

“ When every mad grisette
 He has toasted, till his score
 Holds no more ;
 Then, head and ears in debt
 When the duns and bums abound
 All around,
 D' ye see, says he, my plan, —
 D' ye see, says he, my plan, —
 My plan, d' ye see, 's to — laugh at that !
 Sing merrily, sing merrily, the little brown man !

“ When the rain comes through his attic,
 And he lies all day a-bed

Without bread ;
 When the winter winds rheumatic
 Make him blow his nails for dire
 Want of fire,
 D' ye see, says he, my plan, —
 D' ye see, says he, my plan, —
 My plan, d' ye see, 's to — laugh at that !
 Sing merrily, sing merrily, the little brown man !

“ His wife, a dashing figure,
 Makes shift to pay her clothes
 By her beaux :
 The gallanter they rig her,
 The more the people sneer
 At her dear ;
 Then d' ye see, says he, my plan, —
 D' ye see, says he, my plan, —
 My plan, d' ye see, 's to — laugh at that !
 Sing merrily, sing merrily, the little brown man !

“ When at last laid fairly level,
 And the priest (he getting worse)
 'Gan discourse
 Of death and of the devil ;
 Our little sinner sighed,
 And replied,
 Please your reverence, my plan, —
 Please your reverence, my plan, —
 My plan, d' ye see, 's to — laugh at that !
 Sing merrily, sing merrily, the little brown man ! ”

It is with regret that we allude to the tone of more than poetical license which disfigures many of the songs composed by Béranger during this period, and which renders the greater part of his portraits unsuitable for exhibition to general readers. This strong ground of objection is the more to be lamented, as it compels us to pass over some of the most lively and characteristic of his productions. Upon this head of accusation we shall not presume to apologize for the offences against propriety with which Béranger has not unjustly been charged ; some alleviation of the censure might, however, be found in a glance at the moral laxity which has ever prevailed in France on these subjects, and which the disorders subsequent to the Revolution had pushed to an extreme latitude, at the period when Béranger began to write. It is but fair to state his own apology for the levity with which, throughout his entire career, his productions are continually disfigured : — that it obtained for his more earnest accents, amongst all classes, an attention which, otherwise, they would not have

received. Of the extent to which this excuse is valid, we cannot pretend to judge ; in any case, it reflects little credit either on the poet or the public. In order to spare ourselves a recurrence to such unwelcome observations, we may here dispose of the other serious charge of impiety, which has been urged against his attacks on priestcraft and intolerance. We do not think him equally guilty upon this count. Many of his satires, indeed, employ a freedom of language which would offend English ears : yet, allowance must, in fairness, be made for national habit ; and it would be unjust to accuse an individual for the use of a liberty which the custom of his age has in some degree sanctioned. It was Béranger's misfortune to be born at a time when religion seemed to be utterly annihilated in France, and to live to see her name prostituted to the basest cravings of a wicked despotism. His own remark upon this accusation deserves to be heard. "When religion," he says, "becomes a political instrument, her sacred character is sure to be disallowed : the most charitable regard her with intolerance ; and believers, whose faith is not what they see her teach, will, at times, in self-defence, attack her in the sanctuary itself. I, who am one of these believers, have never proceeded to such lengths, but have contented myself with ridiculing the trappings of Catholicism. Is this impiety ?"

For some years Béranger pursued his sportive career ; but the time approached, which was to teach his muse a graver and a sadder tone. The disasters which darkened the close of Napoleon's reign ; the fall of that mighty being, whom, with all his love for freedom, the poet never ceased to idolize personally ; the veiling of France's military glory, to which his inmost soul had thrilled ; and, above all, the insulting presence of foreign conquerors in her mourning capital : — these terrible events, occurring in rapid succession, changed into bitterness and lamentation the gay indifference of his song. From this time forth, a strain of deep and indignant sorrow pervades his compositions ; many of which denounce the invaders of his country, or recall, with fond regret, the period of her departed glories. To such emotions the beautiful song, "Plus de Politique."* composed in the summer of 1815, gives utterance. Its mournful playfulness enhances, with exquisite effect, the suppressed grief which it appears to conceal. It is addressed, as are most of his songs of a similar character, to his mistress.

"My girl, my joy in woe and weal,
 Though worshipped still, you oft complain
 That musings on my country steal
 My thoughts from love's delicious reign :

* No more Politics.

If politics offend your ear,
 Though state abuses urge me sore,
 Compose your clouded brow, my dear,
 I 'll mention them no more !

" I mind it well, — for you were by, —
 While rivals sought your ear, perchance,
 I traced the splendid pageantry
 Of arts, whose triumph brightened France ;
 When, suppliant to her proud career,
 Surrounding lands their tribute bore, —
 Compose your clouded brow, my dear,
 I 'll speak of these no more !

" And I, whose tremors all deride,
 Presumed, amidst our amorous plays,
 To tell you, love, of wars ; and tried
 To sing our haughty soldiers' praise.
 Earth, bowed beneath the conqueror's spear,
 Beheld her kings their might adore, —
 Compose your clouded brow, my dear,
 I 'll sing of them no more !

" Though all unwearied of your chain,
 I prayed that France were freedom's home,
 And scared light fancies from your brain,
 By tales of Athens and of Rome.
 But though with deep distrust I hear
 The oaths a modern Titus * swore, —
 Compose your clouded brow, my dear,
 I 'll speak of such no more !

" Our France, that queen without a peer,
 Enthroned an envious world above,
 Was all your jealous eye could fear
 To find your rival in my love :
 Alas ! for her, how many a tear,
 What fond and fruitless vows I pour !
 Compose your clouded brow, my dear,
 I 'll mention her no more !

" Yes, my sweet friend ! you counsel well ;
 'T were best, forgetting glorious themes,
 In noiseless calm, obscure to dwell,
 And slumber, lapped in Pleasure's dreams.
 The banded foemen triumph here, —
 Our brave are quelled, — our pride is o'er ! —

* The poet alludes to the declarations of Louis XVIII. on his restoration.

Nay ! smooth your troubled brow, my dear,
I'll speak of them no more ! ”

With the restoration of the Bourbons began our author's decided appearance as a satirist. The exchange of the splendors of the empire for a revival of the feeble pretensions of the old *régime* ; the absurd insolence of the restored emigrants ; the servile facility with which the creatures of Napoleon adopted the livery of royalism ; and, above all, the ill-disguised attempts to force the yoke of a bigoted hierarchy upon the necks of the French people, afforded pregnant matter for the exercise of his invective. Upon these he poured, in rapid succession, his bright and pungent sarcasms ; which were at once caught up and repeated on all hands. He was now fully conscious of his powers and confident in his vocation. He saw that the Bourbons were irreclaimably hostile to the welfare of France, and that the warfare with monarchy (in their sense of the term), and with religion (as they abusively styled the introduction of the old tyranny of a priesthood), was not to rest until one party or the other should conquer. He threw his muse into the arms of the people ; his songs were composed for the commonest street airs ; his language, without losing its grace or propriety, became more pointed, terse, and vernacular ; his aim was now to give his countrymen a music which should rally them around the banners of the cause for which they were to fight. Various and spirit-stirring were its accents : now quick in sarcasm, now indignant in denunciation ; at times softened by allusions to former days, and arousing, with thrilling pathos, memories which were dear to the hearts of the people. No wonder that the Bourbons regarded this formidable adversary with dismay : but while his songs were chiefly circulated in manuscript, they were unable to fall upon their anonymous antagonist. We have already mentioned the reasons which will prevent us from exhibiting any of his satires against the *monkery* of the day, — which are by far the most powerful and witty of his attacks ; — the specimen which we subjoin, is directed against a class, of which, to the disgrace of Frenchmen, the Restoration displayed numerous and hateful instances.

“ Sir Judas is a pleasant rogue ;
And you will hear him roundly swear,
He changed not sides to suit the vogue, —
One color was *his* constant wear : —
We, who hate all knaves that borrow, —
White to-day, and black to-morrow, —
Let's speak low,
Let's speak low,
Judas passed me here just now.

" Curious, — fond the news to guess,
 Mark him, censor, free from guile,
 Writing for the public press,
 Mouthing bold, in liberal style ; —
 Yet if *we* but dream of hinting
 At the open right of printing ; —
 Let 's speak low, (*bis.*)
 Judas passed me here just now.

" Careless who may point or mock,
 Coward with unblushing face,
 See him mount a soldier's frock,
 With a cross * his breast to grace : —
We, who love to tell the story
 Of our warriors' deeds of glory, —
 Let 's speak low, (*bis.*)
 Judas passed me here just now.

" Last and worst, his sullied tongue
 Dares to ape the patriot's tone,
 And of France's grief and wrong
 Never speaks without a groan ; —
We, whose bitter curses fall
 On every traitorous son of Gaul, —
 Let 's speak low, (*bis.*)
 Judas passed me here just now.

" With a meek and honest air,
 Master Judas loudly cries,
 ' Here, alas ! my friends, beware
 Of the vile police's spies ! '
We, who chase with scorn and gibe
 Every scoundrel of the tribe, —
 Let 's speak low, (*bis.*)
 Judas passed me here just now ! "

We will now return to our author's picture gallery for something of a gentler character. Here is a rare and pleasant companion, — the "Aveugle de Bagnolet," sketched in the brightest colors, and absolutely smiling from the canvass. Yet there is a trace here and there, as though the artist (it is his wont) had brushed away a tear or two as he finished the picture.

" Of late I met, at Bagnolet,
 A grey-beard with a constant smile ;
 Blind, from the wars he came away,
 And poor, he begs and sings the while ;

* The cross of the Legion of Honor.

He tunes his viol, * to repeat,
 'T is pleasure's children I entreat,
 Ah! give a trifle, give, I pray, —
 And all are prompt to give and greet, —
 Ah! give a trifle, give I pray,
 To the blind man of Bagnolet !'

" A little damsel guides his way,
 And when a joyous crowd he nears,
 At revel on the green, he'll say,
 ' Like you I danced in former years !
 Young men, who press, with rapturous air,
 The yielded hand of many a fair,
 Ah! give a trifle, give, I pray ;
 In youth, I did not oft despair,
 Ah! give a trifle, give, I pray,
 To the blind man of Bagnolet !'

" He says, whene'er a city dame
 He meets in haunts of gay resort, —
 ' How often here, when Fanny came,
 We made her crabbed spouse our sport !
 Fond dames, who love the dim retreat
 Where snares are laid for Hymen's feet,
 Ah! give a trifle, give, I pray,
 I love to laugh at husbands yet ;
 Ah! give a trifle, give, I pray,
 To the blind man of Bagnolet !'

" To certain girls, a lightsome crew,
 Whose beauties long engaged his care,
 ' Ah! charming still,' he says, ' pursue
 Your life of love, be glad and fair !
 Too oft my prayers attempt, in vain,
 From heartless prudes an alms to gain, —
 Ah! give a trifle, give, I pray,
 To *you* refusal costs such pain !
 Ah! give a trifle, give, I pray,
 To the blind man of Bagnolet !'

" Where revellers in the bower carouse,
 He says, ' Remember, as ye pour,
 That here the sunniest year allows
 No vintage-gleanings to the poor !

* This simple instrument, properly called the *vielle*, is a kind of " property " of the French mendicants. It has of late often been seen in the south of England in the hands of little French beggars.

Glad souls, whose merry faces shine
 O'er beakers filled with aged wine, —
 Ah ! give a trifle, give I pray,
 The sourest draught 's a treat in mine.
 Ah ! give a trifle, give I pray,
 To the blind man of Bagnolet ! ' "

" Where, drinking deep, a soldier-band,
 In chorus shout their amorous lays,
 And ring the glass from hand to hand,
 To pledge the feasts of other days, —
 He says, by memory stirred to tears,
 ' Enjoy what Friendship's charm endears, —
 Ah ! give a trifle, give, I pray,
 Like you, I carried arms for years !
 Ah ! give a trifle, give, I pray,
 To the blind man of Bagnolet ! ' "

" In fine, we 're bound in truth to state,
 In quest of alms, 't is said, he 's seen
 More rarely at the church's gate,
 Than near the tavern on the green :
 With all whom Pleasure's garlands bind
 The beggar and his rote I find, —
 ' Ah ! give a trifle, give, I pray,
 Enjoyment makes the heart so kind !
 Ah ! give a trifle, give, I pray,
 To the blind man of Bagnolet ! ' "

We cannot say much for the morals of this dear old mendicant ; of his cheerfulness and pleasantry there can be but one opinion. It is interesting to compare this happy creation with our own Edie Ochiltree, and to trace the distinctions of national character, as respectively displayed and colored by the minds that give birth to these kindred creations.

But this, however exquisite, is not Béranger's highest tone of portraiture. We will follow him to the contemplation of a more remote and sombre object ; the representation of which, but for his impressive success, might well have been deemed beyond the capacity of a song. It is the gloomy and terrible Louis XI. ; and with what thorough mastery does he not depict the moral of his tale, in a few short stanzas ! For dramatic and poetical merit, we would place this composition by the side of any thing of the kind that has ever been produced. The scene is a village green in the neighbourhood of Plessis-les-Tours ; it opens amidst the mirth of a peasant's holiday : —

" Welcome ! sport that sweetens labor !
 Village maidens, village boys,

Neighbour hand in hand with neighbour,
Dance we, singing to the tabor,
And the sackbut's merry noise !

" Our aged king, whose name we breathe in dread,
Louis, the tenant of yon dreary pile,
Designs, in this fair prime of flowers, 't is said,
To view our sports, and try if he can smile.
Welcome ! sport, &c.

" While laughter, love, and song are here abroad,
His jealous fears imprison Louis there ;
He dreads his peers, his people, — ay, his God ;
But, more than all, the mention of his heir.
Welcome ! sport, &c.

" Look there ! a thousand lances gleam afar,
In the warm sunlight of this gentle spring ! —
And, 'midst the clang of bolts, that grate and jar,
Heard ye the warder's challenge sharply ring ?
Welcome ! sport, &c.

" He comes ! He comes ! Alas ! this mighty king
With envy well the hovel's peace may view ;
See ! where he stands, a pale and spectral thing !
And glares askance the serried halberds through !
Welcome ! sport, &c.

" Beside our cottage hearths, how bright and grand
Were all our visions of a monarch's air !
What ! is his sceptre but that trembling hand ?
Is that his crown, — a forehead seamed by care ?
Welcome ! sport, &c.

" In vain we sing ; at yonder distant chime,
Shivering, he starts ! — 't was but the village bell !
But evermore the sound that notes the time
Strikes to his ear an omen of his knell !
Welcome ! sport, &c.

" Alas ! our joys some dark distrust inspire !
He flies, attended by his chosen slave : —
Beware his hate ; and say, ' Our gracious Sire
A loving smile to greet his children gave.'
Welcome ! sport, &c."

What are the details of Comines, or the "Cronique Scandaleuse," to the energy of this speaking picture ?

No writer, with whom we are acquainted, has surpassed, few

have equalled Béranger in the blending of gayety with pathetic sentiment. An exquisite pensiveness tempers his social mirth ; it adds an indescribable charm to his patriotic aspirations ; it beautifies, in an especial manner, the utterances of his love. With what a novel grace has it here invested an address to his young mistress ! The poet anticipates a time when he shall be no more, and she, the beautiful, the light-hearted, his gray-haired survivor, with whose imagined thoughts he composes his own *epicedium*. We have rarely met with a subject so difficult, or so finely handled. He converts "to favor and to prettiness" a prospect, the intrusion of which, in the moment of young passion, is naturally chilling and importunate ; and throws his funeral garland, like a spring offering at the feet of his beloved.

" Yes ! age will fade your cheek, my fair and bright !
 Old age will come, when I shall be no more ;
 Methinks that Time, impatient in his flight,
 Hath twice my vanished summers counted o'er.
 Survive me, love ! When age's pains betide,
 Recall the words I murmured at your feet ;
 And, cheerful matron, by your calm fireside,
 Your buried lover's favorite songs repeat !

" When curious eyes peruse your wrinkled cheek,
 To trace what beauties once inspired my song,
 The young, who love of tender themes to speak,
 Will ask ; ' And what was he you mourned so long ? '
 Then, if you can, describe my love, nor hide
 Its depth, its passion, even its jealous heat :
 And, cheerful matron, by your calm fireside,
 Your buried lover's favorite songs repeat !

" They 'll ask ; ' And knew this friend the skill to plead ? '
 You then may say, without a blush, ' I loved ! ' —
 ' Could baseness tempt him to unworthy deed ? '
 You 'll answer, ' No ! ' by proud emotions moved.
 Say, he was fond and gay, and loved to guide
 A sportive lyre, with accents sad and sweet :
 And, cheerful matron, by your calm fireside,
 Your buried lover's favorite songs repeat !

" You, whom I taught to weep for France's wrongs,
 Her modern champions' * progeny may tell,
 Their sire's renown, and Hope, inspired my songs,
 To sooth my sorrowing country, when she fell !

* Our poet was fond of comparing Napoleon and his military followers with Charlemagne and his Peers.

When in the dismal North the laurels died,
Of twenty summers, in its bitter sleet ; —
And, cheerful matron, by your calm fireside,
Your buried lover's favorite songs repeat !

“ Joy of my heart ! if e'er my slender fame
A pleasant thought to cheer your age should bring ; —
And when your weak hand decks my picture's frame,
With a few flowers, in each successive spring ; —
Think, in a world unseen, where tears are dried,
Again, to part no more, our souls shall meet, —
And, cheerful matron, by your calm fireside,
Your buried lover's favorite songs repeat ! ”

In 1821, at the request of his friends, who desired to afford the poet some beneficial testimony of their admiration, Béranger published, by subscription, a second collection of songs : — the first had appeared during the empire. The result was both flattering and advantageous ; ten thousand copies were subscribed for, and the impression was exhausted almost as soon as it saw the light. This was the occasion for which the government had long been waiting ; the author of their repeated mortifications had, by this step, placed himself within their reach. The first signal of their revenge was his dismissal from the *bureau* of public instruction ; this was immediately followed by a prosecution on the charges of blasphemy, immorality, sedition, &c. ; the pleas with which an unpopular administration ever seeks to color the persecution of its assailants. We have not space to say more of the trial, than that, in spite of the happy eloquence of Dupin, the *Procureur Général*, Marchangy, gained a verdict ; and the poet was sentenced to an imprisonment of three months, and a fine of three hundred francs. His songs were also ordered to be seized ; but they had all disappeared on the first day of publication. For the seeming lenity of the sentence, Béranger was indebted to the fears of the government, who found it expedient, in the then temper of the capital, to affect moderation. To him the punishment was a species of triumph, from the warm expressions of public feeling which it called forth on his behalf. It had, indeed, made his fortune ; he certainly lost his small independence, of some £40 *per annum* ; but from henceforth the entire French nation “ *se chargea de sa fortune*.” Visits from the distinguished men of all parties, the choicest presents, the utterance, in short, of every species of generous sympathy, lightened the period of his duration. Nor was his pen idle. Ere the ink of the sentence was well dry, the assailant was again on the alert, and, from the walls of his prison, retaliated upon his oppressors in a quick succession of

brilliant lampoons, which defied the vigilance of the censor, and passed from hand to hand throughout France. The following graceful satire, in which a double purpose is most happily served, was composed in reply to some friends who had sent him a present of some choice vintages, the produce of Chambertin and Romanée. He calls it "Ma Guérison." *

" Fill, that I may feel,
If wine have power to heal ; —
Yes ! even in prison, all goes right, —
The medicine has restored my sight !

" At the first cup of Romanée,
I felt the motion lull my sense,
And cursed my muse's stubborn way
Of mocking courtiers' insolence.
E'en yet a fresh relapse I feared, —
But, O ! that magic dose of wine !
To sell them praise I 'm now prepared,
After one cup of Chambertin.
Fill, &c.

" At the next cup of Romanée,
I blushed, with all my crimes confessed,
As round my cell, in close array,
I saw the myriads Power has blessed.
My judge's stern reproof, I vow,
Has touched me, graceless libertine, —
I even admire Marchangy now, —
At the next cup of Chambertin.
Fill, &c.

" At the third cup of Romanée,
The tyrant's hand I see no more, —
The press is free as light of day, —
The budget all but knaves adore : —
And Tolerance, in the public view,
Parades in deacon's surplice fine, —
I see the gospel *practised* too,
At the third cup of Chambertin.
Fill, &c.

" At the last cup of Romanée,
Mine eye, suffused with happy tears,
Looked up to Freedom, crowned and gay
With olive, rose, and wheaten ears.
Paternal mildness guides the laws ;
The future wears no doubtful sign,
The gates unclose, — the bolt undraws, —
At the last cup of Chambertin.
Fill, &c.

* My Cure.

"O Chambertin ! O Romanée !

With you, in one auspicious morn, —
The lover's spell, — Hope's guiding ray, —
Illusion, gentle sprite, was born.
To bless mankind, the bounteous fay,
Delighted, bears her wand divine, —
'T is now a stock of Romanée,
And now a shoot of Chambertin !
Fill, &c."

Exasperated, though not embittered, Béranger continued to redouble his attacks upon absolutism and priestcraft, cheered on by the sympathy and applause of his countrymen. His powers had now reached their full maturity ; and the compositions he produced between his first and second prosecution, (which latter occurred in 1829,) surpass whatever else he has written of graceful, vigorous, or pathetic. The sternness with which Charles X. attempted to efface the concessions of his feebler predecessor, and the undisguised countenance afforded by him to the Jesuit party, called for new efforts on the part of the people ; and their poet was not wanting at his post. The Government was absolutely stung into a prosecution by a series of songs, more happy and poignant in their ridicule, than any that Béranger had hitherto composed. The "Coronation of Charles the Simple ;" "Les infimement petits," the most pungent and felicitous, perhaps, of all his sarcastic efforts ; and another, entitled, "Les Souvenirs du Peuple," wherein the author, in a strain of quite untranslatable beauty, depicts the fond recollections of Napoleon, which the French were to treasure and transmit to their children ; — these were made the ostensible subjects of the second judicial censure, which, however, was, in fact, urged by the clamorous resentment of the "parti prêtre." We shall attempt a version, feeble indeed, compared with the original, of "Les infimement petits" * : —

"In magic lore my faith is great ;
But yesterday, a conjuror deep,
To see our country's future state,
In his charmed mirror let me peep.
What piteous scene is this I view ?
There Paris and her suburbs stand, —
The year is nineteen thirty-two,
And there the Bourbons still command !

"Are these our sons, — this pigmy race ?
By heavens ; our offspring are so small,
That hardly, through the powerful glass
I see them round their hovels crawl !

* Things infinitely small.

'T is but a shade of France's ghost,
 The France I knew a mighty land ;
 A little realm, — a tiny coast !
 What then ? The Bourbons still command !

" What swarms of little shrivelled things,
 Small, bilious Jesuits, — what a fry !
 What crowds of priestly minikins,
 Who bear their little saints on high !
 Blight follows where their *blessings* rest ;
 Old Pepin's court, beneath their hand
 Is grown a little Jesuit's nest ;
 What then ? The Bourbons still command !

" All 's dwarfish ; — palace, forge, and hearth,
 Toil, science, commerce, arts, and taste ; —
 And bitter little times of dearth
 The little ramparts yearly waste.
 While, to the roll of little drums,
 Along the frontier, weakly manned,
 A paltry little army comes, —
 What then ? The Bourbons still command !

" At length, athwart the wizard's glass,
 To end the doleful scene, arose
 A giant heretic, alas !
 Whom half a world could scarce enclose.
 He stoops, — the piteous pigmies fall, —
 In vain their little prayers withstand, —
 And pockets kingdom, king, and all ;
 What then ? The Bourbons still command !"

From the Ministers of Charles X., Béranger did not escape quite so easily as on a former occasion. His sentence was imprisonment for nine months in *La Force*, and a fine of 10,000 francs. The fine was, in part, raised by a general subscription, conducted by the political association, "*Aide-toi, le Ciel t'aidera*"; the deficit was supplied by the poet's generous friend, M. Bérard, treasurer to the subscription. The last collection of Béranger's songs contains those which he composed during and subsequent to his imprisonment in *La Force*; one of these, "*Les Dix Mille Francs*," we place here, no less for its merit, than on account of its allusions to the song translated above : —

" Ten thousand francs, — ten thousand ? what a fine !
 My nine months prison cost a fearful sum !
 And bread is dear, — hard times for all who dine
 As I must dine, *at home*, for months to come.

My dear Chief Justice, won't you bate a part?
 'No, not a sous! go fast, with all your breed!
 For libels on the race of Henri Quatre,
 In the King's name, ten thousand francs decreed.'

"So! pay I must: but say, to what design
 Belongs the gold that I so well could spend?
 To raise you substitutes to man the line? —
 To pay some honest judge, — the people's friend?
 At once appears a hand both foul and long,
 — Ha! the police a pack of bills unties!
 While outraged morals damn my peccant song,
 Set down: 'Two thousand francs disbursed for spies!'

"And next, dividing thus a monarch's theft,
 A hungry tribe my budget storm per force, —
 Beneath the throne their harps to rest are left, —
 What, coronation * Bards! so soon grown hoarse?
 Sing, tuneful Sirs, — the golden eggs extract;
 Wealth, titles, orders, rank, alike invade,
 Ay, were the blessed † phial three times cracked,
 Set down: 'Two thousand francs to flatterers paid!'

"What troops of ‡ giants yonder take their stand!
 All, old and new, be-ribboned like a show,
 Proud to be slaves, and ready, at command,
 To sign the cross, salute, or point the toe.
 Of every cake three quarters are their prize,
 For they are great, — ay, *infinitely great*, ‡
 They'll make a France proportioned to their size!
 — 'Three thousand pounds for lacqueys of the state.'

"What mitres, crosses, copes, and silken vests,
 And purple hats, and costly plate, I see, —
 Town mansions, convents, servants, coaches, crests, —
 Ha! St. Ignatius sacks the treasury!
 To scourge my light assault, his champion there
 Decrees my soul to everlasting fires. §
 E'en now they've plucked my guardian angel || bare;
 Set down: 'Three thousand for the saintly sires!'

* The author here alludes to a sarcasm against the royalist poets, in his song, "Le sacre de Charles le Simple."

† The *Sainte Ampule*, which, in 1793, was broken in the public square at Rheims, was miraculously replaced, entire, for the coronation of Charles X.

‡ See the preceding song, in explanation of these allusions.

§ A preacher, after Béranger's condemnation, said in the pulpit that the judicial punishment was nothing to that which awaited the poet in hell!

|| The "Ange Gardien" was one of the songs, on which the pretext of the accusation rested. The charge was a pretended offence against public morals, the real offence was the ridicule of the Jesuits.

“ Let ’s count, — so large a sum deserves the pain, —
 Twice two, and three, are seven, — and three makes ten : —
 ’T is just the sum ! alas ; though La Fontaine
 Was exiled, too, — at least they *fined not*, then !
 Proud Louis would have made the sentence null
 That beggars *me* for one unmeasured song : —
 Here, Monsieur Loyal,* sign : ‘ Received in full
 Ten thousand francs : ’ — May gracious Charles live long ! ”

These later songs of Béranger are, in general, of a graver character than the others we have noticed : — they are more deeply tinged with earnest or pathetic reflection, dwell with severer eye upon political subjects, and evince a more profound sympathy with the sufferings and accidents of social and humble life. The two following songs are each characteristic of this riper manner, — the grave satire of the former is absolutely irresistible. We are compelled to adopt the French style, in naming the exile of Syracuse, — the English form, Dionysius, being utterly intractable in this measure : —

DENYS, THE SCHOOLMASTER.

“ King Denys, driven to abdicate,
 At Corinth mounts the pedant’s chair ;
 And followed by a nation’s hate,
 With fretful murmurs cheers his beggared fare.
 He’s absolute, — at least in school, —
 Still, at his pleasure laws expire and spring, —
 To tyrannize is still to rule ; —
 The longest exile never cured a King.

“ This scourge, whilome, of Syracuse,
 From every pupil’s wallet takes
 A levy, for his daily use ; —
 Three-fourths of all their honey, nuts, and cakes.
 ‘ Observe,’ quoth he, ‘ by right divine,
 My claims extend o’er all and every thing, —
 I’ve left you part, — give thanks, and dine ! ’
 — The longest exile never cured a King.

“ A dunce, of all his form the worst,
 Beneath his clumsy theme wrote down :
 ‘ Great King, by all the gods be cursed
 The knaves that robbed your Highness of his crown ! ’
 Ha ! quick, reward the flattering fool, —
 ‘ My son,’ he whines, ‘ great cares to sceptres cling, —
 Be usher, — wield my cane in school ! ’
 — The longest exile never cured a King.

* The reader will remember M. Loyal, the officer in Moliere’s *Tartuffe*.

" A miscreant whispers in his ear,
 ' The boy, Sir, scribbling there, methinks
 Is turning some lampoon : I fear
 That you 're the butt ; for look, Sir, how he chinks ! '
 And straight, with censor's mood austere,
 The master speeds the culprit's thumbs to wring,
 And growls : ' I'll have no writing here ! '
 — The longest exile never cured a King.

" One day, revolving dreams of fear,
 Death, perils, treasons 'gainst his state,
 The madman sees his urchins jeer
 A brace of strangers passing by the gate :
 ' Come in, dear strangers, — help ! ' he cries,
 ' To urge my threatened rights your succour bring ;
 ' Strike ! 't is my children ye chastise ! '
 — The longest exile never cured a King.

" At length, each grandam, mother, sire,
 Of the poor babes thus rudely shent,
 Incens'd, with loud complaints and ire,
 From Corinth's walls the veteran tyrant sent.
 But still, with lust of rule increased,
 His country and her laws secure to string,
 From pedant Denys turns to priest :
 — The longest exile never cured a King."

The following sketch has a gloomy truth, which reminds us of
 the more elaborate pictures of that great chronicler of humble
 life, — our own excellent Crabbe.

LE VIEUX VAGABOND.

" Here in the ditch my bones I 'll lay ;
 Weak, wearied, old, the world I leave.
 ' He 's drunk,' the passing crowd will say :
 'T is well, for none will need to grieve.
 Some turn their scornful heads away,
 Some fling an alms in hurrying by ; —
 Haste, — 't is the village holiday !
 The aged beggar needs no help to die.

" Yes ! here, alone, of sheer old age
 I die ; for hunger slays not all :
 I hoped my misery's closing page
 To fold within some hospital.
 But crowded thick is each retreat,
 Such numbers now in misery lie, —
 Alas ! my cradle was the street !
 As he was born the aged wretch must die.

"In youth, of workmen, o'er and o'er
 I've asked, 'Instruct me in your trade.'
 'Begone, — our business is not more
 Than keeps ourselves, — go, beg!' they said.
 Ye rich, who bade me toil for bread,
 Of bones your tables gave me store,
 Your straw has often made my bed; —
 In death I lay no curses at your door.

"Thus poor, I might have turned to theft; —
 No! — better still for alms to pray!
 At most I've plucked some apple, left
 To ripen near the public way.
 Yet weeks and weeks, in dungeons laid
 In the King's name, they let me pine;
 They stole the only wealth I had, —
 Though poor and old, the sun, at least, was mine.

"What country has the poor to claim?
 What boots to me your corn and wine,
 Your busy toil, your vaunted fame,
 The Senate where your speakers shine?
 Once, when your homes, by war o'erswept,
 Saw strangers batten on your land,
 Like any puling fool, I wept!
 The aged wretch was nourished by their hand.

"Mankind! why trod you not the worm,
 The noxious thing, beneath your heel?
 Ah! had you taught me to perform
 Due labor for the common weal!
 Then sheltered from the adverse wind,
 The worm and ant had learned to grow,
 Ay, — then I might have loved my kind; —
 The aged beggar dies your bitter foe!"

But we must draw to a close; and how can we more fitly terminate our extracts than by an attempt to paraphrase the Poet's own touching and noble farewell to the public?

ADIEU CHANSONS!

"Of late, my faded garland to revive,
 In accents soft, or learned, or severe,
 I thought to sing, — when lo! I saw arrive
 The Fay that nursed my childhood's earliest year.*

* The Poet alludes to one of his former songs, "La bonne Fée," wherein he describes how a good fairy visited him in the cradle under the roof of his old grandsire the tailor, and predicted his future vocation.

- 'Seek shelter for the long, cold eve of life,
For winter's breath hath silvered o'er thy head,
Long years of toil have dulled thy voice,' she said, —
'The voice that dared to brave the tempest's strife.'
My furrowed brow is bare, — adieu my lute!
The north wind groans afar, — the bird is mute!
- " 'Gone are the days,' she said, 'when, like a lyre,
Thy bounding soul to every mood could thrill,
And thy glad nature, like a shooting fire,
O'er the dim sky shed meteor-beams at will.
Thy heaven is narrower now, and full of gloom;
Thy friend's long laugh was silenced long ago,
How many gone! and thou art following slow, —
Thine own Lisette is sleeping in the tomb.'
My furrowed brow is bare, — adieu my lute!
The north wind groans afar, — the bird is mute!
- " 'Yet bless thy lot: — By thee, a voice of song
Hath stirred the humblest of a noble race;
And music, flying, bore thy words along
To ears unused to learning's rigid grace.
Your Tullys speak to cultured crowds alone, —
But thou, in open feud with kingly sway,
Hast wed, to give full chorus to thy lay,
The people measures to the lyric tone.'
— My furrowed brow is bare. — Adieu, my lute!
The north wind groans afar, — the bird is mute!
- " 'Thy shafts, that even dared to pierce a throne,
By a fond nation gathered as they fell,
From far and near, she bade, in concert thrown,
Back to their aim ten thousand arms impel.
And when that throne its thunders thought to wield,
In three brief days old weapons blew it down; —
Of all the shots in velvet and in crown,
How many charges sent thy muse a-field!'
— My furrowed brow is bare. — Adieu, my lute!
The north wind groans afar, — the bird is mute!
- " 'Bright is thy share in those immortal days,
When booty vainly wooed thine eyes with gold; —
That Past, adorning all thy years, shall raise
Content, to live and gracefully grow old.
To younger ears the noble tale repeat,
Direct their bark, the hidden rock display, —
If France should boast their deeds, some future day,
Warm thine old winter at their glories' heat.
— My furrowed brow is bare. — Adieu, my lute!
The north wind groans afar, — the bird is mute!

"Kind Fairy, at the needy Poet's door,
 Benign, in time you warn him to retire;
 Then come, new inmate, to my dwelling poor,
 Oblivion, of repose the child and sire!
 Some aged men, who shall not all forget,
 Will say, with moistened eyelids, when I die,
 This star, one evening, shone awhile on high, —
 God veiled its lustre long before it set!
 — My furrowed brow is bare. — Adieu, my lute!
 The north wind groans afar, — the bird is mute!"

Béranger's personal character exists in his writings. Truly has he said, "*Je n'ai flatté que l'infortune*";* his generous temper has ever disdained safe or profitable enmities, and attacked injustice or folly in the powerful alone. When asked to compose a diatribe against a distinguished character in disgrace, whose actions had been, in no slight degree, obnoxious to the severest censure: "*A la bonne heure,*" replied the noble-minded bard, "*quand il sera ministre.*"† Since the revolution of 1830, the path of emolument and distinction has lain open to him; he has constantly refused to enter it. The independence of his character was too sensitive to contemplate an alliance with any party, who might thus enforce a tacit claim on his suffrage and adherence. To a certain extent, this reluctance may have proceeded from his extreme aversion to any compelled labor, at an age in which political ambition must have lost many of its seductions, especially to one whose fame no dignity of station could enhance. With characteristic modesty, he attributes his backwardness chiefly to this latter cause. "*Des médisans ont prétendu que je faisais de la vertu. Fi donc! je faisais de la paresse.*"‡

At the age of fifty-three, Béranger, as a song-writer, at least, has now retired from the public eye. He does not, indeed, profess that he will cease to compose, but he promises to publish no more. "*Immédiatement après la révolution de Juillet,*" he says, "*ma modeste mission était terminée*";§ so far, alone, as concerned his political activity. The remaining years of his life he proposes to dedicate to the composition of a sort of Historical Dictionary, comprising the events and characters with which a long and busy life, passed amidst remarkable scenes, has furnished

* I have flattered only the unfortunate.

† In good time, when he shall be minister.

‡ It has been scandalously reported that I was setting up for virtue! Nonsense! I was only lazy.

§ Immediately after the revolution of July, my humble mission was ended.

his memory, — anticipating the time when, in virtue of this work, he may be cited by future historians as “*Le grave, le judicieux Béranger. Pourquoi pas ?*” *

[The following is a somewhat interesting account of an interview with the celebrated Manzoni. We have not before met with any description of the person, manners, or private character of this distinguished writer. His historical novel, “*The Betrothed*,” has given him a European reputation, and is well known to all lovers of Italian literature in this country. — *EDD.*]

[Translated from the “*Blätter für Literarische Unterhaltung*,” Nos. 331, 332, 26th and 27th November, 1832.]

MANZONI.

No sooner had I arrived in Milan, toward the end of October last, than I paid a hasty visit to the halls of the Brera. A few scattered pictures bore witness to the late exhibition. They confirmed the melancholy observation which I had already made at Venice and at Florence, that among the many brilliant and imposing specimens which these exhibitions present, there is scarcely any thing which appears even tolerable on a nearer inspection. With the exception of two pictures by Hayer (the departure of the Pargiotes, and the marriage of Paris), there was only one piece which had power to fix my attention. The scene was a deep mountain pass: amid surrounding trees a strong light falls upon a romantic group. In the centre is a wounded warrior, whose equipments show him to be a leader of the highest rank, and whose ornaments are those of a crusader: around him in deep sympathy stand his companions, the foremost of the host who had followed him to the Holy Land. Far down in the depths of the ravine is seen a mountain torrent forded by another apparently routed body of warriors with their wounded, hastening on after the banner of the cross. The whole was clear, brilliant, full of effect, and excited the liveliest interest. This work seemed to me to be an exception to all the productions of the modern Italian artists, in which I had hitherto observed only skill in execution, and that of a limited kind. I was therefore the more astonished at this magnificent specimen of historical landscape painting, since all that I had yet seen in this department by Italian hands was insignificant, not to say paltry; seeming to prove, that in order to have a true feeling of the sublime and

* The grave, the judicious Béranger. Why not?

beautiful in natural scenery, one must not be accustomed to such scenery from childhood. To my great disappointment the well-informed keeper of the gallery was not to be found, and I was obliged to return without being able to satisfy my curiosity as to the author of this work of art.

The next day was spent in delivering letters of introduction and others. One was directed to Manzoni; but much as I desired to know him, I had been so strongly assured, when in Milan five years ago, by friends who would willingly have gratified my wishes, of his dislike to new acquaintances, that I delivered my letter with a feeling of indifference, and with equal indifference learned that Manzoni had been residing for some weeks in the country. One of the next houses at which I stopped on this mission, was that of the young Marchese Massino d'Azeglio, who within a few weeks had become a son-in-law of Manzoni. This fact I had nearly forgotten. I did not, however, forget another circumstance which had been communicated to me by the writer of the letter, namely, that the Marchese was a great friend of landscape-painting, possessing both practical skill and fine taste in that art. The handsome figure, the youthful countenance beaming with benevolence, the modest and prepossessing manners of this new acquaintance soon inspired me with confidence to speak without reserve of what I had seen and felt, and above all to express in warm terms the pleasure I had received from the landscape which I saw on the preceding day. How great was my surprise, when I learned that the author of this beautiful painting, after whom I had inquired yesterday in vain, was the Marchese himself. With difficulty I prevailed upon his modesty, as he had no new works on hand, to procure me opportunities of seeing some of his earlier productions in private houses. Among these I will mention particularly a "Battle of Segnano," a "Carrocchio," and a "Conflict of Six." In all there appeared the same lively and striking conception, the same brilliant effect of light, and the same harmonious coöperation of the landscape and its accessories. So powerful was the impression produced upon me by these pictures, and so great the modesty of the artist, that, lost in delightful contemplation, I should not, but for him, have observed some trifling defects unavoidable in a painter who had not Nature always before his eyes. The intervals between these exhibitions were filled up, in a manner most welcome to me, with communications on his part respecting the literary and private life of his excellent father-in-law; and as I had given up all hope of a personal acquaintance with him, I was rejoiced to learn that he was so amiable and so much beloved in his domestic character. But the next morning I was most agreeably surprised by an in-

vation from the Marchese to accompany him to Brusano, or Brusu, as the Milanese call it, the country-seat of Manzoni, and toward noon took my seat in an open *droschke* with a part of his amiable family. Scarcely had the Marchese time to make me acquainted with his beautiful bride and his mother-in-law, before our carriage, having passed the Porta Comasina, was rolling between hedges of fresh acacia toward the snow-covered side of the picturesque Resegone. We had travelled about six or eight miles in this manner, when we met a miniature carriage drawn by two smart donkeys coming out of a side lane. The driver of this team, a boy about twelve years old, greeted with a joyful shout his mother, sister, and brother-in-law, and soon after we drove into an unpretending court, where half a dozen fresh, rosy-cheeked children sprang forward delighted to welcome us. At the door of the house, in the hall, and in the saloon, I looked for Manzoni; I watched with impatience every door that opened, but still in vain. My companions left me with an aged lady of large stature, whose black and peculiar dress, silvery hair, and expressive countenance, furrowed by every variety of feeling, left me no doubt that I was in the presence of the mother of Manzoni. "You are a public teacher of law?" said she, after a short pause. "Yes," answered I, "and as such am doubly happy in the opportunity of expressing to the daughter of the great Beccaria and to the mother of Manzoni, the veneration which I entertain for her father and her son." Knowing me to be a German, she turned the conversation upon Goethe, and with a mother's joy, moved almost to tears, she told me how the immortal poet of the North had noticed the works of her son, and had rejoiced him more than any other one by his praises. My wandering looks probably informed her that, interesting as her conversation was, its object was more interesting still. She interrupted herself repeatedly with enquiries after Alessandro, her son. Long was I compelled to wait. At last a door opened unnoticed behind me, and a man of middle stature, carelessly dressed in black, with an emaciated figure, pale, sunken cheeks, slightly pitted with the small-pox, dark, curly hair, and a somewhat piercing, though at the same time wandering and dreamy eye, greeted me in a hasty, embarrassed manner, and called upon me to conduct his mother to the dining-room. At table, where I was seated between this lady and my distinguished host, it was some time before the conversation became animated, and from being carried on in single, abrupt sentences, assumed the character of a general discussion. Authors, and particularly poets, are not usually wanting in vanity, and among the numerous inhabitants of Parnassus the Italians are not those most distinguished

for their modesty. Hence, in general, it is easy talking with poets; they are wont to dwell with satisfaction, even in conversation, upon their own works, are ever ready to explain any hidden purpose, and love to expatiate, sometimes by way of correction and sometimes by way of disapprobation, on the degree and kind of interest which their works have excited in the public mind.

I had been often told with what modesty Manzoni was accustomed to decline the praises which have been so lavishly heaped upon his works; but, to confess the truth, I had hitherto been inclined to consider this habit only as one form of that manifold conventional modesty, which sometimes serves as a cloak to the highest self-esteem, and, under the disguise of humility, only provokes the polite flatterer to still further and warmer commendations. I was really desirous of comparing my opinion of Manzoni's works, an opinion publicly declared,* and publicly controverted, with his own judgment respecting them, and of gaining some authentic information concerning his present employments and future intentions. Accordingly, I directed the conversation, as soon as it could be done with propriety, to the "Betrothed," "Carmagnola," "Adelchi," and other productions, which we have known and admired in Germany for many years. But in doing this I was surprised by what I had never before witnessed. It was not the words merely, with which Manzoni waved this discussion, nor his sudden transition to other topics, but an extraordinary degree of uneasiness, an expression as of one suffering, an almost angry twitching of the muscles of the mouth, which gave me to understand how unwelcome was the topic I had chosen. It seemed that Manzoni conceived himself to have done the utmost that his peculiarities would allow, and what he now almost repented having done, in permitting works to be published, in which, as he said, and as his friends assured me, he lost all his interest, and which appeared to him tedious, unsatisfactory, and almost as objects of thorough dislike, the moment they were completed. The female part of the family spoke with pleasure of the numerous editions and translations, the various pictorial illustrations, and commendatory notices of the "Betrothed"; but, as for him, he seemed inclined to take no concern whatever in the work, and remained as indifferent to praise as to blame. It was even regarded as a signal mark of condescension in him, that he had read, answered, and expressed himself grateful for Goethe's commendations.

All the information which I could obtain therefore, concerning Manzoni's present literary employments and future intentions was

* See Nos. 29 - 31 of Blatt. f. lit. Unterhalt. for the year 1828.

derived from his friends. According to them, there were among his papers at least two works already completed, but little hope was entertained of their publication at present. One of these was a collection of all the historical documents relative to the excitement produced by the suspicion of poisoning during the pestilence mentioned in the "Betrothed," — an excitement lately revived in so terrible a manner in Paris, — together with some general remarks on the absurd measures of the government and other authorities, — a work which, under the title "La Colonna infame," has been falsely described by some journals as an historical novel, whereas in fact it is a pure historical narrative, relating to a single event, without any mixture of fiction. Another work of Manzoni's, now ready for the press, is a letter to Goethe, in which the author communicates, in detail, his opinions respecting the design and value of the historical novel, — opinions which, as will presently appear, are for the most part directly opposed to his own works. The most urgent entreaties of his friends, to which I added my own sincere requests, could not prevail upon him to give these works to the public. The "Colonna infame," he said, needed to be revised, and he had never, since its completion, felt in a humor to revise it. Besides, the interest on this subject, excited by the "Betrothed," had died away, and consequently there was no longer any inducement to its publication. As to his letter to Goethe, that appeared to him so great an undertaking, that he considered it necessary to weigh every word again and again before committing it to the press. It is to be feared now, since he to whom this letter was addressed, has passed from among us, that it will never appear in print. This is the more to be regretted, as Manzoni has expressed in it opinions, such as we should have least expected from the author of "The Betrothed." The sole object of the work is to condemn historical novels, historical plays, and all works of that description, as the monstrous abortions of trifling, superficial knowledge, as the worthless, mongrel product of history and poetry, of truth and fiction.

All that I said on this subject for hours, — and it was, I believe, but a faint echo of the many remonstrances of his friends and relatives, — availed nothing against the unalterable decision with which he still clung to one point, namely, that every narration must either be true or false, and that every falsehood was immoral. It was in vain that I endeavoured to remind the poet, who was thus passing judgment upon his own works, that every historian, if he does not mean to be a mere chronicler, but an original writer, must give not naked facts merely, but his view of them; and that therefore every historian, in one sense, produces an historical novel. He disapproved of all histories of this kind,

and required in their stead a simple compilation of facts, with scrupulous references to the sources from which they are derived. It was in vain that I spoke of the happy moral influence of "The Betrothed"; his reply was, that no end, however worthy, could sanction the use of improper means.

The questions respecting the use of language, which had been lately agitated between Tuscany and the rest of Italy with so lively an interest, and with which Manzoni found me not wholly unacquainted, afforded a new and fruitful topic of conversation between us. I had always considered "The Betrothed" as remarkable for the skill with which the author, without falling into vulgar provincialisms, has emancipated his native language from the narrow limits of the Tuscan dialect. I now learnt with astonishment by what deep researches into the spirit of the provincial dialects in general, this object had been attained. Manzoni dwelt with evident delight upon this favorite subject of his studies, and pointed out with wonderful acuteness a number of peculiarities which distinguish all the popular dialects from the language of books, and give the former in some respects an advantage over the latter.

A few days before my visit to Brusano news had arrived of the abolition of hereditary succession in the French peerage, and of the rejection of the reform-bill in the English Parliament. Events so important led naturally to a political discussion. I need scarcely say, that Manzoni was not one of those who confound every variety of political relation and sentiment under the common distinctions of Royalist and Liberal, but that he used one standard when speaking of France for example, another in judging of his own country, and a different one still in estimating the political condition of Germany. What surprised me most, though justifiable perhaps in the actual condition of France, — every proper foundation of civil government being then destroyed, — was his decided attachment to the principles of the "Gazette de France," and his zeal for Primary Assemblies, in order to reëstablish on their basis the true monarchy. In connexion with these views he discovered an aversion to the tenets of the French *Doctrinaires* and even an attachment, in part, to the system of the Abbé de la Mennais. It was evident that Manzoni's present occupations had reference to these subjects, and I was informed by his family that one of the next works we are to expect from him is a refutation of the philosophy of M. Cousin.

All that Manzoni said in relation to these topics, though occasionally he spoke with great warmth, was uttered in an uneasy, suppressed, and abrupt manner, and rendered difficult to be understood by a certain hesitation in his speech, amounting sometimes to

an obstinate stammer. But a great change was perceptible in his manner when, toward the close of the evening, he came to a topic which I had long and studiously avoided. He then became suddenly animated with all the eloquence of gesture and accent, and his discourse flowed on in an irresistible torrent.

Often, and from very different sources, and with very different comments, I had heard of Manzoni's distinguished piety, or, as it is called in Italy by a term almost as often used improperly as properly, his *pietism*. There were some who referred this sentiment, which they maintained was an offspring of his later years, to the deep impression made by the sudden death of his foster-father Carlo Imbonati.* Others maintained that the enthusiastic zeal with which his wife, who was formerly a Protestant, embraced the Catholic religion, to which she had been converted without the knowledge of her husband, had gradually infected him. All agreed, however, that the glowing enthusiasm which he entertained for the interests of his church, and even the strong desire which he felt to win others over to his communion, never suffered him for a moment to forget that tender and affectionate benevolence which formed an essential and indeed the most essential element in his nature. It was ascribed to this tenderness of feeling connected with his desire of conversion, that a great part of Manzoni's most intimate acquaintance, notwithstanding all his attempts to convert them, has consisted even to this day of unbelievers. Nothing could be more striking, considered in this point of view, than the near and friendly relation which, notwithstanding their very great difference of opinion, had always subsisted between Manzoni and Monti, until the death of the latter. But the best praise which can be given to Manzoni's mild and patient spirit, and to the unprejudiced clearness of his judgment, is to be found without doubt in "The Betrothed."

With noble ingenuousness, regardless of those scruples which sometimes prevent men from conversing on topics on which they know that they shall meet with opposition, Manzoni unexpectedly called my attention to several observations which had fallen from me in the course of our conversation, and remarked that these and other differences of opinion between us, had their common source in what he must consider as my fundamental error, viz. my Protestantism.

The Catholic religion is such a consistent structure, the weapons by which it is defended are so much a part of the system, that they are almost always the same, and I heard but little in the course of our long discussion which I had not heard before. I shall

* See "Tragedie ed altre Poesie di M. Manzoni." Florence. 1827. p. 382.

therefore the more readily be excused for not entering into the particulars of this conversation, a repetition of which, on other accounts, would be out of place in a journal like this. It is worthy of remark, that the arguments which Manzoni adduced in support of his religion were not at all such as might have been expected from a poet. He refrained in a great degree from presenting those dazzling views, by which Catholicism usually seduces sensitive natures. He insisted almost exclusively on the formal advantages of the Romish church, its unity and consistency within itself.

It would be difficult for me to give an adequate idea of this discussion, still more difficult, and perhaps impossible, to bring any nearer to its final solution a question which has been pending for so many centuries. But this I can affirm, that I never engaged in a discussion in which the warmth of my opponent, and his desire not to conquer, — not to prove himself or his party in the right, — but to convince a beloved friend of a truth which he considered as the only saving truth, appeared so touching, so irresistible, as it did in the language of Manzoni. With evident emotion he said to me as we parted: "Would that this conversation might leave an indelible impression upon your memory, and produce at last the fruits which I desire. You have said much that was flattering about my works; but I would willingly renounce all the fame which these have brought me, and cheerfully would I surrender all my earthly possessions, if, by this sacrifice, I could cause that the arguments which I have this day feebly and imperfectly set before you, might, at some future time, persuade you of that truth which I must consider as the only truth."

Some years ago Manzoni published a work ("*Sulla Morale Catolica.*" Pavia. 1830.) which, with particular reference to Sismondi's "*History of the Italian Republics,*" discusses, in part, the subject of the above conversation. I have read this treatise, which is but little known in Germany, with much interest, and rejoiced in the pious zeal and the honorable sentiments of the author. But Manzoni's views, since that period, have become more systematic, though at the same time more sharply defined, in one word, more Romish. Indeed he spoke to me of that work as a mere essay, which seemed to him now very deficient.

Thus we parted at a late hour of the night to meet again on the beautiful banks of the lake of Como. There, among the myrtle-walks and laurel-shrubbery of Cadenabbia, a short distance from the home of Renzo and of Lucia, after a glad and hearty recognition, I enjoyed one more pleasant interview with this delightful family, — an interview which was too soon interrupted by the bell of the passing steam-boat.

KARL WITTE.

CAPTAIN CLAPPERTON.

[What follows is taken from an article in "The Court Magazine, No. 9," for March. The article is not very well written; but there is something pleasing in the extracts here selected, which contain all that directly relates to Captain Clapperton. They may serve to give a more distinct impression of the character of an uncommon and, we believe, estimable man, whose adventures and death in Africa have excited general sympathy. — EDD.]

THE name of Clapperton requires no further eulogium, as a public character; but there were many leaves in the volume which nature bound up in his manly form, besides those which record the enterprise which has associated his name with the greatest and boldest discoverers who have ever lived, which are worthy of perusal, and of finding a place amongst the floating recollections, which tend to nurse the sensibilities of the age.

Clapperton, it is well known, owed little to the accident of birth, not that he could not trace his blood through an ancient line to its parent source, but because the "*res augusta domi*" threw its chilling influence over all the buoyant period of his youth. Nature, however, had liberally given to him the arm of strength and spirit of endurance, together with the kindest and gentlest feelings; and he fought his way, scrambling forwards through the shoals of fortune, careless of the strokes which his youth suffered, and with a breast nerved to toil and difficulties. Yet, that he was not insensible to the rubs which he met with, is manifest from the following beautiful verses, which embody his sentiments long after he had been accustomed, like the elder Byron, to be "lashed by the waves, and cradled on the rock;" and which are so creditable both to his head and heart, that we cannot resist the wish, that the new aspect in which they exhibit his character, should no longer be publicly unknown.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO "ANNAN WATER," BY CAPTAIN HUGH CLAPPERTON, R. N.

"THOU SWEET STREAM OF ANNAN."

I.

"Thou sweet stream of Annan, how oft have I strayed
On thy banks, when my fancy was young;
How dear were the notes that were heard through thy glade,
And the strains which my Isabel sung!
But never again shall to me be displayed,
Thy sweet scenes of pleasure and glee,
For my sorrowful heart, like a spectre afraid
Would start thy loved woodlands to see!

II.

“ To hide the hot tear which all silently felt,
 When forced from thy valleys to go,
 I have rode on the billows, and whispered farewell
 To the winds that re-echoed my woe.
 With dangers I’ve coped where the savage’s yell
 Rings fearful on midnight’s still breath;
 ’Gainst the cannon I’ve stood when the lightnings foretell
 The dark-rolling whirlwind of death!

III.

“ Yet, though spurned from my hopes, from my love, and my home,
 My heart’s dearest stream turns to thee,
 As the far-travelled exile, whose thoughts ever roam
 O’er delights which he never must see!
 As a sun-beam that brightens the waves’ briny foam,
 One thought shall a moment dispel
 Each burst of keen grief, and my spirit shall come
 O’er the surge to the fair Isabel!”

It was some time after the great breaking up of our military and naval establishments upon the close of the war, that Clapperton retired to the banks of his native Annan, whose visions had thus shed an *attendrissement* over his wanderings in distant climes. And if never again were restored to him the gay scenes of glee which were associated with the remembrance of an early attachment, which had ended, as the course of true love is poetically ever alleged to do; nevertheless the bright hopes of youth had not so far passed him by upon life’s stream, but that he contrived to throw off his griefs like a mourning suit, — and spent in rural amusements the most peaceful certainly, — if not also the happiest years of his existence. The place which he chose to pitch his camp in had nothing to boast for its commercial wealth, or its political importance, but it was rich in the beauties of a liberal nature, and dear to the patriot bosom, as associated with many a tale in our national story.* It was besides the scene of his grandfather’s life, and of his father’s birth, and was surrounded with the possessions of his maternal ancestors. Nor was its least recommendation that it was amply furnished with those amusements, whether of flood or field, which accorded well with the juvenile pursuits of him whose path had long been o’er the mountain wave, — whose home had been the deep.

Into the bosom of this little community Clapperton carried a tinge of that romance which was a feature of his character. The

[* We know not why the name is withheld. It appears from the locality described, that it was in the parish of Lochmaben.]

frank urbanity of the sailor soon made him cordially intimate with, and a favorite of, the good burghers; most of whom had been the friends of his father and grandfather. It was here that we first became acquainted with him, and the verses came into our possession, which are given above. Here also the intercourse of years produced a friendship which, that it was so early broken asunder, we have not yet ceased to regret.

The amusement which perhaps had last engaged him upon the Canadian Lakes, — the magnificent scenery of which, we have often heard him expatiate upon with all the enthusiasm of a child of nature, — was the first to claim his attention upon his return home; it was that of angling. Possessed of so many sympathies in common with those of this gentle art, it will easily be understood how fishing should have become to him a constant source of recreation and of pleasure. The localities of "Old Margery o' the mony Lochs," if but a point compared with the boundless beat which he had left behind, present a field both for lake and stream, which is seldom to be met with in the South of Scotland; and often, therefore, "by early peep of day," he would be seen brushing the dew, as —

" Perhaps down Annan's flowery holms,
By Dryfe so clear and gay,
Or where the dark brown Kinnel foams,
Or silver crooks of Æ,
He held his way,"

awakening the echoes of those romantic streams with the same bugle-horn, the inseparable companion of all his wanderings, which was listened to with breathless attention upon the banks of the Quorra by the Arab and Falatah, whilst the simple natives thought the white-faced stranger was sending a blessing to his country and friends. They were indeed the strains of his native land, which helped to soothe many an anxious passing hour; whilst, like the apples of the Dead Sea coast, hope gilded to the sight those to succeed, which were to prove ashes and death to the taste.

There are few more delightful feelings than those experienced by a keen sportsman in returning home after a successful day's angling with his basket loaded with fish. Though a tale now which has long been told, we well remember the delight, scarcely short of extasy, which we and a school-boy party experienced upon our first occasion of killing a salmon. The nervous agitation, which shook us like electricity when the first plunge threw the foaming water off his silvery shoulders, followed by the lightning submersion of the tail! The breathless shout of "Boys! boys!"

we have him ! ” — The race to be first at the spot. — The eager directions, — “ Hold up the top of the rod, — play him against the stream ! — give him line ! give him line ! ” whilst all the while, to the music of the reel, he was playing a thousand vagaries, — throwing himself here and there fairly out of the water ; and coursing alike through the current and the calm. Then, after a long struggle when we had him at length fairly flapping upon the sand, never was scene of American “ Jumpers ” better personified ; a regular dancing-match of joy, for several minutes, ensued ; after which, followed a general strike : we, especially, too overjoyed to delay for a moment the honors of our ovation, the others to lose, by remaining behind, their due share of merit for assisting in the capture by their presence and advice. The wheels were then wound up, the rods unscrewed, and the “ *spolia opima* ” stuffed into a basket in such a partial way that the tail, like that of the ram of Derby, was allowed to protrude as far as possible behind, that all who passed us on our way might have ocular demonstration of our mighty feat ! We were, as Byron says, “ a boy in those days, ” — but few of the weightier uphill achievements of later years have surpassed in gratification that happy moment. It was with some such feelings of complacency, doubtless, that we well remember Clapperton sounding a *reveille* at our father’s door, as a summons to the family, one and all, to turn out and behold the contents of his basket, upon a day when he had been more than ordinarily successful. He had no such monster of the vasty deep to exhibit as the one we have alluded to, — but the tails of above a dozen of the finest yellow trout had been so arranged as to display themselves with striking effect from his jacket pockets, and the loop-holes of his basket. Whether the latter was really choke-full, or the *terra incognita* made up with less edible material, we pretend not to say. The secrets of the angling art, like that of the poulterer’s, but too often require stuffing. But this is a matter which it would be quite unhandsome to sift into too narrowly.

And whilst upon the topic of “ Truta-ná, ” we must not overlook an incident which raised a good laugh at the time against the hero of our narrative, though, in reality, it was any thing but a matter of joke to himself. In the immediate neighbourhood of the old Burgh which was his residence, a beautiful sheet of water surrounds a peninsula, upon which, embowered amid stately trees, stand the ruins of the ancient castle of King Robert Bruce, formerly the strongest fortress of the West Border, though now but the monument of a thousand spirit-stirring recollections of an iron age. The adjoining districts had been parcelled out among the king’s retainers, and the descendants of these “ kindly tenants ”

still inhabit the soil, intermarrying with each other, and preserving characteristics not less distinctive than peculiarly their own. But the immediate territory called the Mains of the Castle, together with some adjoining estates, had long formed the possessions of a family from whom Clapperton, and an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer were maternally sprung.* In this lake there is a little fish peculiar to itself; and, indeed, with only one other exception, in Switzerland, it is not elsewhere found in Europe. It is called the *vendance*.† How it got located there, no one can distinctly tell. Report says, that it was transplanted from some sunnier clime by the orders of the beautiful Mary; over the tender recollections of which favorite spot, Scott feigns her to weep whilst pent up in her dreary confinement in the towers of Lochleven. Whilst, on the other hand, tradition, which makes this delicate little fish bear upon its head the bleeding heart of the Bruce, seems to point to its having had existence in the lake from a much remoter period. This, however, may be pure fancy, — the pretended heart being nothing more than the transparent brain, — arising from that national veneration which has stamped the “*clarum et venerabile nomen*” of the Bruce upon so many tablets living and inanimate on his native shore. The *vendance* further is chameleon-like, fabled to live upon air, from this circumstance, that it has never been taken by any kind of bait, nor indeed has it ever been found with any food in its stomach, upon which it could be ascertained to subsist. The only mode by which, therefore, it is ever taken, is by drag-nets; and, in the warm days of July and August, it is a very pleasant pastime to superintend a fishing party, and witness the draught make its little sweep, and haul out, besides the species referred to, pike, perch, roach, bream, eels, &c., often to the extent of many hundreds at a time. Clapperton, to whom the treat was new, upon witnessing quietly a haul or too, could no longer repress his aquatic propensities, but, doffing his jacket, sallied in with the rope, wading and dragging the net after him as far as the depth would permit. And so delighted was he with the amusement, that he continued it for some hours, until the sun so strongly scorched his back, that it peeled him almost as effectually as if the cat-o’-nine-tails had got acquainted with his shoulders.

The scene of Clapperton’s amusement in summer was no less the field of his sport in winter. When the warlock frost has laid

* The ancient family of *Henderson of Broadholm*.

[† We find the name otherwise spelt *Vendise*, with the observation, that “it is esteemed remarkably delicate, and found no where else.” Several attempts, it is said, “have been made to transplant them to other lakes without success.”]

a crystal bridge over the face of the waters, *curling*, a winter game which is peculiar to Scotland, calls all its votaries to the manly contest. Of the multitudinous, multifarious pastimes of the year, asks old Kit of the North, what other can be compared with it? This sport stirs the heart of auld Scotland till you hear it beating on her broad bosom. Shepherds, ploughmen, clergy, lawyers, barons, knights, esquires, all congregate to wage friendly warfare, and toss the ponderous stone along the resounding plain. Then all parties and persons amalgamate; and that reciprocity of cordiality and good feeling prevails, by which the fellowship of the olden day has, in a great measure, been kept alive to the present hour. Clapperton might, in some respects, be considered as a hereditary curler; for his grandfather, of antiquarian memory, had long held a high name upon his native ice, and had besides left a monument of his prowess, the implement of his art, in the shape of a huge grey cairn, yclept the "Hen," which, after having been handled by Clapperton's father and others of his family, came in course to his own *forti manu*; though his hand, better accustomed to wielding the sword, did not own altogether the science of his race in this respect.

Connected with the "Hen," we cannot resist giving an anecdote, which is not altogether uncharacteristic of the man. Clapperton joined in the curling campaign, at a moment when a challenge arrived from a neighbouring party, whose prowess had long been most formidable upon ice. The President of the Society, Sir James Broun, than whom a more accomplished curler never threw a stone, — never particular as to the individual skill of his own players, chose him into his rink, though but a very indifferent proficient in the art. This, as might have been expected, afforded no little dissatisfaction amongst a body of men, who, perhaps, of all others, act up most tenaciously upon such occasions, to the no-respecting principle of "*Detur digniori*," — and that too upon the eve of a contest requiring a concentration of the experience and science of the body whose laurels were at stake. Accordingly, upon the morning of the contest, the President, upon joining his party, was surprised to see Clapperton standing aloof, — having a raised look, — his hands stuck in his sailor's jacket pockets, and whistling loud. He had not time, however, to get at him to inquire what was the matter, before one of the other skips came up and explained the mystery, by saying, that understanding Clapperton and another naval gentleman had been chosen of his party, the other curlers were determined not to run the risk of encountering their opponents, unless they were both put out. Sir James, considering that a "soft answer turns away wrath," said something conciliatory, and

turned upon his heel. Upon this, Clapperton, in an attitude of proud contempt, and pulled up to his height, advanced with the air and gait of the quarter-deck, to a respectful distance, when, throwing up his hand *à la mode navale*, he demanded, in a key differing from his usual one, — “Am I to play to-day, Sir, or am I not?” “Certainly, Clapperton,” was the reply, “you shall play if I play.” Upon which, making a salam with his hand, as if he had received the commands of his admiral, he strided back to where his stone (the “Hen”) and besom lay; and seizing upon the former with an air of triumph, he whirled her repeatedly round his head, with as much ease apparently, as if she had been nearer to seven than seventy pounds weight. He then placed her upon his shoulder, and marched off to the loch, where, taking up a position, he walked sentry upwards of an hour before being joined by the rest. The party with whom he played were most successful, beating their opponents hollow. It may appear singular, how so trivial a circumstance should so highly have excited him; a curler, however, can readily comprehend it. He played with his colossal granite some capital shots, and no doubt was not a little complacent that the skip, who, as the tongue of the trump, had tried to eject him, got with his *rink* thoroughly drubbed.

Clapperton no doubt looked upon this incident as one touching his honor, as much as if he had been ordered off the quarter-deck upon going into action; these curling battles being always waged with as much zest as if a sceptre was at stake. And there is not one of the players who engaged upon the celebrated occasion referred to, whose names have not become household words in their native district. His general temper, however, was mild and equable to a high degree; benevolence being almost the invariable character of his disposition. The scene of his traversing, — cold and hungry, — the dreary Canadian swamp with the poor sailor-boy frozen to death upon his back, will ever remain a most interesting memorial of his kindness of heart, and sympathy for the woes of others; and embodies, under the circumstances of the case, a picture of such genuine, unexampled humanity, as well entitles it to be transferred to canvass, by some master’s hand, as a public tribute to philanthropy *in arms*. We recollect well being present upon an occasion where his good-nature was severely tasked. It was at a meeting called together for a parochial purpose, which he lent a willing hand to forward. In the course of conversation, he, by chance, dropped an oath. A dissenting clergyman present considered the *faux pas* as requiring a pastoral reprimand. Accordingly, with a zeal which would have been more honored in the breach than in the ob-

servance, he commenced a long harangue upon the sin and shame of swearing. Poor Clapperton was sadly nonplused ; but at every separate division of the lecture, he only bowed low, and repeated the words, "I stand corrected."

In this respect he differed widely from his brother Charles, who possessed all the indomitable ire and pride of the Glenlyon race. The last time we ever met the latter was in the autumn of 1827, during the race-week at Dumfries, when illness had vastly sobered him down. By chance he came into the same company where we happened to be. We had not seen each other for years, and our meeting was not the less cordial. Upon congratulating him upon his looks, — "My friend," said he, "I am far from being well ; but I have just been dining with Col. D., and am flushed with an extra glass." We had a long chit-chat upon various matters, and, upon parting, remarked, we will see you to-morrow evening at the Southern Meeting Ball ? "No," was his reply, — "A. and B. and C. will be there," naming several of the country lairds, "and their names would appear before mine in the list ; and I will see them *all damned first !*"

Upon an occasion when he went to visit his relations at Glenlyon, a feast was made in honor of his arrival to which a number of the neighbouring chiefs and gentry were invited. Charles probably had been spinning a long *yarn*, as the sea-phrase goes, for after the cup had freely circulated, the question, after some snorting and scratching of the head, was boldly propounded by one a little more "for'ards" than the rest. "Auch, fat can ta Sassanach do ?" "What can the Sassanach do," said Charles, rising like a whirlwind ; "I'll tell you what he can do : I'll run with any of you ; I'll leap with any of you ; I'll box with any of you ; I'll throw the stone with any of you ; I'll drink with any of you ; or I'll fight with any of you." Not one of them, however, durst take him up upon any one of the points proposed.

We cannot set Hugh's quiet and diffident bearing in better contrast with his brother's "fanfaronnerie," than by relating a little anecdote here over which we have often laughed heartily together. Shortly after his return to Scotland, he was invited to an evening party in Edinburgh, where he was to meet some young ladies who had been expressly selected for presentation to the handsomest officers of the fleet to which he had belonged. When the hour of cause drew near, Clapperton, whose heart was moving pitty-patty, rigged himself out in his best, and fortifying himself with a bumper of brandy, he sallied forth, whistling as he went, to keep his courage up. When he came, however, in sight of the house, his heart fairly failed him ; and it was not until after two

retreats upon his faithful ally, that he could at length muster confidence sufficient to pull the bell, and make his "debut." It must have been no slight occasion which made him resort to this expedient, for perhaps there never was a sailor who left the service, who had a stronger repugnance to drink than he.

Lander, in his affecting narrative of the last illness of his "intrepid and beloved master," when mentioning his fearless and indomitable spirit, and utter contempt of danger and death, adds, "The negro loved him because he admired the simplicity of his manners; the Arab hated him because he was overawed by his commanding presence." Clapperton was indeed brave as he was gentle, and gentle as he was brave. His temper was even and cheerful: his disposition warm and humane. As we have already noticed, generosity was no less in him a striking characteristic. Upon his leaving the service, such was the general love and regard in which he was held by his messmates, that he had literally to divide his garments amongst them, that each might have a shred in the way of keepsake. Upon one of them going into his cabin, who had been delayed after the rest, and asking, "Well, Clapperton, what have you got for me?" he glanced his eye round the naked apartment, and seeing an old shoehorn that had escaped detection, presented it as the only relic that he had to bestow. His friend objected to deprive him of so necessary an appendage of the adonizing art, remarking that he would not be able to get on his shoes without it. "O," said he, "these I have on fit me easy, and, to tell you the truth, they are the only pair that are left to me!" His affectionate conduct towards the aged sister of his mother, whom he took to live with him during his residence at Lochmaben, and for whose comfort he provided after he left, even till her death, covers, like charity, — not the multitude of his sins, for these he had not, — but the errors which are inseparable from our imperfect condition here, and from which he neither was, nor claimed to be exempt.

Clapperton left Annandale in 1820, and spent the following winter in Edinburgh, where we passed many a pleasant evening with him in company with Udney and another naval friend. A trait of the universal benevolence which marked his character, displayed itself towards ourself, upon our leaving college, upon the breaking up of the session 1820–1821. On our route home, we proposed a walking excursion to the Tweed; and Clapperton, upon learning that we started on our journey early in the morning, for the pure purpose of protection, volunteered to escort us out of the environs of the town. It was certainly from no love of a walk that he got out of bed in a cold April morning before three o'clock. He accompanied us as far as the sixth mile-stone

on our way. There we parted: and our paths diverged, never again to cross each other in time. Poor Clapperton! when we look back to that hour, and his athletic form, which promised such a length of years, once more rises before us, how little did we think that so soon after, in a distant land, he should find an early tomb, but an undying fame.

Clapperton has left a son behind him at Lochmaben, — a fine boy, and who, like his father, will be a “man of mould” fit to do a good stroke of service either in flood or field. Should this meet the eye of any in power, it would be but an act of justice towards the ill-requited services of the man who paved with his life the way for a large extension of the wealth and commerce of Britain, to lend a helping hand to one who is left almost to nature’s guardianship, and who is greatly in need of a protector and friend.

TRANSLATIONS OF A FRAGMENT OF SIMONIDES.

SIMONIDES, the poet of Ceos, the most eminent of the name, appeared in the very dawn of that literature, which has spread light over the civilized world. He lived in the fifth and sixth centuries before Christ. Of his once celebrated poems a few fragments only now remain. He is praised by Dionysius of Halicarnassus as superior to Pindar in pathos. “More sad than the tears of Simonides,” is an expression of Catullus; and he is even referred to by St. Basil for his power in moving the tender affections. The longest fragment of his remaining, relates to the story of Danaë, who, after the birth of her child Perseus by Jupiter, was exposed with him in an ark, upon the waves, by her father, Acrisius, in consequence of an oracle which had predicted that he should be killed by his grandson. The lines are preserved by Dionysius as a specimen of that poetry which approaches nearest in its construction to prose.

Independent of the merit of the verses, there is something agreeable in contemplating this antique fragment which has been admired for twenty-three centuries. In the number of Blackwood’s Magazine for June, several translations of it are collected, which, with the original, we shall here quote. The notes in the margin are our own.

“Ὅτε λάφρακι ἐν δαιδαλέῳ ἄνεμος
Βρέμῃ πνέων, κινηθεῖσα τε ἄλμυρα

*Δάματι ἤρειπεν, οὐδ' ἀδιάντοις
 Παρσιαῖς, ἀμφὶ τε Περσεῖ βάλε
 Φίλαν χέρα, εἶπεν τε· ὦ τέκος,
 Οἶον ἔχω πόνον· σὺ δ' αὐτεῖς γαλαθηνῶ τ'
 Ἥτορι κνώσσεις ἐν ἀτερπεῖ δώματι,
 Χαλκεογόμφῳ δέ, ρυκτιλαμπεῖ,
 Κυνάφῳ τε δνόφῳ. τὺ δ' ἀνάλειαν
 Ἔπερθε τῶν κόμαν βαθεῖαν
 Παρίοντος κύματος οὐκ ἀλέγεις,
 Οὐδ' ἀνέμου φθόγγων, πορφυρέα
 Κείμενος ἐν χλανίδι, πρόσωπον καλόν.
 Εἰ δέ τοι δεινὸν τόγε δεινὸν ἦν,
 Καὶ κεν ἐμῶν φημάτων λεπτόν
 Τπεῖχες οὐας. κίλομαι, εὐδε, βρέφος,
 Εὐδέτω δέ πόντος, εὐδέτω ἄμετρον κακόν.
 Μπταιοβουλία δέ τις φανείη,
 Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἐκ σέο· ὃ τι δὴ θαρσαλέον
 Ἔπος, εἴχομαι τεκνύφι δίκας μοι."*

LINE FOR LINE WITH THE ORIGINAL.

"Where on the curiously-framed ark the wind
 Blowing roared, and the agitated ocean
 Overwhelmed (Danaë) with dread, — with not unmoistened
 Cheeks, around Perseus she cast
 Her hand, and said: 'Oh child,
 What suffering is mine! but thou sleepest sweetly, and on a milky*
 Breast thou slumberest-deeply, in a pleasureless abode,
 Secured-with-nails-of-brass, and during-the-moonshine, †

* "And on a milky breast": The sense is here mistaken. The meaning is, "with the mind or heart of a nurseling."

† "And during the moonshine": This again we believe to be wrong, nor do we understand how the original can be so constructed that those words shall appear as a literal translation. To repeat the preposition *ἐν* before *ρυκτιλαμπεῖ*, and understand "in the moonshine, in gloomy darkness," produces an absurdity. Some commentators have supposed, that *ρυκτιλαμπεῖ* is an epithet of the moon; but it would seem that it must, in this place, be an epithet of *δάματι* or *δνόφῳ*, most probably of the former.

Here the question arises, whether Danaë was conceived of by the poet as so confined in the ark that all light was excluded. This seems to have been the common supposition in modern days; but it does not appear consistent with the expressions in the fragment, referring to objects of sight. As respects the very epithet *ρυκτιλαμπεῖς*, if it refer only to light *without* the ark, how was Danaë aware of this light? Supposing her conceived of by the poet in utter darkness, there would probably have been some more clear allusion to this circumstance, and we should not have expected him to represent her as speaking of the *purple* mantle of her child, or exclaiming, "Beautiful countenance!" There is no necessity for supposing the ark covered at the top; nor was this the idea of Jortin, if he meant in this respect correctly to represent the original in his Latin translation. The passage, including the words in question, may be thus rendered:

— "in a dreary abode,
 Secured with nails of brass, night-lighted,
 In gloomy obscurity."

(Thou art) in gloomy darkness : — but thou, over thy dry
 Deep hair, heedest not the wave passing-by,
 Nor the voices of the wind, in (thy) purple
 Little-cloak lying, — beautiful countenance !
 But if verily to thee this calamity were a calamity,
 Thou indeed hadst to my words thy little *
 Ear applied, — but sleep on, I charge thee, my child ;
 Let the sea, too, sleep, and sleep mine immeasurable evils.
 A-foolish-device may this appear, †
 Oh father Jupiter, by thy means, and what (is) indeed a daring
 Expression, I pray for vengeance for myself, by-means-of-this-my-
 child." ‡

JORTIN.

" Nocte sub obscurâ, verrentibus æquora ventis,
 Quid brevis immensâ cymba nataret aquâ,
 Multa gemens Danaë subjecit brachia nato,
 Et teneræ lacrymis immaduere genæ.
 ' Tu tamen ut dulci,' dixit, ' pulcherrime, somno
 Obrutus, et metuens tristitia nulla, jaces.

* "Thou indeed hadst," should be, "Thou wouldst." "Thy little ear": we conceive that the epithet *λίαννός* here denotes quickness or delicacy of perception, not smallness of size. We should render, "thy quick-hearing ear."

† "A foolish device may this appear": We have no hesitation in adopting the reading of the Wolfenbützel MS., approved by Schneider (See his *Lexicon ad verb.*) and Schaefer (See his edit. of *Dionysius de Comp. Verborum*), namely, *μυταβουλία* for *ματαιβουλία*. The proper rendering will then be:

"May some change of counsel appear,
 Father Jupiter, from thee."

‡ "And what is indeed a daring expression, I pray for vengeance for myself by means of this my child:" We do not believe that this corresponds to what Simonides wrote. The words as they now stand may, we think, bear this meaning: "What is indeed a bold expression, I pray justice for myself for the sake of my child!" Schaefer, however, says, "Suspicion: *ἢ τί δι* [sic Ald.] *θεραλίον ἴσως εὐχόμεαι, τιμήφι δὲνα συγγνώμῃ* [sic Reg. l.] *μῦ*": that is, "If my prayer be too bold, for the sake of my son, pardon me." Schaefer remarks with good taste, "Jam vides, *αὐθιγὰ τὸ αὐτὸν* hoc melos, non, ut in vulgatâ scripturâ fit, minis, plane abhorrentibus ab *δαναῶσι* Danaëis nihil spirantis nisi mollissimum animum, sed, ut decebat, affectu cludi tenerrimo." It is, in truth, hard to believe, that a poet who had written what precedes should conclude with putting a prayer for vengeance against her father, by means of her son, into the mouth of Danaë. Such a prayer, in the circumstances supposed, would be altogether unnatural. For the child to be an avenger of his mother, his life must be preserved from the danger in which it was. This, and her own preservation, are what would engross the mind of a mother, — not any revenge which might be consequent upon their common safety. Whether, therefore, the reading of Schaefer does or does not give the precise thought of Simonides, we may presume that it expresses a conception of the same character, and agrees in effect with what he wrote. We prefer, however, the meaning which we have given to the words as the text stands at present.

Quamvis, heu quales cunas tibi concutit unda,
 Præbet et incertam pallida luna facem,
 Et vehemens flavos everberat aura capillos,
 Et prope, subsultans, irrigat ora liquor.
 Nate, meam sentis vocem ? Nil cernis et audis,
 Teque premunt placidi vincula blanda dei,
 Nec mihi purpureis effundis blæsa labellis
 Murmura, nec notos confugis usque sinus.
 Care, quiesce, puer, sævique quiescite fluctus,
 Et mea qui pulsas corda, quiesce, dolor.
 Cresce puer ; matris cari atque ulciscere luctus,
 Tuque tuos saltem protege, summe Tonans.' "

DENMAN.*

" When the wind, resounding high,
 Blustered from the northern sky,
 When the waves, in stronger tide,
 Dashed against the vessel's side,
 Her care-worn cheek with tears bedewed
 Her sleeping infant Danaë viewed ;
 And trembling still with new alarms,
 Around him cast a mother's arms.
 ' My child ! what woes does Danaë weep !
 But thy young limbs are wrapt in sleep.
 In that poor nook all sad and dark,
 While lightnings play around our bark,
 Thy quiet bosom only knows
 The heavy sigh of deep repose.
 The howling wind, the raging sea,
 No terror can excite in thee ;
 The angry surges wake no care
 That burst above thy long deep hair ;
 But couldst thou feel what I deplore,
 Then would I bid thee sleep the more !
 Sleep on, sweet boy ; still be the deep !
 Oh could I lull my woes to sleep !
 Jove, let thy mighty hand o'erthrow
 The baffled malice of my foe ;
 And may this child, in future years,
 Avenge his mother's wrongs and tears ! ' "

ELTON.

" When round the well-framed ark the blowing blast
 Roared, and the heaving whirlpools of the deep

* The present Lord Chief Justice of England. The translation is taken from Bland's "Collections from the Greek Anthology."

With roughening surge seemed threatening to o'erturn
 The wide-tost vessel, not with tearless speech
 The mother round her infant gently twined
 Her tender arms, and cried, 'Ah me! my child!
 What sufferings I endure! thou sleep'st the while,
 Inhaling in thy milky-breathing breast
 The balm of slumber; though imprisoned here
 In undelightful dwelling; brassy-wedged;
 Alone illumined by the stars of night,
 And black and dark within. Thou heedest not
 The wave that leaps above thee, while its spray
 Wets not the locks deep-clustering round thy head;
 Nor hear'st the shrill wind's hollow-whispering sounds,
 While on thy purple downy mantle stretched,
 With countenance flushed in sleeping loveliness.
 Then, if this dreadful peril would to thee
 Be dreadful, turn a light unconscious ear
 To my lamenting: Sleep! I bid thee sleep,
 My infant! oh! may the tremendous surge
 Sleep also! May the immeasurable scene
 Of watery perils sleep, and be at rest!
 And void and prostrate prove this dark device,
 I do conjure thee, Jove! and, though my words
 May rise to boldness, at thy hand I ask
 A righteous vengeance, by this infant's aid.' "

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, 1818.

" Around the helpless wandering bark
 The gathering tempests howled,
 And swelling o'er the ocean dark
 The whitening billows rolled.

" The fair one feared; she turned her eyes,
 Her eyes with anguish filled,
 To where her sleeping infant lies,
 She looked, and clasped the child.

" 'What griefs oppress this wearied breast!
 Yet nought oppresses thine;
 No sorrows break thy placid rest:
 Ah! were these slumbers mine!

" 'Here e'en denied one scanty beam
 The gloomy night to cheer,
 Yet soft thou sleep'st, nor dost thou dream
 Of tempests raging near.

" 'O lovely Babe! around thy brow,
 Unharm'd the curlets play;
 Not all the angry blasts that blow
 Can draw one sigh from thee.

“ ‘Yet didst thou know how deep I moan,
Thou ’dst bend thine infant ear,
Thy little heart would sighs return,
Thine eyes an answering tear.’

“ ‘O sink, ye stormy winds, to rest !
Be still, thou troubled deep !
O sleep, ye sorrows, in my breast,
And let me cease to weep !

“ ‘Sleep, sleep, my child, and may thine eyes
These sorrows never see !
On thee may brighter fortunes rise
Than ever shone on me !

“ ‘Almighty Jove ! to whom alone
The way of fate belongs,
O spare, O spare this little one
To wreak his mother’s wrongs ! ’ ”

BY BRYANT, THE AMERICAN POET.

“ ‘The night-winds howled, — the billows dashed
Against the tossing chest ;
And Danaë to her broken heart
Her slumbering infant prest.

“ ‘My little child,’ in tears she said, —
‘To wake and weep is mine ;
But thou canst sleep, — thou dost not know
Thy mother’s lot, and thine.

“ ‘The moon is up, the moonbeams smile, —
They tremble on the main ;
But dark within my floating cell,
To me they smile in vain.

“ ‘Thy folded mantle wraps thee warm
Thy curling locks are dry ;
Thou dost not hear the shrieking gust,
Nor breakers booming high.

“ ‘Yet thou, didst thou but know thy fate,
Wouldst melt my tears to see ;
And I, methinks, should weep the less,
Wouldst thou but weep with me.

“ ‘Yet, dear one, sleep, and sleep, ye winds
That vex the restless brine, —
When shall these eyes, my babe, be sealed
As peacefully as thine ! ’ ”

TRANSLATION. BY W. HAY.

"When round the wondrous ark the winds
 Were roaring, and the sea
 With all its fierce and yeasty waves,
 Was booming mournfully,

"Acrisius' daughter, while the tears
 Are trickling down her cheeks,
 All terror-stricken, clasps her babe,
 And thus the mother speaks:—

"Perseus, my child, what woes are mine!
 Thou sleepest, — take thy rest,
 Upon that breast which nurses thee,
 — Thy loving mother's breast;

"Cheerless abode for thee, my babe,
 This brazen-bolted ark!
 Which though the moonbeams flicker o'er,
 Yet all within is dark.

"Thou heedest not the surging waves, —
 The wild waves rolling by,
 They injure not thy deep long hair,
 For every lock is dry:

"Thou heedest not the angry brawl
 Of the loud winds piping wild,
 Wrapt in thy little purple cloak, —
 My beautiful! — my child!

"Oh, if thou felt that depth of woe,
 That makes thy mother weep,
 How would thine ears drink in her words! —
 — No, no, she bids thee sleep.

"Sleep on, my babe, I bid thee sleep,
 And sleep, thou raging sea,
 And sleep, ye countless, cruel griefs,
 Of miserable me.

"Grant, mighty Jove, that this device
 May yet confounded be,
 And, daring prayer! may this my son,
 Avenge thy Danaë."

We quote from the same article the criticism of the writer, (we suppose Professor Wilson) upon the original and the preceding translations.

"The original is very simple, natural, and pathetic, — and

reads like the fragment of an old Scottish ballad, — reminding us of Lady Bothwell's Lament. Lord Woodhouselee, in his elegant Essay on Translation, says, that Jortin's 'admirable translation falls short of its original only in a single particular, — the measure of the verse. One striking beauty of the original is, the easy and loose structure of the verse, which has little else to distinguish it from animated discourse but the harmony of syllables; and hence it has more of natural impassioned eloquence than is conveyed by the regular measure of the translation.' We feel that there is truth in that remark; and the poem is quoted by Dionysius as an apposite example of that species of composition in which poetry approaches to the freedom of prose. Yet, no doubt, the versification is constructed according to rule, though we, for our own parts, do not know what it is; and though there are various arrangements of it, to our ear they are all musical. Fragment as it is, and probably in itself imperfect, it is felt to justify the character assigned to the poet by Catullus,

"Mæstius lacrymis Simonideis,"

and at its close we can join in the wish so finely breathed by Wordsworth, —

"O ye who patiently explore
The wreck of Herculean lore,
What rapture, could ye seize
Some Theban fragment, or unroll
One precious tender-hearted scroll
Of pure Simonides!"

Jortin's version is indeed very beautiful, and not one of our modern scholars wrote Latin verse with more purity and delicacy than he did, except perhaps Vincent Bourne, whom Cowper, if we mistake not, preferred to Tibullus. It is very close, yet misses one or two effective touches, — such as *οἶον ἔχω νόον*, — and the child's little purple cloak. 'Teque premunt placidi vincula blanda dei,' is sufficiently classical for a copy of prize verses at College, but out of place and time here, and not at all Simonidean.

"Et vehemens flavos everberat aura capillos,"

is surely not true to the sense of the original, — for the inside of the chest was *lown*; * but no more fault-finding with lines which no living scholar could excel or equal. Denman's version is very good, and having been for twenty years before the public, it has become part of our English Poetry. But it is far from faultless. Why 'northern sky?' Why fastidiously fear to write

* Sheltered, calm.

'chest,' or some other word, rather than mere vessel? Wordsworth was not afraid to speak, in one of his most interesting poems on Childhood, of

" A washing-tub like one of those
That women use to wash their clothes, —
That carried the blind boy."

" 'What woes does Danaë weep,' — is very bad, — the Greek how exquisitely touching! — And worse are these two lines, —

" Thy quiet bosom only knows
The heavy sigh of deep repose."

Grown up people breathe hard in deep sleep; but the breath of Perseus, in his little purple cloak, we venture to affirm, was inaudible even to his mother's ear till she kissed his cheek, and what has become of the cloak? * The passionate repetition of the same word 'sleep,' applied to wind, sea, and woe, is unaccountably, — and it would almost seem purposely, — lost in the version, — and with it how much is gone! There are other flaws; yet the lines flow smoothly, and the translator laudably aims at a simplicity which he scarcely attains. Read without reference to the original, they are affecting, — but with the original in our heart, they fade before 'the tender-hearted scroll of pure Simonides.' Elton's version shows the scholar. The meanings of all those comprehensive words, so difficult to the translator, are fully and accurately given; not a thought, a feeling, or an image is omitted; the emphasis is always laid on the right place; his heart and imagination are with the Danaë of Simonides. Blank verse is capable of any thing, and his blank verse is good; yet with the simple sweet words of the free-flowing Greek strain, 'all impulses of soul and sense,' still lingering with us, we feel for a while as if there were something heavy and cumbrous in the measure, and cannot easily reconcile ourselves to the change. Danaë, in her peril, speaks like a princess and a poetess beloved of Jove; but perhaps there is a slight tendency, in a line or two of Elton's version, towards a swelling wordiness scarcely natural to such a voyager, and somewhat impairing the pathos. We shall not minutely criticize the version quoted from an early Number of this Magazine; but with a few slight defects, occasioned by the difficulties voluntarily encountered, and on the whole successfully overcome, in the choice of a rhymed stanza, it is, we think, extremely elegant and true to nature and Simonides. Bryant's

[* This criticism is altogether inaccurate. Every mother has heard "the heavy sigh of deep repose," from her sleeping infant, its occasional long audible breathings.]

version is not properly a version at all, and we suspect he never saw the original ; but 't is a very pretty little poem, and very natural, with the exception of the cold conceit in the last two lines of the penultimate stanza, which expresses a sentiment the very reverse of that which was at poor Danaë's heart, and which must be offensive to the feelings of any mother. Of the seven, by far the best, we think, is that of our esteemed friend, Mr. Hay ; nor do we doubt that such will be the opinion, too, of Mr. Merivale * and the Lord Chief Justice. Mr. Hay is well known in Edinburgh as one of the most accomplished classical scholars, and those youths are fortunate who enjoy the benefit of his tuition."

To the translations quoted from Blackwood we add another, which originally appeared in "The Literary Miscellany," published at Cambridge (N. E.), 1805, 1806. (See Vol. II., p. 403.) We have not been able to learn the name of the translator.

"Now, in her little ark confined,
Danaë hears the howling wind,
The surging billows as they roll,
With deepest terror chill her soul ;
And down her cheek, with sorrow drear,
In silence steals the trickling tear.
The little Perseus she address,
And fondly clasped him to her breast.
'Sweet boy, what pains harass my mind,
While slumbers calm thy senses bind !
Thou sleep'st though in this cheerless cell,
Whose brass-bound joints each ray repel ;
Where, though the moon imparts her light,
We feel one dark, perpetual night.
Thou heed'st not, that thy flaxen head,
Though dry, is deep in ocean's bed.
Laid on thy purple robe, sweet boy,
No roaring winds thy peace annoy.
My lovely infant, pure as snow,
Didst thou thy perils truly know,
Thou wouldst incline thy listening ear,
Thy weeping mother's plaints to hear.
Sleep on, sweet babe, in quiet sleep,
And sleep in peace, thou swelling deep,

* Mr. Merivale is the editor of a new edition of Bland's "Collections from the Anthology."

And sleep, if favoring Jove decree,
 The piercing stings of misery.
 Or if my prayer too bold appear,
 Deign for my infant's sake to hear.

The following translation has not before been printed.

"When the strong ark which Danaë bore
 Was tossing 'mid the waters' roar,
 While rising winds her soul dismay,
 She bent o'er Perseus as he lay,
 Gazed with wet cheeks, and placed her arm
 Around him, as to shield from harm :
 'My boy,' she said, 'what woe I bear,
 But thou sleep'st sweetly, free from care,
 An infant's sleep, in this drear room,
 Dim-lighted, 'mid a night of gloom :
 Though the high waves are dashing by,
 As yet thy clustering hair is dry ;
 Wrapt in thy purple mantle warm,
 Thou, darling, dost not heed the storm.
 But were this dreadful scene to thee
 As dreadful as it is to me,
 Then wouldst thou turn a quickened ear
 Thy mother's troubled words to hear.
 Sleep, sleep, my child, in slumber deep ;
 Would that the waves and I might sleep.
 May there some change of purpose be,
 Disposer of my fate, with thee ;
 Grant me, a bolder prayer I make,
 Grant justice for this infant's sake.'"

The extracts before given from Blackwood's Magazine are from one of a series of articles on Merivale's new edition of Bland's Collections from the Greek Anthology. Since what precedes was in type we have seen a review of the same work in the last number of the Quarterly. The reviewer gives another English and another Latin version of the fragment of Simonides, both which, as matters of curiosity, we will add to our collection. The reviewer says,

"Amongst what little remains of a lyric kind, the celebrated fragment of Danaë and her child is preëminently conspicuous. This is the *tenderest* passage in Greek poetry ; there is nothing that we remember so unmixedly pathetic, and if we pronounce the Sapphic ode the acme of poetic expression of Passion, we may, upon the same principle of judgment, set up the Danaë of

Simonides as the *ne plus ultra* of that of Affection. The exceeding simplicity of these beautiful verses is almost as formidable in the way of translation as the condensation of *Θάλπειται μοὶ κήρυς* —.

'The wind blew hard, the rough wave smote
In rage on Danaë's fragile boat;
Her cheeks all wet with tears and spray,
She clasped her Perseus as he lay,
And, "Oh! what woes, my babe," she said,
"Are-gathering round thy mother's head!
Thou sleep'st in peace the while, and I
May hear thee breathing audibly,
Unknowing of this dreary room,
These barriers rude, this pitchy gloom.
For the wild wave thou dost not care;
It shall not wet thy clustering hair!
Beneath my purple robe reclined,
Thou shalt not hear the roaring wind.
Alas! my beauteous boy! I know
If all this woe to thee were woe,
Soon wouldst thou raise thy little head
And try to catch what mother said.
Nay; sleep, my child, a slumber deep!
Sleep, thou fierce sea — my sorrows sleep!"' &c.

In this translation, "*fragile bark*" seems to us to express a false idea. The ark is represented as made by *Dædalean art*, and its strong fastening with nails of brass is referred to. It appears to have been the purpose of the poet to represent the dreariness of Danaë's situation, and not to picture her as overcome by the terror of immediate danger. "*My purple robe*" we think should be "*thy purple robe*." By his omission of the concluding lines, we should judge that the translator sympathized with us in the feeling which we have expressed of their incongruity with what precedes, if understood as they commonly have been.

In a note, the reviewer says:

"We cannot refrain from adding Robert Smith's version, — so famous in the memory of his contemporaries at Eton: —

'Ventus quin fremeret, superque cymbam
Horrentis furor immineret undæ,
Non siccis Danaë genis, puellum
Circumfusa suum, "Miselle," dixit,
"O quæ sustineo! sopore dulci
Dum tu solveris, insciâque dormis
Securus requie; neque has per undas
Illætabile, luce sub malignâ,

Formidas iter, impetumque fluctûs
 Supra cæsariem tuam profundam
 Nil curas salientis, ipse molli
 Porrectus tunicâ, venustus infans;
 Nec venti fremitum. Sed, O miselle,
 Si mecum poteras dolere, saltem
 Junxisses lacrymas meis querelis.
 Dormi, care puer! gravesque fluctus,
 Dormite! O utinam mei dolores
 Dormirent simul! ” ’

We have thus given nine different versions into English, and two into Latin, of this famous fragment.

SCENES IN THE MOFUSSIL.

No. III. — ETAWAH.

IN the days of Moghul power, the native city of Etawah was a flourishing place, the abode of Omrahs and grandees belonging to the imperial court; but with the downfall of Moslem dominion it has sunk into insignificance, and possesses few, if any, attractions, excepting to the artist, who cannot fail to admire a splendid ghaut, one of the finest on the river Jumna, and several picturesque buildings, which latter, however, are falling fast into decay. The cantonments in the neighbourhood are peculiarly desolate, and exhibit in full perfection the dreary features of a jungle-station. Upon a wide sandy plain, nearly destitute of trees, half a dozen habitable bungalows lie scattered, intermixed with the ruins of others, built for the accommodation of a larger garrison than is now considered necessary for the security of the place, a single wing of a regiment of sepoy being deemed sufficient for the performance of the duties of this melancholy outpost. The civilian attached to it, who discharges the joint office of judge and collector, is seldom resident, preferring any other part of the district; and the few Europeans, condemned to linger out their three years of banishment in this wilderness, have ample opportunity to learn how they may contrive to exist upon their own resources. The bungalows of Etawah, though not in their primitive state,—for upon the first occupation of these remote jungles, doors and windows were not considered necessary, a *jaump*, or frame of bamboo covered with grass, answering the purpose of both,—are still sufficiently rude to startle persons who have acquired their notions of India from descriptions of the City of Palaces. Heavy, ill-glazed doors, smeared over with coarse paint, secure the inferiors from the inclemencies of the cold, hot, and rainy seasons. The walls are mean and bare, and where

attempts are made to color them, the daubing of inexperienced workmen is more offensive to the eye than common whitewash. The fastenings of the doors leading to the different apartments, if there be any, are of the rudest description, and the small portion of wood employed is rough, unseasoned, and continually requiring repair.

The intercourse between the brute denizens of the soil and their human neighbours is of too close a nature to be agreeable. If the doors be left open at night, movable lattices, styled *jaffrys*, must be substituted to keep out the wolves and hyenas, who take the liberty of perambulating through the verandahs; the gardens are the haunts of the porcupine, and panthers prowl in the ravines. The chopper, or thatch of a bungalow, affords commodious harbour for vermin of every description; but in large stations, which have been long inhabited by Europeans, the wilder tribes, retreating to more desolate places, are rarely seen; squirrels or rats, with an occasional snake or two, form the population of the roof, and are comparatively quiet tenants. In the jungles, the occupants are more numerous and more various; wild cats, ghosauamps, a reptile of the lizard tribe as large as a sucking pig; vis copras, and others, take up their abode amid the rafters, and make wild work with their battles and their pursuit of prey. These intruders are only divided from the human inhabitants of the bungalow by a cloth, stretched across the top of a room, from wall to wall, and secured by tapes tied in a very ingenious manner behind a projecting cornice: this cloth forms the cieling, and shuts out the unsightly rafters of the huge barn above; but it proves a frail and often insufficient barrier; the course of the assailants and the assailed may be distinctly traced upon its surface, which yields with the pressure of the combatants, showing distinctly the out lines of the various feet. When it becomes a little worn, legs are frequently seen protruding through some aperture, and as the tapes are apt to give way during the rains, there is a chance of the undesired appearance of some hunted animal, who, in its anxiety to escape from its pursuers, falls through a yawning rent into the abyss below. Before the introduction of cloths, snakes and other agreeable visitants often dropped from the bamboos upon the persons of those who might be reposing beneath; but although, where there are no dogs or cats to keep the lower story clear of intruders, the dwellers of the upper regions will seek the ground-floor of their own accord, they cannot so easily descend as heretofore: there is quite sufficient annoyance without a closer acquaintance with the parties, for night being usually selected for the time of action, sleep is effectually banished by their gambols. The noise is sometimes almost terrific, and nervous persons, females in particular, may fancy that the whole of the machinery, cloth, fastenings and all, will come down, along with ten thousand combatants, upon their devoted heads. The sparrows in the eaves, alarmed by the hubbub, start from their slumbers, and their chirping and fluttering increase the tumult. In these wild solitudes, in-

dividuals of the insect race perform the part of nocturnal disturbers with great vigor and animation. At nightfall, a concert usually commences, in which the treble is sustained by crickets, whose lungs far exceed in power those of the European hearth, while the bass is croaked forth by innumerable toads. The bugle-horns of the musquitos are drowned in the dissonance, and the gurgling accompaniment of the musk-rats is scarcely to be distinguished. In the midst of this uproar, should sleep, long-wooded, descend at last to rest upon the weary eyelids, it is but too often chased away by the yells of a wandering troop of jackalls, each animal apparently endeavouring to outshriek his neighbour. A quiet night, in any part of India, is exceedingly difficult of attainment; the natives, who sleep through the heat of the day, protract their vigils far beyond the midnight hour, and however silent at other periods, are always noisy at night. Parties from adjacent villages patrol the roads, singing; and during religious festivals or bridal revelries, every sort of discordant instrument, gongs, and blaring trumpets six feet long, are brought in aid of the shouts of the populace.

Such is the usual character of a night in the jungles, and it requires nerves of no ordinary kind to support its various inflictions. Fortunately, the beds, as they are constructed and placed in India, afford a secure asylum from actual contact with invaders, the many-legged and many-winged host, which give so lively an idea of the plagues of Egypt. The couch occupies the centre of the floor, and is elevated to a considerable height from the ground; the musquito-curtains, which are tightly tucked in all round, though formed of the thinnest and most transparent material, cannot easily be penetrated from without, and though bats may brush them with their wings, lizards innumerable crawl along the walls, and musk-rats skirt round the posts, admission to the interior is nearly impossible: on this account, as well as for the great preservative which they form against malaria, it is advisable to sleep under a musquito-net at all seasons of the year.

The noisome broods, nurtured in the desolate places around Etawah, have not yet been taught to fly from the abode of the European; but to counterbalance the annoyance which their presence occasions, the brighter and more beautiful inhabitants of the jungles fearlessly approach the lonely bungalow. In no other part of India, with the exception of the hill-districts, are more brilliant and interesting specimens of birds and insects to be seen: extremely small brown doves, with pink breasts, appear amid every variety of the common color, green pigeons, blue jays, crested wood-peckers, together with an infinite number of richly-plumed birds, glowing in purple, scarlet, and yellow, less familiar to unscientific persons, flock around. A naturalist would luxuriate in so ample a field for the pursuit of his studies, and need scarcely go farther than the gardens, to find those feathered wonders, which are still imperfectly described in works upon ornithology. Here the lovely little tailor-bird sews two leaves together, and swings in

his odorous nest from the pendulous bough of some low shrub. The fly-catcher, a very small and slender bird of a bright green, is also an inhabitant of the gardens, which are visited by miniature birds resembling birds of paradise, white, and pale brown, with tails composed of two long feathers. Nothing can be more beautiful than the effect produced by the brilliant colors of those birds, which congregate in large flocks; the ring-necked paroquets, in their evening flight as the sun declines, show rich masses of green, and the byahs or crested-sparrows, whose breasts are of the brightest yellow, look like clouds of gold as they float along. Numbers of aquatic birds feed upon the shores of the neighbouring Jumna, and the tremendous rush of their wings, as their mighty armies traverse the heavens, joined to other strange and savage sounds, give a painful assurance to those long accustomed to the quietude of sylvan life in England, that they are intruders on the haunts of wild animals, who have never been subjected to the dominion of man. There is one sound which, though not peculiar to the jungles, is more wearying than in more thickly-inhabited places, on account of the extreme loudness of the note, and its never ceasing for a single instant during the day,—the murmuring of doves: the trees are full of them, and my ear, at least, never became reconciled to their continued moaning. At sunset, this sound is hushed, but the brief interval of repose is soon broken by the night-cries already described.

The roads around Etawah, if such they may (by courtesy) be called, are about the very worst in the world: they are the high-ways leading to the neighbouring stations, Mynpoorie, Futtighur, Arga, and Cawnpore, and afford no picturesque views within the range of a day's excursion. There is little temptation to drive out in a carriage in the evening, the favorite method of taking air and exercise in India; a few mango-groves, skirting villages surrounded by high walls of mud, probably as a security against the incursions of wild beasts, alone diversify the bare and arid plains, while the ruts threaten dislocation, and the dust, that plague of Hindoostan, is nearly suffocating. The gardens afford a more agreeable method of passing the short period of day-light which the climate will permit to be spent in the open air. They are large and well-planted; but the *mallees* (gardeners) are extremely ignorant of the European methods of cultivation, not having the same opportunity of acquiring knowledge as at larger stations. The pomegranate is of little value except for its rich red flowers, for the fruit,—in consequence, no doubt, of either being badly grafted or not grafted at all,—when ripe, is crude and bitter; it is greatly esteemed, however, by the natives, who cover the green fruit with clay, to prevent the depredations of birds. The pomegranates brought from Persia never appeared to me to merit their celebrity: whether any attempt has been made to improve them, by a graft from the orange, I know not, but I always entertained a wish to make the experiment. Sweet lemons, limes, oranges, and citrons offer, in addi-

tion to their superb blossoms and delicious perfume, fruit of the finest quality ; and grapes which are trained in luxuriant arcades, not only give beauty to a somewhat formal plantation, but afford a grateful banquet at a period of the year (the hot winds) in which they are most acceptable. Amongst the indigenous fruits of these jungles is a wild plum, which has found an entrance into the gardens, and which, if properly cultivated, would produce excellent fruit ; in its present state, unfortunately, it is too resinous to be relished by unaccustomed palates. The melons, which grow to a large size, and are abundant in the season, are chiefly procured from native gardens, on the banks of the Jumna, as they flourish on the sands which border that river. Mangos and jacks occupy extensive plantations, exclusive of the gardens, and are left, as well as custard apples, plantains, and guavas, to the cultivation of the natives, the ground in the neighbourhood of a bungalow being chiefly appropriated to foreign productions. The seeds of European vegetables are sown after the rainy season, and come to perfection during the cold weather ; green peas, cauliflowers, and Cos lettuce, appear at Christmas, sustaining, without injury, night-frost, which would kill them in their native climes. Either the cultivation is better understood, or the soil is more congenial to these delicate strangers, since they succeed better than the more hardy plants, celery, beet-root, and carrots, which never attain to their proper size, and are frequently deficient in flavor. To watch the progress of the winter-crop of familiar vegetables, and to inspect those less accurately known, cannot fail to be interesting, although the climate will not permit a more active part in the management of a garden.

The oleanders, common all over India, are the pride of the jungles, spreading into large shrubs, and giving out their delicate perfume from clusters of pink and white flowers. The baubool also boasts scent of the most exquisite nature, which it breathes from bells of gold ; the delicacy of its aroma renders it highly prized by Europeans, who are overpowered by the strong perfume of the jessamine, and other flowers much in request with the natives. The sensitive plant grows in great abundance in the gardens of Etawah, spreading itself over whole borders, and showing on a grand scale the peculiar quality whence it derives its name ; the touch of a single leaf will occasion those of a whole parterre to close and shrink away, nor will it recover its vigor until several hours after the trial of its sensibility. Equally curious, and less known, is the property of another beautiful inhabitant of these regions ; the flowers of a tree of no mean growth arrive to nearly the size of a peony ; these flowers blow in the morning, and appear of the purest white, gradually changing to every shade of red, until, as the evening advances, they become of a deep crimson, and falling off at night, are renewed in their bridal attire the following day. When gathered and placed in a vase, they exhibit the same metamorphosis, and it is the amusement of many hours to watch the progress of the first faint tinge, as it deepens into darker and darker hues.

Around every shrub, butterflies of various tints sport and flutter, each species choosing some particular blossoms, appearing as if the flowers themselves had taken flight, and were hovering over the parent bough: one plant will be surmounted by a galaxy of blue-winged visitants, while the next is radiant with amber or scarlet. Immense winged grasshoppers, whose whole bodies are studded with emeralds which no jeweller can match, shining beetles, bedecked with amethysts and topazes, and others which look like spots of crimson velvet, join the gay carnival. These lovely creatures disappear with the last sun-beams, and are succeeded by a less desirable race. Huge vampire-bats, measuring four feet from tip to tip of their leathern wings, wheel round in murky circles; owls venture abroad, and the odious musk-rat issues from its hole.

The remaining twilight is usually spent upon the *chubootur*, a raised terrace or platform of chunam, generally commanding an extensive prospect. Chairs are placed for the accommodation of the females and their visitors, and the road beneath often presents a very lively scene. Native conveyances of all kinds, and some exceedingly grotesque, pass to and fro; fukeers are conveyed from the city to their residences in the neighbouring villages in a sort of cage, not larger than a modern hat-box, in which the wonder is how they can contrive to bestow themselves; these miniature litters are slung on a bamboo, and carried by two men; covered carts drawn by bullocks, camels and buffaloes returning home, with occasionally an elephant stalking majestically along, are the most common passengers; but native travellers of rank, attended by numerous trains of well armed dependants, wedding and religious processions, composed of fantastic groups, frequently attract the gazing eye, amusing by their novelty.

As night draws on, packs of jackalls may be dimly descried on the roads, looking like dark phantoms; and even while the bungalow is blazing with lights, the wolf may be seen prowling at a little distance, watching for some unguarded moment to snatch an infant from its mother's lap. Such catastrophes are not uncommon: frequently, while seated at tea, the party has been startled by the shouts of the servants, too late aware of the intruder's presence. Pursued by cries and the clattering of bamboos, the wretch is sometimes known to drop its prey; but in general he succeeds in carrying it off to some inaccessible spot. These occurrences take place just before nightfall, when the appearance of a wolf is not suspected, and if he should be seen he may be mistaken for a pariah dog. When the natives retire to their houses, every aperture is secured by strong lattices, and none venture to sleep outside who are not capable of protecting themselves. Europeans do not seem to consider wolves as worthy game; when a tiger makes his appearance in the neighbourhood of a cantonment, all the residents, civil and military, are astir, and it seldom happens that he is suffered to escape the crusade which is formed against him; the more ignoble animal is left to the natives, who, however, seldom claim the re-

ward given by government of five rupees per head, in consequence of a superstition which prevails amongst them, that wherever a wolf's blood is spilled, the ground becomes barren: this notion is unfortunate, since they display both courage and conduct in the attack of fiercer beasts of prey. No sooner were the yells of two hyenas heard in the cantonments of Etawah, than a party of half-naked men, armed only with bamboos, went up to the lair which they had chosen, and after a severe struggle secured them alive. The victors bound their prizes to bamboos, and carried them round to each bungalow, where of course they received a reward in addition to that given by the judge.

The hyena of a menagerie affords a very faint idea of the savage of the jungles; these creatures, though severely injured, retained, even in their manacled state, all their native ferocity, unsubdued by long fasting and blows. A gentleman present, anxious to exhibit his skill with the broad-sword, brandished a tulwur, with the intention of cutting off their heads: but he was disappointed; one of the expected victims snatched the weapon from his hand, and broke it in pieces in an instant; they were then less ostentatiously despatched.

It is unfortunate that beauty of prospect cannot be combined in India with the more essential conveniences necessary for the performance of military duties; while nothing can be more ugly than the tract marked out for the cantonments of Etawah, the ravines into which it is broken, at a short distance, leading to the Jumna, are exceedingly picturesque, affording many striking landscapes; the sandy winding steepes on either side are richly wooded with the *neem*, the *peepul*, and a species of the palm, which in the upper provinces always stands singly, the soil being less congenial than lower grounds near the coast: in these situations, it is more beautiful than when it plants itself in whole groves. Sometimes, an opening presents a wide view over wild jungle; at others, it gives glimpses of the Jumna, whose blue waters sparkle in the beams of the rising or setting sun. These ravines can only be traversed upon horseback, or upon an elephant, and they must be visited by day-break to be seen to advantage. However beautiful the awakening of nature may be in other parts of the world, its balmy delights can never be so highly appreciated as in the climes of the East, where its contrast to the subduing heat of burning noon, renders it a blessing of inestimable value. The freshness of the morning air, the play of light and shade, which is so agreeable to the eye, the brightness of the foliage, the vivid hue of the flowers opening their variegated clusters to the sun, rife with transient beauty, for evening finds them drooping; the joyous matins of the birds, and the playful gambols of wild animals emerging from their dewy lairs, exhilarate the spirits, and afford the highest gratification to the lover of sylvan scenes. Every tree is tenanted by numerous birds; superb falcons look out from their lofty eyries, and wild peacocks fling their magnificent trains over the lower boughs, ten

or twelve being frequently perched upon the same tree. The smaller birds, sparrow-hawks, green pigeons, blue jays, &c. actually crowd the branches; the crow pheasant whirrs as strange footsteps approach, and wings his way to deeper solitudes; while flocks of parroquets, upon the slightest disturbance, issue screaming from their woody coverts, and, spreading their emerald plumes, soar up until they melt into the golden sky above. At the early dawn, the panther and the hyena may be seen, skulking along to their dens; the antelope springs up, bounding across the path; the nylghau scours over bush and briar, seeking the distant plain; the porcupine retreats grunting, or stands at bay erecting his quills in wrath at the intrusion; and innumerable smaller animals, — the beautiful little blue-fox, the civet with its superb brush, and the humble mungoose, — make every nook and corner swarm with life. Gigantic herons stalk along the river's shores; the brahmanee ducks hover gabbling above, and huge alligators bask on the sand-banks, stretched in profound repose, or watching for their prey.

As the jungles recede from the dwellings of man, they become wilder and more savage; large *jheels* (ponds) spread their watery wastes over the low marshes, and are the haunt of millions of living creatures. Small hunting parties frequently encamp during the cold season on the banks of these glassy pools, where, in addition to every description of smaller game, the wild boar, though not so common as in Bengal, may be ridden down and speared by the expert sportsman. The native-hunters (*shikarrees*) go out at all periods of the year, and are frequently retained in European establishments for the purpose of ensuring regular supplies for the table.

The equipments of these men would astonish the hero of a hundred *battus*; they are armed with an old rusty, clumsy matchlock, which they never fire except when certain of their quarry, making up in skill and patience for the inefficiency of their weapons. They go out alone, and never return empty-handed; and young men, desirous of obtaining good sport, and of securing the shy and rare beasts of chase, prefer seeking their game attended by one of these men to joining larger parties, who are frequently disappointed of the nobler species, and are compelled to be contented with snippets.

The nylghau, when stall-fed, is more esteemed in India, than it deserves, as the flesh resembles coarse beef, and when made into hams is apt to crumble; smaller venison, on the contrary, is not prized according to its merits, Europeans preferring the half-domesticated tenant of an English park to the wild flavor of the dweller in the jungles. There is the same prejudice against peachicks, which few are aware are considered a dainty at home (the grand criterion of Anglo-Indians), and they are neglected, though affording an excellent substitute for turkeys, which are dear and over-fed. This American importation does not thrive very well in India; so many die before they arrive at maturity, that the native

breeders are obliged to put a high price upon the survivors, which are often sold for fifteen rupees each : they are generally encumbered with fat, and are in fact vastly inferior to young pea-fowl, which combine the flavor of the pheasant with the juiciness of the turkey. Guinea-fowl find a more congenial climate in India, and in many places run wild and breed in the woods. Common poultry also are found there in an untamed state ; they go under the denomination of jungle-fowl, and are quite equal to any feathered game which is brought to table.

The river Jumna is well-stocked with fish, and during the rainy season numerous nullahs supply Etawah with many excellent sorts, including the finest, though not the largest, prawns to be had in India. The mutton and beef is of the best quality, the former being usually an appendage to each resident's farm. Native butchers feed cattle and sheep for European consumption, taking care, however, not to kill the former until all the joints shall be bespoken. A family who entertain will not find a whole bullock too much for their own use, slaughtered at Christmas ; and the salting pieces reserved for the hot weather, when cured by experienced hands, will keep good for a whole year. The expedient in less favorable seasons to procure salt-beef, when fresh killed, is to boil it in strong brine, and serve it up the same day.

There is no regular supply of European articles at Etawah ; the residents are not sufficiently numerous to encourage a native to traffic in beer, wine, brandy, cheese, &c. ; these things, together with tea and coffee, several kinds of spices, English pickles, and English sauces, must be procured from Cawnpore, a distance of ninety-six miles. A crash of glass or crockery cannot be repaired without recourse to the same emporium, excepting now and then, when an ambulatory magazine makes its appearance, or the *dandies* belonging to boats, which have ascended the Ganges from Calcutta, hawk about small investments, which they have either stolen, or purchased for almost nothing at an auction. On these occasions, excellent bargains are procured ; boxes of eau-de-cologne, containing six bottles, being sold for a rupee, and anchovy-paste, mushroom-ketchup, &c. at less than the retail price in England ; the true value of Brandy or Hollands is better known, and these articles are seldom sold much below the current price at Cawnpore. The female residents of Etawah must depend entirely upon their own stores, for they cannot purchase a single yard of ribbon, and are frequently in great distress for such trifling articles as pins, needles, and thread ; shoes, gloves, every thing in fact belonging to the wardrobe, must be procured from Cawnpore, the metropolis of the Upper Provinces.

In the cold season, strings of camels, laden with the rich productions of Thibet and Persia, pass on their way to Benares and Patna ; some are freighted with costly merchandize, shawls, carpets, and gems ; others carry less precious articles, apples, *kistmists* (raisins), dried apricots, pomegranates, grapes, and pistachio-nuts.

Upon the necks of these camels, beautiful little Persian kittens are seen seated, the venders finding a ready sale for their live cargo both at European and native houses. These silken-haired, bushy-tailed cats make the prettiest and the most useful pets of an Indian establishment; they are capital mousers, and will attack snakes and the larger kind of lizards; a bungalow, tenanted by one of these long-furred specimens of the feline race and a terrier-dog, will soon be cleared of vermin. They are in great esteem all over the country, and will fetch from eight to fifty rupees, the latter price being offered at Calcutta, where they are not so easily procured as in the upper country. The common cat of Hindoostan is exceedingly ugly when unmixed with foreign breeds; but there is a very pretty and curious variety in the Indian islands, with a sleek coat and a short flat tail, square at the end. The Persian merchants also bring very beautiful greyhounds to India for sale, but they are always extremely high-priced, being much in request; the native, or pariah dogs, are a degenerate and useless race of mongrels, and infinite care is taken to preserve foreign breeds, which require great attention, the climate being very unfavorable to all except the hardiest sort of terriers.

The unsheltered site of Etawah affords ample opportunity for the contemplation of the changes of the atmosphere; in no part of India do the hot winds blow with greater fury. This terrible visitation takes place in March, and continues during the whole of April and May. The wind usually arises about eight o'clock in the morning, and if coming from the right point (the west), and strong enough to cause sufficient evaporation, the *tatties* are put up, — thick mats, made of the roots of a fragrant grass (*cuscus*), upon bamboo frames, fitting into the doors or windows; all the apertures in a contrary direction being closely shut. These *tatties* are kept constantly wet, by men employed to throw water upon them on the outside, and the wind which comes through them is changed into a rush of cold air, so cold sometimes as to oblige the party within to put on additional clothing. While the wind continues steady, the only inconveniences to be borne are the darkness, — that second plague of Egypt common to Indian houses, — and the confinement; for those who venture abroad pay dearly for their temerity: the atmosphere of a gasometer in full operation might as easily be endured; exhaustion speedily follows, the breath and limbs fail, and, if long exposed to the scorching air, the skin will peel off. Yet this is the period chosen by the natives for their journeys and revelries; they cover their faces with a cloth, and with this simple precaution brave the fiercest blasts of the simoom. These winds usually subside at sunset, though they sometimes blow to a later hour, and are known to continue all night. If they should change to the eastward, the *tatties* are useless, producing only a hot damp steam. In this event, the only means of mitigating the heat is to exclude the wind by filling up the crevices, hanging thick curtains (*pardaks*) over the doors, and setting all

the punkahs in motion ; inefficient expedients, for, in despite of all, the atmosphere is scarcely bearable ; excessive and continual thirst, languor of the most painful nature, and irritability produced by the prickly heat, render existence almost insupportable. Every article of furniture is burning to the touch ; the hardest wood, if not well covered with blankets, will split with a report like that of a pistol, and linen taken from the drawers appears as if just removed from a kitchen fire. The nights are terrible ; every apartment being heated to excess, each may be compared to a large oven, in which M. Chaubert alone could repose at ease. Gentlemen usually have their beds placed in the verandahs, or on the *chubootur*, as they incur little risk in sleeping in the open air, at a season in which no dews fall, and there is scarcely any variation in the thermometer. Tornadoes are frequent during the hot winds ; while they last, the skies, though cloudless, are darkened with dust, the sun is obscured, and a London fog cannot more effectually exclude the prospect. The birds are dreadful sufferers at this season ; their wings droop, and their bills are open as if gasping for breath ; all animals are more or less affected, and especially those which have been imported to the country. Our Persian cats were wont to coil themselves round the jars of water in the bathing-rooms, and to lie on the wet grass between the tatties, where they frequently received a sprinkling from the copious libations poured upon the frames without. If, tired of confinement, they ventured into the verandah, they would speedily return, looking quite aghast at the warm reception they had met with abroad.

The breaking up of the hot winds affords a magnificent spectacle ; they depart in wrath, after a tremendous conflict with opposing elements. The approaching strife is made known by a cloud, or rather a wall of dust, which appears at the extremity of the horizon, becoming more lofty as it advances. The air is sultry and still, for the wind, which is tearing up the sand as it rushes along, is not felt in front of the billowy masses, whose mighty ramparts gather strength as they spread ; at length the plain is surrounded, and the sky becomes as murk as midnight. Then the enchained thunder breaks forth ; but its most awful peals are scarcely heard in the deep roar of the tempest ; burst succeeds to burst, each more wild and furious than the former ; the forked lightnings flash in vain, for the dust, which is as thick as snow, flings an impenetrable veil around them. The wind, having spent itself in a final effort, suddenly subsides, and the dust is as speedily dispersed by torrents of rain, which in a very short time flood the whole country. The tatties are immediately thrown down, and though they may have previously rendered shawls necessary, the relief experienced when breathing the fresh air of heaven, instead of that produced by artificial means, is indescribable. All the animal creation appear to be endued with fresh life and vigor, as they inhale the cooling breezes ; the songs of the birds are heard again, and flocks and herds come forth rejoicing. Before

the watery pools have penetrated into the parched earth, so rapid is the growth of vegetation, patches of green appear along the plain, and those who take up their posts in the verandah for an hour or two, may literally see the grass grow. In the course of a single day, the sandy hillocks will be covered with verdure, and in a very short time the grass becomes high and rank. While the clouds are actually pouring out their liquid treasures, the rainy season is not unpleasant; punkahs may be dispensed with, and the venetians may be removed without danger of being blinded by the glare; but the intervals between the showers are excessively hot; and the frequent changes of the atmosphere, and the malaria arising from the surrounding marshes, render it dreadfully unhealthy. Fever and ague are the common complaints; the former is often fatal, and the utmost vigilance is requisite to avoid the danger to which both natives and Europeans are continually exposed, since infection is frequently brought from distant places in currents of air.

The effect of these partial tornadoes is very curious; they are almost seen to traverse the plain, their course resembling that of a swollen river or a lava-flood. Persons at a very short distance may stand without feeling the agitation of the elements, and behold the devastation which they cause; trees are torn up by the roots, roofs are stripped of their tiles, and the choppers of out-houses fly off like gigantic birds, being carried several yards beyond the place where they originally stood. I once witnessed a very amusing scene of this nature: the servants of a neighbour, anxious to preserve their master's property, on the roof of the cook-room taking wing, rushed out of their houses, and with great vigor and alacrity seized the ends of the flying bamboos ere they reached the ground, running along with their canopy until its impetus had ceased, and then restoring it to the deserted walls on which it had formerly rested.

The rains usually continue from the first or second week in June until the middle of October, and in some seasons are extremely violent; the desolation on the rivers' banks is frightful; whole villages are plunged into the flood, a catastrophe seldom attended by loss of life, as the natives usually have timely warning, and escape with their goods and chattels, taking care, however, like the Sicilians in the neighbourhood of *Ætna*, to build again in places equally exposed to inundation. Bungalows often sustain considerable damage during a very wet season; the pillars of the verandahs sink and lose their perpendicular, and out-offices and servants' houses are frequently washed away, leaving nothing but fragments of mud-walls behind. The thunder and lightning which accompany these cataracts are terrific, filling the heavens with blue and crimson light, and carrying death into the plains, where herdsmen and shepherds frequently perish. The final fall is generally the heaviest, lasting three or four days, and bringing cold weather along with it. A sudden and grateful change of climate

takes place upon the departure of the rain ; the sun is deprived of its noxious power, and renders the heavens bright without being sultry ; exercise may be taken on foot until ten o'clock in the day, in the upper provinces, and in a carriage at all times without inconvenience. While the weather is cloudy (generally during a few days in December), it is exceedingly practicable to walk out in the middle of the day in Etawah, and higher up, at Kurnaul, this gratification may be enjoyed for two months.

The climate all over India, even in Bengal, is delightful from October until March ; all is brightness and beauty outside the house ; summer gardens glow with myriads of flowers, native and exotic, while within, fires, especially in the evening, are acceptable, and blankets are necessary to ward off the inclemencies of the night. This is the gay season, and even Etawah loses part of its dulness, being visited by regiments on their march to and from other stations, who sometimes make it their halting-place for a couple of days. A canvass city starts up, as if by magic, on the bare plain ; bullocks, camels, horses, and elephants are grouped amid the tents ; sheep, cows, goats, and poultry, following the fortunes of their owners, occupy temporary farm-yards in the rear ; and bazars are opened for the sale of all the necessities of life. At day-break, the striking of tent-pins, the neighing of horses, the lowing of herds, and the grunt of the camels, mixed with the long roll of the drums and bugle-calls, give warning that the march is about to commence, and when the sun has risen, troops of hideous white vultures are seen feeding on the offal, where all the day before had been crowd and bustle.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

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ART. I.—*Memoirs and Correspondence of Sir James Edward Smith.*
2 vols. 8vo. Price 1l. 11s. 6d. London. Longman & Co.

IN moral tendency this work is to be classed with the *Memoirs and Letters* of Cowper and Heber, of Collingwood, Sir Thomas Munro, and Dr. Edward Clarke, or of such old English worthies as More and Penn. It is consequently, in our estimation, among the books which, from their moral beauty alone, are to be regarded as the most precious treasures of literature. Such works are too few in number, and they are almost peculiar to England. They are quiet, truthful, domestic pictures of her best and greatest men, and of the sound and virtuous heart of her worthiest society; often making the power and charm of the hidden and enduring worth of the English character, be suddenly felt when it was feared all was hastening to vanity and demoralization. They are images of a kind of life on which no one can look with feeling, and in earnest, without a softening and moulding of the whole man into some faint resemblance of their pure and serene beauty. The appearance of works of this character in these troublous times, gives them double value. They are as the bow in the blackened and stormy heavens, giving promise of serener weather, and telling of all the peace and loveliness that is hid behind the gathered clouds. Though we rank this memoir with those manuals of humanity which, through the affections, teach youth how to grow unto virtue, and to live with honor and usefulness, we do not mean to say that their excellent and amiable subject, a man of accomplishment and information, a man of science also, — and, in one branch of natural science, enthusiastic and eminent, — was either a Cowper or a Heber, although we may assert that the record of his early life will be perused with nearly equal pleasure, and with at least equal advantage, as their memoirs. Sir James Edward Smith is here but one of an English family group. He is the most prominent figure, but some of those by whom he is surrounded are, to our taste, quite as captivating.

The life of Sir James Edward Smith is chiefly unfolded by his own correspondence; though the book is edited by his widow with the intuitive delicacy and fineness of perception, inspired by a warm and refined affection, and an unreserved, though dignified devotion to the memory of her husband, which beget a cordial sympathy in her readers. If there is fault to be found, it is with the almost overweening modesty which makes Lady Smith draw herself so completely into the shade, that we only obtain a transient glimpse of her through the lights reflected from the object of

her proud affection. They must be stern critics who will think it a blemish in her book, that details, which indifferent readers may regard as trivial and tiresome, assume, in her sight, an immense importance from their connexion with her husband; for this is not only a feeling which does honor to her, but is the true temper in which biography should be written, if it is to be felt. It is but heartless work to compile the memoirs of a man whom one does not both love and honor. To this may be imputed the failure of several recent ambitious memoirs.

To us the early days of Sir James Smith are by far the most delightful portion of his history; and we are not sure but that we like the father quite as well as the son. Lady Smith labors with sufficient zeal to trace the high maternal ancestry of her husband; so we may conclude that his sensible and excellent father had little to boast of in this way, on his side of the house. We are not told, but are led to infer, that the elder Smith, whose letters, besides proving the warmth and goodness of his heart, and the vigor of his understanding, display very considerable literary cultivation, was some sort of Norwich merchant, or tradesman. Sir James, his eldest, and for some years his only child, was born in Norwich in 1759; he was a delicate and sensitive child, peculiarly susceptible, both in mental and physical constitution; diffident, timid, and, as an augury of the future botanist, fond of flowers. In after life, we are told, he seldom saw the blue flowers of the wild-succory, without remembering how he had loved them in infancy. This is not quite the passionate memory of his admired Rousseau; the "*Voilà le pervenche!*" but is among the connecting links which we like to gather between the childhood and manhood of a botanist. The delicate boy was left much with his mother; his parents seem to have been Dissenters, though we do not learn of what particular denomination. They were, in all things, an estimable and well-assorted pair, in the middle ranks of the humble and yet lofty class and days of England's

"Plain living and high thinking."

To their son, their first lessons were the encouragement of free, independent inquiry, and the habit of exercising his judgment in the examination of every opinion, and of thinking for himself. In after life, he often expressed himself deeply indebted to his parents for cautioning him against the implicit or blind reception of unsifted opinions.

Sir James was not sent to school. At home, he acquired a correct knowledge of French and Italian, and made some progress in mathematics, though he was very backward in his Latin studies. He was, in fact, intended by his father for business, and the old gentleman had himself no particular respect for Latin prosody, or hammering at hexameters. Nor did he admire public schools; and Lady Smith remarks, and we pray British mothers to lay it to heart, —

"In the society of well-informed, sensible parents, those hours which in a public school are frequently grievous, or unavoidably wasted, those domestic evenings which expand the heart with the understanding, and 'leave us leisure to be good,' were devoted to reading, or lessons rendered pleasing by the associations connected with them."

His father's love of reading history stole upon the boy, and, at the age of eleven or twelve, he showed a precocious power of invention, in composing a fabulous history of two races of Scottish kings. On this juvenile performance, Lady Smith dwells with amiable fondness.

"The writer is not ashamed to acknowledge, that reading the history of this ideal court, its ladies, servants, and dependents, and the satirical verses and pasquinades upon some members belonging to it, has occasionally beguiled a winter's evening very agreeably, when the company of some young friend has been the occasion of introducing the '*Paper People*,' as they were called, upon the tea-table: and at the same time his own playful recurrence to the scenes of his youthful happiness produced an enjoyment which will never return."

About the age of eighteen, the love of flowers, which young Smith had always indulged, grew into a passion for botany. The following coincidence is remarkable:—On the 9th January, 1778, he obtained the first treatise he had yet seen upon botany, Berkenhout's *Hudson's Flora*; and on the 11th, with infinite delight, began to examine plants scientifically. The commerce furze was the only plant then in flower. In examining it, "I first comprehended," he says, "the nature of systematic arrangement, and the Linnæan principles, little aware, that *at that instant* the world was losing the great genius who was to be my future guide; for Linnæus died on the same night." "In an age of astrologic faith," Lady Smith remarks, "such a coincidence would have excited superstitious reflections, and the polar star of the great northern philosopher might have been supposed to shed its dying influence on his young disciple." Mr. Smith now wished his son to settle to business, as an importer of raw silk; but his love of science, and the interposition of friends, prevailed to change his destiny; and, in October, 1781, his affectionate father escorted him part of the way to Edinburgh, where he commenced the study of medicine. The interest and value of these memoirs commence, and are nearly spent in the Correspondence regularly maintained between this exemplary son and his amiable family, during his residence in Edinburgh, and in his subsequent course of study and travel. The young student wrote frequently home, describing the progress of his studies, his pursuits, his friends, and amusements; beginning his epistles with the stately "Honored Sir," sanctioned, or rather prescribed, by old-fashioned manners. The picture of a student at our university fifty years since, becomes curious now. Dr. Hope, the Professor of Botany, was Smith's chief friend and counsellor; but he had letters of introduction to several respectable and fashionable families. He began to study Latin with Dr.

Adam, paying at the rate of eight guineas a-year for private lessons, though the customary fee was a guinea a-month.

"I hope," says the young man, "you will not grudge this expense, as it is quite necessary, and you may depend on my frugality in every case where I can save money without missing any thing of real importance. Dr. Hope thinks that, with the utmost economy, I cannot spend less than £120 a-year; but I don't see how it can amount to near that." At Dr. Hope's he met Lord Monboddo, whom he describes as "a plain-dressing, elderly man, with an ordinary gray coat, leather breeches, and coarse worsted stockings. He conversed with me," he adds, "with great affability, about various matters; spoke of the great decline of classical learning in Edinburgh, and mentioned the Norfolk husbandry." Upon this the affectionate father, connecting himself, through his paternal sympathies, with whatever concerned his son, reads Lord Monboddo's works, and makes this sensible observation: "It is amusing to see to what great heights the imaginations of some contemplative persons will carry them in fanciful hypotheses, which the Abbé Buffier aptly calls philosophical romances. In this respect, metaphysicians are a sort of knights-errant in literature, who sally out in quest of adventures in fancy's regions." What follows is still better said:—"My dear, I cannot disapprove of any expense that is useful to your pursuits, therefore I have no objection to a Latin master. Latin and Greek are necessary to your profession, in more respects than being keys to the doors of science, into any of which you may enter if you have those keys; and I should wish you to have as good ones as any body else. They should have no advantage of me in that respect; though I believe, between ourselves, there is a great deal in the parade of it besides the use. The men of learning have agreed to stamp a high value upon classical learning: it sets them out of reach of the vulgar, and of those who are their superiors in every other worldly advantage; yet I do not think it all sterling worth, but a great deal of it imposition." Such were the opinions of a plain, strong-minded English trader, fifty years since. How very long it sometimes is before men will act upon their convictions. After saying many kind and obliging things, and, on the study of medicine, much that is acute and profound, the good father continues thus,—"And how much were it to be wished that every father could safely so address his son. You say I may depend upon your frugality in every case. I know I may, my dear; but I would not have you cramp yourself, nor deny yourself either any enjoyment or advantage on that account. I am perfectly easy; satisfied that you would not wish for what I ought to refuse."

Old Mr. Smith seems to have been a good Whig in his generation, and sometimes he gives his son a little political news; and in one place quaintly observes, "I esteem the Scotch much for their zeal for the Protestant religion; yet I think two sermons at a time rather too much. I hope their Kirks are warmer than our Churches."

From the letters of young Smith, we see something of the fashionable society of Edinburgh, as well as of scientific institutions. There is an account of a *mourning* concert for the Earl of Kelly, at which all the company appeared in *mourning*; and St. Cecilia's Hall, in which it was held, is described as a most elegant room of an oval form! This compliment is paid to Scottish manners, in reply, probably to some inquiry that does not appear; "I do not perceive that the better sort of people are less neat here than elsewhere. I am sure, in many places where I visit, the most exquisite neatness is apparent."

Young Smith had now acquired a good knowledge of Latin, and made some progress in Greek; but better and more valuable than these languages he considered the physiological lectures of Dr. Monro. "I know," he says, "no entertainment equal to them; his remarks are so ingenious, satisfactory, and curious, that we [the students] could never be tired with hearing them." This correspondence goes on in the same strain; and after young persons have been set for their improvement to peruse the letters of Cicero to Tyro, Chesterfield's and Chatham's letters, they may still, to our thinking, find much that is more instructive in the correspondence of this plain English trader with his beloved son. We cannot refrain from giving one specimen of it.

"Norwich, Feb. 25, 1782.

"My Dear Son,

"We are all much pleased that you spend your time so agreeably, and hope nothing I have said will convey the idea that I think you too profuse in your amusements: on the contrary, as you rightly say, it is a part of your education *de vous apprivoiser à la grande foule*; besides, I look upon diversions as useful, nay, necessary, to relieve your mind and renew its vigor, to exhilarate the spirits and give a zest to life, for which end the beneficent Author of our nature has given us the capacity of an almost innumerable variety of enjoyments, which are all lawful when they are expedient, when they promote our happiness and that of our friends and connexions. I look upon the promotion or production of genuine true happiness to be the surest mark of virtue, if it is not *virtue itself*. Some philosophers call a mediocrity in all things, virtue: however that be, *Mediocrissimus ibi* is an excellent maxim, and I am in no fear you should transgress; on the contrary, I would rather urge you forward to take pleasure than restrain you, for I am not in the least afraid you should go beyond what will do you real good. So, my dear, go to as many diversions as you like, see every thing you can, and push forward your acquaintance with genteel, valuable people; and be not under any concern whether you spend a few pounds more or less in the year. I would not have you neglect any advantages, nor deny yourself any proper gratification for fear of swelling your expenses. Solomon says, 'There is a time to scatter, and a time to gather;' do you scatter wisely, and I will endeavour to gather carefully, and hope I shall so far succeed as to leave a comfortable subsistence to every one that depends upon me for support. I think you had better not fix a time to leave off your tutor; 'tis impossible to tell where you may be situated, or how; and scholarship will recommend in all parts of the world. And as you have the elegancies of French and Italian,

the useful Latin, with a little Greek, will be desirable. God be with you, and bless you, my ever-dear child!

"Your affectionate Father, ²⁰
"JAMES SMITH."

To his mother, young Smith writes thus :

"My happiness, honored madam, in my present situation, is completed by your expressing so much happiness in my prospects, as well as my father. I cannot help considering it, as you say, peculiarly directed by the Almighty, and therefore I recur immediately to Him when any gloomy ideas present themselves; as I hope I have the most perfect confidence in Him, and trust He will preserve us all to be a blessing to each other. But if He thinks fit to separate us, I hope we could acquiesce; and we know that not a single kind thought can ever be lost, or lose its reward. I have met with a number of young playfellows, as you said I should. The children of Dr. Duncan are very pretty, and remarkably sensible; and here are a sweet little boy and girl, the children of Dr. Adam, whom I often play with. Mrs. Adam is a very beautiful, polite woman, and the children in perfect order; the little lass told her mamma I was 'a bonny man.' 'Ay,' says her brother, 'and a good man too!'"

In April, 1782, Mr. Smith tells his father that he, in connexion with some fellow-students, had formed a society of *Natural History*; and thus incidentally he notices Dr. Hutton.

"It is accidental my not having mentioned Dr. Hutton; who is one of my best and most agreeable acquaintances, a man of the most astonishing penetration and remarkable clearness of intellects, with the greatest good humor and frankness; in short, I cannot discover in what his oddity (of which I heard so much) consists. He is a bachelor, and lives with three maiden sisters; so you may be sure the house and every thing about it is in the nicest order. I step in when I like, and drink tea with them; and the Doctor and I sometimes walk together. He is an excellent mineralogist, and is very communicative, very clear, and of a candid, though quick temper; in short, I am quite charmed with him. He has a noble collection of fossils, which he likes to show:—by the way, I do not mean to prosecute this study any further than is necessary and proper for me to be acquainted with; it requires infinite attention and labor, and there are few certain conclusions to be found. I shall endeavour to get a general knowledge of every branch of literature as it falls in my way; but believe I shall find enough to employ me in the strict line of my profession, with the two first kingdoms of nature by way of relaxation; for I am fully persuaded that an intimate acquaintance with these is not only peculiarly ornamental, but highly necessary, to form an accomplished physician, as literature now stands; and am sure the benefit I have derived, wherever I have been, and am continually deriving, from the little knowledge of this kind which I am possessed of, is greater than could have been imagined,—I mean with respect to introducing me to the literary world; for if I had been without such an introduction, I might have drudged here perhaps a couple of years before I could have done any thing to have signalized myself, or have been taken half the notice of which I now am.

"I promised to give you some account of my young acquaintances. The name of the one I have contracted most intimacy with is Batty; he comes from Lonsdale, in Westmoreland."

Mr. Smith's correspondence with this young friend, who left College before him, shows all the kindly glow of a young and a

good heart. He grudges that he cannot have his friend to share his pleasures, — the lectures to wit, — and speaks quite touchingly of running down Robertson's Close, to see the gloomy lodging where his friend had resided, and which he had often visited with a cheerful step, when it contained Batty. These young letters should serve the memory of Sir James more than his presidentship, and patent knighthood; and when we are told that these pure affections, and this glow of feeling continued with him to the last, and, "that this unsuspecting simplicity was never obliterated," we are disposed to give him our hearts as well as our admiration. In the summer of 1782, he made a pedestrian tour to the Highlands, with some young students and Dr. Hope's son, the Doctor having recommended and advised the journey. The Doctor now frugally calculated the expenses of the youths, if out for a month, at £3 a-head, — we like to be thus minute, — but Smith, reckoned upon spending £5 or £6. This Highland tour forms an agreeable subject for a long letter *home*. Smith was charmed with the city of Glasgow, with the Clyde, and Loch Lomond; and describes the Highland scenery very prettily.

Sage and steady as Mr. Smith was, he was touched with the spirit of the time. In the winter of 1782–3, he attended the lectures of Browne. There is both sense and nonsense in the following extract: — He is writing to his father, —

"I really believe medicine, if it deserves the name of science at all, in its present state, is in the most barbarous condition of any science, and only now emerging from the greatest darkness and absurdity. It is commonly declared, by all practitioners, that theory is nonsense, and that experience, that is, empiricism, is every thing. Cullen's theory is visibly going into the same state of contempt as Boerhaave's has been reduced to, and his lectures are by no means consistent with it, though admirable as mere practical lectures. These considerations and some others have induced me to attend Browne this winter; and I am happy in having done it, for his system and view of the human economy are certainly the most philosophic of any, and are gaining ground in a wonderful manner: perhaps, however, he may have only his day. He has many of the most respectable pupils, and behaves very well to us."

As president of the Natural History Society, to which the Earl of Buchan had been admitted as an honorary member, Mr. Smith received a very characteristic letter from that nobleman, ending thus grandly: —

"I entreat of you, sir, to convey to your brethren the thanks of a member of the great Republic of Letters, who, at no advanced age, begins to grow old in the service of that community which seems to have adopted him more heartily than the other." This was the community of science and letters, of course, — that other, the Scottish Peerage which had just refused to elect his lordship one of their sixteen representatives.

One or two other delightful preparatory letters are exchanged between the affectionate father and grateful son, who, after a re-

sidence of two years, left Edinburgh for his home, first visiting his friend Batty.

Lady Smith indulges in a retrospect at this first pause or stage in her husband's opening career of worth and eminence, which strikes us as being very beautiful in feeling and in diction. But as his own letters are her favorite mode of delineating his character, we adhere to them. After remaining for the summer months with his proud and affectionate parents, Mr. Smith repaired to London, to prosecute his medical studies under the Hunters and Dr. Pitcairn. He lodged in the same apartments with his friend and fellow-student Batty, and tells his father, that Mr. Baillie (the late Sir Matthew) is very civil to us; but we are *charmed* with John Hunter; he alone is worth coming to live in London for." As in Edinburgh, Sir James here gained the friendship of his medical teachers, though Natural History seems to have engaged, even then, much more of his affections than medicine. He frequented the house of Sir Joseph Banks; and hearing, that, the son of Linnæus having recently died, his father's collection and library were to be disposed of, he anxiously applied to his generous parent to make the purchase for him, which was to be the foundation of fame and fortune. The price was fixed at 1000 guineas. Sorry we are that we cannot transcribe the whole of the sensible and affectionate letter of the kind but thoughtful father to this eager appeal of his enthusiastic son. "Had I but *you*," he says, "I had not hesitated one moment; every shilling of mine should be at your devotion, to serve any good purpose, and your dear mother would be as contented as I could be to live upon the moderate income of our real estate, till it pleased Providence to withdraw us from the world."—The young man ultimately succeeded; and the purchase, which proved in every way advantageous, was happily completed. The history of it is somewhat prolix; but this was an important era in the life of her husband, and Lady Smith naturally lingers on a transaction which so powerfully influenced his future life. He hired apartments in Paradise Row, Chelsea, where he deposited his magnificent acquisition, and was assisted by Sir Joseph Banks and Dr. Dryander in arranging it. From this date, it may be said that Sir James gave himself up to Botany, and began to compose his Botanical works; but he also went to Leyden, instead of Edinburgh, to continue his general studies.

From this place, besides writing to his parents, he corresponded with several newly acquired friends, lovers of Natural History; and among others, Dr. Goodenough, afterwards Bishop of Carlisle, with whom a friendship, cemented by their common attachment to botany and natural science, continued unabated till death divided them. In the Bishop's correspondence we find nothing of much interest; and, for our own parts, could easily have spared full three-fourths of the letters. The Doctor's humility, after attaining episcopal honors, and the pains he takes to set his friend at ease by assuring him that these dignities have not inordinately puffed him

up, nor impaired their ancient friendship, are amusing. These epistles answer another purpose. They show what an easy, comfortable office is that of a Bishop of the 19th century. The mitre gave Dr. Goodenough, who certainly was a respectable and even liberal dignitary, more leisure to watch plants and collect insects. Of the fatigues of legislation he complains immoderately, of late hours, and of being pent up in the smoke of London, during the sitting of Parliament. Some persons will think it advisable to relieve the bishops from such incongruous toils and fatiguing duties.

Sir James, after leaving Leyden, made a long tour on the continent, an account of which he published on his return, under the title of "Sketch of a Tour on the Continent." He had previously published a "Dissertation on the Sexes of Plants," and "Reflections on the Studies of Nature." His picture, sent to his father, of the Court of Versailles, in 1786, is not very remarkable in any way. He does not seem to have viewed any thing there *en beau*. The King, he saw; the Queen was in bed. The daubing of the ladies' cheeks, in the most refined court of the world, he describes as a European traveller might the ornaments and personal decorations of the beauties of an African or Otaheitean royal circle. But comparison would be a libel on the natural good taste of the islanders. "Nature," he says, "is quite out of the question." So indeed it was in many things there besides cheek-daubing. "Old hags," (thus the young Englishman speaks of the *élite* of the Court, and of the Fauxbourg St. Germain,) — "old hags, ugly beyond what you can conceive, for we have a very inadequate idea of what an ugly woman is in England, are dressed like girls in the most tawdry colors, and have on each cheek a broad daub of the highest pink crayon, or something like it. The King is a pretty good person; rather fat, his countenance agreeable. He had some prodigiously fine diamonds. . . . In a little shabby apartment in the Bénédictins Anglais, lies poor James II., under a rusty black pall and tattered escutcheon, waiting to be carried back to England! So very deplorable a spectacle softened my contempt into pity." The most agreeable of Sir James's Continental letters is one in which the traveller gives a lady an account of his visit to the tomb of Rousseau. It will be read with great interest even now. It places the character of Rousseau in a fairer, and, we have no doubt, a truer light, than most contemporary accounts of his latter years and days, and disproves the story of his suicide, so zealously spread by the enemies of this extraordinary and misrepresented man. Sir James first visited Chantilly, and thence, he says, he and his companion had a romantic ride of eight miles, through the forest, to Ermenonville.

"We arrived about dusk, and put up at a little inn, where the present Emperor, and the King of Sweden had been accommodated before us. The landlord knew Rousseau, and spoke of him with the greatest esteem. The day of his death this man saw him about seven o'clock botanizing; he complained of having had a sleepless night, from the headach. Before ten

he was dead. Water was found collected in his head. Our landlord preserves his snuff-box, and the shoes in which he died; they have wooden soles and straw tops. One of his admirers has written something on the box; and another has written on the shoes, that he was proud to inscribe his name '*sur la simple chaussure d'un homme qui ne marchait jamais que dans le sentier de la vertu.*'

"The next morning being very fine, we rose at six, and had a most enchanting ramble through the gardens of Monsieur le Marquis de Girardin, which form a striking contrast with those of Chantilly, being laid out in the most romantic style, what the French call à l'Anglaise. They consist of about eight hundred acres, a great part of which are wild woods, and rocky hills and dales, as wild as the highlands of Scotland. We first passed a beautiful cascade and went along a winding path through a wood by the side of the lake, from time to time meeting with inscriptions disposed with great judgment. We took a boat to go to the Island of Poplars, honored with the ashes of Rousseau. His tomb is elegantly simple, of white stone; on one side is a piece of sculpture representing a mother of a family reading Emilius, with other emblems; the other is inscribed '*L'homme de la Nature et de la Vérité.*' He desired to be buried in the garden, and the Marquis chose this spot. I shall not attempt to describe to you what I felt on seeing and touching this tomb. I brought away some moss from its top for you.

"In another island near it is a lesser monument, over a German who taught the Marquis's children drawing; and, being a Protestant, could not be buried in consecrated ground. Hence we passed by some inscriptions in honor of Virgil, Thomson, Shenstone, and some others, to the Temple of Modern Philosophy, an unfinished building; on each of the pillars already erected is inscribed the name of some great man, with a word expressive of what he excelled in: thus to Voltaire is given, *ridicule*; to Rousseau, *nature*; to Priestley, *air*; to Franklin, *thunder*, &c. &c. On an unfinished column is written in Latin, 'Who will complete this?' This temple overlooks the lake; near it is an hermitage embosomed in a wood. From this spot we went to some simple wooden buildings, where every Sunday the Marquis and his lady amuse themselves with having the neighbouring peasants dance, &c., on the plan described in the Nouvelle Héloïse. The woods around them are very fine; and after passing through them we came to a solitary elm-tree, on which the Marquis has written, '*Le voici cet orme heureux où ma Louise a reçu ma foi.*' From hence is an immense prospect, finely varied with fields, woods, and water. Descending the hill among heath and juniper, we came to two charming Italian inscriptions by the Marquis, which lead to a rock on which Rousseau has engraven, with his own knife, '*Julie.*' I have some moss for you from this very rock. Ascending another hill we came to the House of Rousseau, a little hut so called, in which he wrote several verses; for he often used to visit it during the short time of his residing here, which was only six weeks before his death, although he often used to come to Ermenonville with the Marquis's family before. Of his dwelling-house I shall speak hereafter. Within this hut is written, '*Jean Jacques est immortel.*' From it is another fine view; it stands among craggy rocks.

"Descending into another valley, we went by the water-side through groves and across a meadow to the tower of *la belle Gabrielle d'Estrées*, who was mistress to Henry IV. Tradition says this garden was their first place of rendezvous, which occasioned the Marquis to build this tower; it is in the Gothic style, and ornamented with trophies and verses. Among the rest is the very armour which belonged to a faithful follower of Henry IV.,

whose name I forget, and who, passing through the street where that prince was murdered, a few days after that event, fell down in an agony of grief, and died the next day.

"Passing by a pretty grotto, by the side of a bubbling fountain of the finest water I ever saw, we at length arrived at Rousseau's garden, one of the sweetest spots I ever beheld, quite sequestered, and planted in the most romantic style; it chiefly consists of an irregular lawn, surrounded with a variety of trees and shrubs, and ornamented with flowers, but apparently all in a state of nature; nor is the hand of art to be traced at all, except in the beautiful velvet of the turf. On a tree is an inscription, signifying that there Jean Jacques used often to retire, to admire the works of nature, to feed his favorite birds, and play with the Marquis's children. Near this spot is a house intended for his dwelling, but he died before it was finished; it is a comfortable cottage, with a little garden of flowers before it, and is embosomed in apple-trees, vines, &c. In a small, arched building near it, the Marquis at first intended to have buried Rousseau, but changed his mind. From this place we soon reached the front of the house opposite to that whence we set out, and our delightful tour was at an end.

"I think you will not be displeased at my giving you so particular an account of it, so I make no apology for the length of my letter; but I have more to tell you.

"Hearing that the widow of Rousseau was living at a place not far out of our road to Paris, and that many strangers visited her, we felt a strong desire to do the same; but had some fears lest we should discover something in her which might excite disagreeable sensations, and even perhaps lessen our veneration for her husband; for we heard that she had been his servant, and after having lived with him in that capacity ten years, he said to her, '*Ma bonne amie*, I am satisfied with your fidelity, and wish I could make you an adequate return. I have nothing to give you but my hand. If you think that worth having, it is yours.' They were married; and lived together sixteen years afterwards very comfortably. She was several years younger than her husband. At last curiosity prevailed, and we went to see her. She received us with the greatest politeness, and appeared much pleased with our visit; spoke in the most becoming manner of her husband, and readily answered every question I put to her. What I principally learned from her was as follows:—The character of Julia was drawn from Madame Bois de la Tour of Lyons, a lady still living, with whom Mr. and Mrs. Rousseau often spent a great deal of time; she has a large family, and is the admiration of all who know her. The story of Julia has not, however, any connexion with hers. How far that is founded in truth, Mrs. Rousseau said, was only known to its author. The idea that Ermenonville was the scene of it, or that the real father of Julia lived there, is without foundation. She assured me that the Confessions of Rousseau were really all of his own writing. She confided the manuscript to the Marquis de Girardin, who expunged several names and anecdotes relating to people still living, but against her consent; for she thought the whole ought to have been published as the author left it. I think more ought to have been expunged, at least the the name of Madame de Warens ought to have been kept secret.

"We asked her which was the best portrait of Rousseau. She showed us a plaster bust, which was cast from his face a few hours after death, and which, she said, resembled him exactly. The expression of the face, as well as its form, is vastly superior to that of any likeness of him I ever saw. There is great serenity in the countenance, and much sensibility. The mouth is uncommonly beautiful."

This is a very different account of Rousseau and Therèse from many of those we have been accustomed to receive; and it should be remembered that the writer was upon the spot, and the death of "*the Man of Nature and of Truth*" then very recent.

The tourist continued his journey through the south of France, and went by sea from Marseilles to Genoa. His letters, addressed alternately to his father or mother, continue the narrative of his tour through the principal Italian cities. His introductions from London and Paris procured him the acquaintance of the principal literary and scientific men in the places he visited, and of most of them he speaks with warm esteem. He was at Rome during the Carnival, saw the Pretender there, and, at Naples, saw that other old lion, Sir William Hamilton. The replies these letters draw from home might, on many points, have been written yesterday. His father tells him of the Norwich election, and the rivalry of the two Whig candidates, Mr. Hobart and Mr. Beevor. What follows is among those transparent truths which people who tuck their head under their wings, are so often astonished to see other folks have discovered. "As the dispute was not upon the ground of political principles, for both candidates professed the same, that is, Whiggism, and an attachment to the present Ministry, I wondered to see them so eager; but as it was for *power* and *interest*, and which of the two factions should rule, I ought to have known that the corruption of the present age would be as zealous as the principles of the last. . . . The day that was to terminate the dispute proved good weather, and every room in the market was filled with well-dressed ladies, fluttering their white handkerchiefs out of the windows, with a favor in the corner." The political opinions of the worthy old gentleman himself were of a good school. It is delightful to find him reading such histories or books of travels as enabled him to track his son across the Alps, and among the many objects of art and antiquity which Sir James visited; and yet more satisfactory to hear him say,—"I am reading Milton (the prose works), with great reverence and pleasure. . . . I never met so nervous an opposer of temporal and spiritual tyranny, as far as I have yet gone in the books. . . . The work is an invaluable gem in your library. As to the people of England, what with factions, plundering, and being plundered, and luxury, they seem dead to their true interests, nay, to their safety."

Sir James made a short visit to Switzerland, and returned, through Savoy, to Paris, from whence he came home, and in the following year published his tour, which his lady believes, and justly, is less known than it deserves to be. She says, "she feels she shall be treated with indulgence, if she speaks with enthusiasm of the volumes which first disclosed to her knowledge the taste and character of their author;" and the feeling is too amiable and sacred to be lightly regarded, although it rested on a slighter foundation than the refinement which pervaded the character of her husband, "and gave a charm to his domestic habits, and social

pleasures, which stood in place of the luxuries of fortune, and surpassed them."

Early in 1788, Sir James removed from Chelsea to London, to commence medical practitioner in the metropolis, saying to his father, at the same time, — "You may depend on it, natural history will always be the main object of my life, and, I doubt not, you will be thankful that I have so noble a one. I rely on this to give me real lasting honor, and to make me useful to mankind, through ages when I am no more." These were noble aspirations with which to begin life. And now we must again revert to the father, conceiving the illustration which these volumes afford of the ties of blood and affection, rightly understood, and manfully and generously acted upon, as their highest merit. At this new and momentous era in his professional life, his father thus addresses him : —

"I am proud of the light you stand in ; and every advance you make to fame lifts my heart with transport, and I want only to give you an independent fortune to make me perfectly happy : but as I cannot do that, nor any thing like it, I must repeat, my dear James, that a determination to depend upon yourself and to be your own master is so consonant to my own disposition, that it gives me great pleasure. I believe it springs from a better principle than pride in both of us, the love of dear Liberty, which is the birth-right of every individual of mankind, and has my strongest affection. I wish to see her universally enjoyed, and therefore must most earnestly desire it may be the portion of each of my dear children. Would to God I may be able to leave every one of them in a condition to possess it in a rational, virtuous degree !"

Sir James, at last, realized his fondest desires, by the establishment of a Linnæan society, of which he was chosen president, his treasures forming its wealth. Its first meeting was held at his house on the 8th of April, 1788. "Thus," says his affectionate editor, "Sir James cheerfully abandoned the promise of a lucrative professional life to become the leader of a band of naturalists, who should follow in the steps of the immortal Linnæus." He gave regular lectures on botany and zoölogy, and was well and *fashionably* attended.

After his return to London, and when he had, for some time, been a fashionable lecturer, Sir James, by an accidental circumstance, or an opportune introduction, obtained the honor of, — *conversing*, is the term, — with Queen Charlotte and her daughters, on the elements of botany and zoölogy, — and was highly flattered by a distinction which he soon forfeited. In one of Miss Edgeworth's novels, a young, low-born aspirant for the honor of an introduction to her Majesty's drawing-room, forfeits or impedes her chances, so dexterously manœuvred for by her courtier patroness, from unfortunately subscribing for a Whig pamphlet, and having her name on the obnoxious list ; but Sir James was guilty of deeper offence, and forfeited his high privilege of *conversing* with Majesty about insects and flowers, in a very simple way. More and more charmed "by the benignity and cultivated understandings of the principal personages," Sir James was in the way of becoming as

much of a courtier as a philosopher need be, when he seems to have abruptly received his *congé*. Some unlucky passage in his Tour had been represented as "injurious, in these times, to crowned heads." It was now 1791. "A passage, in which he eulogized Rousseau, was regarded as hostile to religion, virtue, and loyalty." Sir James was deeply concerned at the Royal wrath; and assuredly went far enough, when he represented what he says of Rousseau "rather as an *apology* than *eulogium*." What he said offensively of Marie Antoinette, he manfully vindicates, as the most favorable apology consistent with the regard due to truth, and the sacred interests of virtue, that he could make." One epithet he regretted; — he had called the Queen by the ugly name of Messalina, which the Court of the Prince Regent and of George IV. afterwards delighted to hear applied to the daughter-in-law of Queen Charlotte. Sir James had caught the spirit of the liberals of the time, and too readily credited the brutal calumnies propagated against the private character of the Queen of France, who committed great and dangerous political faults, though she was certainly free of the gross vices imputed to her.

It is but justice to the memory of Sir James Smith to give at full length the obnoxious passages in his Tour, which lost him the grace and patronage of Queen Charlotte.

"Of her political faults during her prosperity, I presume not to form an idea; for who could dive into the intricacies of one of the most intriguing of all courts? Her subsequent conduct, her plots, as they are called, her *treason* against her oppressors, none that can put themselves into her situation will wonder at or blame. Her private faults I will not palliate. They were but too well known, when she was in a situation that might be supposed out of the reach of all justice, except the divine; but they will not fail now to be blackened, no doubt, where that can be done. Let it, however, be remembered, that the state prisons revealed no secrets to the dishonor of this unfortunate Queen, no victims of her jealousy or resentment, though they were often filled with those of the worthless mistresses of former kings. The canting Madam Maintenon spared no pains to entrap and to confine for life a Dutch bookseller, who had exposed her character: but Marie Antoinette took not the least vengeance of the most abusive things, written and published by persons within her own power.

"With respect to the character of Rousseau, about which the opinion of the world is so much divided, I have found it improve on a near examination. Every one who knew him speaks of him with the most affectionate esteem, as the most friendly, unaffected, and modest of men, and the most unassuming in conversation. Enthusiastically fond of the study of Nature, and of Linnæus as the best interpreter of her works, he was always warmly attached to those who agreed with him in this taste. The amiable and accomplished lady* to whom his Letters on Botany were addressed, concurs in this account, and holds his memory in the highest veneration. I have ventured to ask her opinion upon some unaccountable actions in his life, and especially about those misanthropic horrors and suspicions which embittered his latter days. She seemed to think the last not entirely groundless; but still, for the most part, to be attributed to a something not quite

* Madame de Lessert.

right in his mind, for which he was to be pitied, not censured. Her charming daughter showed me a collection of dried plants, made and presented to her by Rousseau, neatly pasted on small writing-paper, and accompanied with their Linnæan names and other particulars.

"Botany seems to have been his most favorite amusement in the latter part of life; and his feelings with respect to this pursuit are expressed with that energy and grace so peculiarly his own, in his letter to Linnæus, the original of which I preserve as an inestimable relic. I need offer no apology to the candid and well-informed reader for this minuteness of anecdote concerning so celebrated a character. Those who have only partial notions of Rousseau, may perhaps wonder to hear that his memory is cherished by any well-disposed minds. To such I beg leave to observe, that I hold in a very subordinate light that beauty of style and language, those golden passages, which will immortalize his writings; and a faint resemblance of which is the only merit of some of his enemies. I respect him as a writer eminently favorable on the whole to the interests of humanity, reason, and religion. Wherever he goes counter to any of these, I as freely dissent from him; but do not on that account throw all his works into the fire. As the best and most religious persons of my acquaintances are among his warmest admirers, I may perhaps be biassed in my judgment; but it is certainly more amiable to be misled by the fair parts of a character, than to make its imperfections a pretence for not admiring or profiting by its beauties. Nor can any defects or inconsistencies in the private character of Rousseau depreciate the refined moral and religious principles with which his works abound. Truth is truth wherever it comes from. No imperfections of humanity can discredit a noble cause; and it would be madness to reject Christianity, for instance, either because Peter denied Christ, or Judas betrayed him.

"It will be hard to meet with a more edifying or more consolatory lecture on religion than the death-bed of Julia. Her character is evidently intended as a model in this respect. By that, then, we should judge of its author, and not by fretful doubts and petulant expressions, the sad fruits of unjust persecution, and of good intentions misconstrued.

"Nor would it be difficult to produce, from the works of Rousseau, a vast majority of passages directly in support of Christianity itself, compared with what are supposed hostile to it. It is notorious that he incurred the ridicule of Voltaire, for exalting the character and death of Jesus above that of Socrates. 'But he was insidious, and he disbelieved miracles,' say his opponents. If he believed Christianity without the assistance of miracles to support his faith, is it a proof of his infidelity? If he was insidious, that is his own concern. I have nothing to do with hidden meanings or mystical explanations of any book, certainly not of the writings of so ingenuous and perspicuous an author as Rousseau. Unfortunately for him, the whole tenor of those writings has been too hostile to the prevailing opinions, or at least to the darling interests, of those in authority among whom he lived; for Scribes and Pharisees are never wanting to depress every attempt at improving or instructing the world, and the greatest heresy and most unpardonable offence is always that of being in the right. For this cause, having had the honor of feeling the vengeance of all ranks of tyrants and bigots, from a king or bishop of France, to a paltry magistrate of Berne, or a Swiss pastor, he was obliged to take refuge in England. Here he was received with open arms, being justly considered as the martyr of that spirit of investigation and liberty which is the basis of our constitution, and on which alone our reformed religion depends. He was caressed and entertained by the best and most accomplished people, and experienced in a particular manner the bounty of our present amiable sovereign.

"One cannot but lament, that one of the most eminent, and I believe virtuous, public characters of that day, should of late have vainly enough attempted to compliment the same sovereign, by telling him he came to the crown in contempt of his people, should have held up a Messalina for public veneration, and become the calumniator of Rousseau!

"It is, indeed, true, that a certain morbid degree of sensibility and delicacy, added to the inequalities of a temper broken down by persecution and ill health, made Rousseau often receive apparently well-meant attentions with a very bad grace. Yet, from most of the complaints of this kind, which I have heard from the parties immediately concerned, I very much suspect he was not unfrequently in the right. But supposing him to have been to blame in all these instances, they occurred posterior to his most celebrated publications. Was it not very unjust, therefore, for those who had patronized and extolled him for those publications, to vent their animosity against *them* for any thing in *his* conduct afterwards?

"Far be it from me, however, to attempt a full justification of his writings. I only contend for the generally good intention of their author. The works themselves must be judged by impartial posterity. I merely offer my own sentiments; but I offer them freely, scorning to disguise my opinion, either because infidels have pressed Rousseau into their service, or because the uncandid and the dishonest have traduced him falsely, not daring to declare the real cause of their aversion, — his virtuous sincerity."

Though his Tour lost Sir James the favor of Queen Charlotte, it gained him some valuable friends. Among these was Colonel Johnes of Hafod, a name familiar in the gossiping literary history of the last thirty years, and distinguished as that of the translator of Froissart. The visits of Sir James to Hafod, and his descriptions of that splendid place and its inmates, make an agreeable section of his memoirs. His first visit was made in 1795, and in the following year, a second was undertaken, in company with Lady Smith, then, we presume, newly married. She was charmed with the beauty of this romantic seat, and with its presiding genius.

In the previous year, Sir James lost his excellent father, of whom he justly says, "There never was a more honest, sensible, judicious man, or excellent parent." In the church of St. Peter's, Norwich, his inscription to the memory of this affectionate father may now be seen. His mother survived till 1820, when, in a letter to his friend, Mr. Roscoe, of Liverpool, he mentions, that "She fell asleep so happily as never to have known what death was: nor did she ever know the fear of it. Her religion was of the most cheerful kind; no gloom, no uncharitableness, had any share in it. I had been in the habit of almost daily calls, to chat a minute or two with her, and I miss her with a degree of sadness I did not expect."

Among the most agreeable of the correspondents of Sir James, is a young Swiss gentleman, Mr. Davall of Orbe, enthusiastic in his love of botany, and nature, and of their high priest in England. His letters are highly pleasing.

Lecturing, composing his works, and extending his scientific correspondence, the life of Sir James passed smoothly on. One of his works was dedicated to the Marchioness of Rockingham, and

a *Most Honorable* letter is received from her, delicately expressive of her alarm at some terrible blunder in the style of address, lest offence be given to *noble* Duchesses by an infringement of their exclusive honors and rights. Lady Smith has been over-anxious for the preservation and promulgation of these testimonials of the nobility; nor can we help noticing, to the credit of his tact, that Sir James seems to have known the full value of female patronage.

After his marriage, he removed to Hammersmith to be near the nurseries, but spent the greater part of every year in Norwich, going to London to deliver his lectures. He also lectured on botany in other large towns in England, still going on with his own periodical works, and his contributions to those published by different booksellers.

By 1814, Sir James had so far overcome the bad odor of his Tour of 1788, that he received the honor of knighthood.

The miscellaneous correspondence which occupies so much of these volumes, would bear to be sifted and much diminished; yet there are interspersed many agreeable letters from Roscoe, from a warm-hearted Irish friend, named Caldwell, and from other persons eminent in science or in rank. Among the best of the letters of the remaining part of the work, is one from himself to Mrs. Cobbold, vindicating Mrs. Barbauld's poem, entitled "Eighteen Hundred and Eleven," which gave so much offence in certain High-Church and High-Tory quarters, that we believe, a Scottish literary lady was moved to put her pen in shaft against the Barbauld heresies. Mrs. Cobbold was indignant at the praises lavished upon America by the poetess, a subject on which no Tory can keep his temper quietly; and, at the deprecation of the war. Sir James vindicates the poetess with energy and fervor, and, it is very probable, shared her views. He, however, concludes very kindly; "Now, my dear friend, forget all party, and be (not a *false*, but) a *true* Christian philosopher, take this excellent woman to your heart as a congenial spirit; for if you knew her as well as I do, I will do you the justice to believe you would love and admire her as much."

In 1818 Sir James was induced to offer himself a candidate for the botanical chair of Cambridge, though neither a member of the University, nor of the Church of England, and though holding opinions materially opposed to the Church creed. His peculiar tenets may be given in his own words, and those of his editor, for we are rather at a loss how to designate them. They were these:

"That a man can be no Christian, *as to faith*, who does not judge for himself; nor, *as to practice*, who does not allow others to do so without presuming to censure or to hinder them.

"His opinions were formed from the same source whence many, with equal sincerity, derive very different ones. His creed was the New Testament, and he read it as a celebrated divine recommends; that is, 'as a man would read a letter from a friend, in which he doth only seek after what was his friend's mind and meaning, not what he can put upon his words.'

"He was a firm believer in the divine mission of Jesus Christ; and, in

maintaining the doctrine of the strict unity of God, as one of the truths our great Master was commissioned to teach, he considered his opinion truly apostolical.

“‘I look up,’ he says, in a letter to a friend, ‘to one God, and delight in referring all my hopes and wishes to him; I consider the doctrine and example of Christ as the greatest blessing God has given us, and that his character is the most perfect and lovely we ever knew, except that of God himself. This is my religion; I hope it is not unsound.’

“Let it not be supposed that Sir James was indifferent to opinions, and considered all systems equally good; on the contrary, he preserved his own through good report and evil report, and no temptation of interest ever made him swerve one moment from the maintenance and vindication of those he had adopted: but among these, the first was *charity*; exclusiveness he considered as the very characteristic of Antichrist and pride. There was no sect of Christians, among the good and sincere, with whom he could not worship the Great Spirit to whom all look up, enter into their views, excuse what he might consider as their prejudices, and respect their piety: and whether it were in the Pope’s chapel, or the parish church, he felt the social glow,

‘To gang together to the kirk,
And altogether pray;
Where each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay.’

The affection he thus felt for others, he in general had the happiness of finding reciprocal, ‘for love must owe its origin to love.’ No one had less of a sectarian spirit; nor did he ever attempt to make converts, except to Christian-charity.”

After this it is almost unnecessary to say that his attempt to obtain the botanical chair at Cambridge was unsuccessful. This good and amiable man died in March, 1828, after the illness of a single day. His character is summed up by Lady Smith, with the natural leanings of affection; and it is impossible it should be otherwise, though nothing is said that is not warranted by the whole tenor of the life of her husband, and by the documents and correspondence placed before us. And her estimate is exceeded by the praises of his other friends. We shall give but one sample, and in her own words. “Of the poor and humble, it gave him heartfelt pleasure to enter into their scanty pleasures, their little vanity, or even weakness; but the knowledge of the sacrifices they made to humanity and duty, of their kindnesses to each other, their fortitude in distress, melted his heart, and willingly would he have wiped all tears from their eyes. He truly felt that ‘God hath made of one blood all the families of the earth;’ and his benevolent sympathies extended to the whole human race.”

Having so high an opinion of the moral tendency of the early memoirs of Sir James Edward Smith, and being so much pleased with the amiable and tender spirit in which his editor, has fulfilled her task, it may seem ungracious to whisper, at parting, that the work is far too bulky, that it contains much that is of little importance, and a great deal that is of none whatever. Nor is the ar-

rangement what it might be, nor the narrative clearly developed. We should certainly also have liked to have seen a little more of the fire-side of a man, who at college, filled us with so much interest of a familiar and domestic kind. The youth who wrote so delightfully *home*, and to Kindersley his cousin, and Batty his friend, could not all at once lose this faculty. If the modesty of the writer has kept back letters, because addressed to herself, we are sorry for it. A few more of Sir James' own familiar letters were worth all the complimentary epistles in the volumes, and of these we have scarce one after his return to England in 1787. Still we owe Lady Smith thanks and gratitude for having given us so much that is instructive and of most winning example; in the history of her husband, and in the character of his parents. *

[From "The Edinburgh Review, No. 112."]

ART. II. — *Three Years in North America.* By JAMES STUART, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh: 1833.

"WE have long wished to see such a book," was the gratulatory notice with which the appearance of Mrs. Trollope's work was hailed by those who seem to imagine, that to speak favorably of America is to speak disparagingly and factiously of Britain. The publication of the volumes before us, affords us the opportunity of saying in our turn, that we long have wished to see such a book, — a book of Travels in Federal America, written by an honest, dispassionate, and competent observer, but one who, though educated and accomplished, should not be of the class, or practised in the artifices, of travelling authors, — one less anxious to amuse or surprise, or to make himself be talked of as clever, or deep, or patriotic, than to exhibit an unvarnished view of facts as they arose, and to portray, in plain and simple language, the results of an attentive and discriminating course of observation on men and things, — "nothing extenuating, nor ought setting down in malice:" — Such, so framed, and so written, is the work before us; and we, therefore, strongly recommend it to all who wish to obtain sound and correct information as to the actual condition of the vast and interesting countries of which it treats.

Its author, though accustomed to mix in better society than nine out of ten of the foreigners who have visited the United States, does not affect to be disgusted with a great, a growing, and a happy people, because hotels, and the houses of opulent individuals, are not crowded with obsequious waiters and lacqueys, — because it is

* [We would suggest that a judicious abridgment of these Memoirs would be a valuable publication in this country.]

customary for strangers to live in boarding-houses, — because gentlemen prefer business to wine after dinner, — or because the waiters must be civilly spoken to, and would refuse, instead of demanding, attendance-money. He seems to have thought that the well-being of the great mass of the people, — the comfort and intelligence of those engaged in manual occupations, — and the respect everywhere paid to talent and eminent public services — might in some measure atone for the want of dukes and duchesses, and all that beautiful gradation of ranks, which, passing through bishops with £ 15,000 a-year, and rectors with £ 5000, ends in paupers and mendicants. Mr. Stuart had neither Captain Hall's patrician horror of democracy, nor Mrs. Trollope's affectation of gentility, nor Miss Wright's love of skepticism and spit-boxes. His object was to give a fair account of the country, without either exaggerating or concealing the good or bad qualities of its inhabitants; and we think he has been eminently successful. Having, with his wife, passed three years in America, and having leisurely travelled over the country, and mixed with all ranks and orders, from the President to the "Helps" in boarding-houses, he had peculiar opportunities for forming an accurate estimate of the character and manners of the people; and of the working of their government and municipal institutions. Of these opportunities he did not fail to avail himself; and we venture to say, that such readers as can relish an honest account of an extremely interesting country, written in an unpretending style, will not easily find a more acceptable book than the one we have just recommended to them.

Mr. Stuart arrived at New York on the 23d of August, 1828. It might be supposed that the inns and other public establishments in this great city, which, next to London, has the most extensive trade of any place in the world, and which is constantly frequented by multitudes of foreigners from this side the Atlantic, would approach pretty nearly to the best European models. But the fact is not so; and it is singular that New York does not seem to be more advanced than any other considerable town in the States, in those accommodations in which America is most deficient, and which have been the subject of some well-founded, but of more ill-founded and unjust animadversions. Here, as in every part of the Union, the sleeping and dressing conveniences are very indifferent; water is not supplied to the bed-chambers in sufficient quantities; the practice, imitated by our dandies, of smoking cigars, is universal; and the detestable custom, which, however, obtains in Paris, of spitting on the floors or in boxes, is far from being abandoned, though it is on the wane. These, with bar-maids who prefer sitting to standing, and waiters who believe that "they too are gentlemen," seem to form the great drawbacks, in the estimation of the superior class of British visitors, on American society.

Having remained for a short time in New York, Mr. Stuart proceeded up the Hudson, in a splendid steam-packet, at the rate of

fifteen miles an hour, stoppages included. He gives an animated description of the magnificent scenery of this noble river, on the banks of which he subsequently resided for a considerable period; adding some interesting details with respect to the immense canal navigation by which it is connected with the great lakes on the one hand, and the St. Lawrence on the other. The length of the Erie or Western canal, is 383 miles; and that of the Champlain or Eastern canal, is 63 miles. They were completed in 1825; and reflect great credit on the State of New York, and on the sagacity, enterprise, and perseverance of De Witt Clinton, to whom their construction is principally to be ascribed. They have been of incalculable service to the Union, but particularly to New York. When the plan is completed, by the opening of the Great canal, now far advanced, from Lake Erie to the Ohio, there will be an internal water communication between New York and New Orleans; and the whole country to the east of the Mississippi and the south of the Hudson will form a vast island!

The progress of population and civilization in America is truly surprising. The Erie canal, by which Mr. Stuart travelled on his way to Niagara, passes by many rich and thriving towns, where, half a century ago, there was nothing but woods. Among his fellow-passengers was a gentleman of large fortune at Rochester, whose son, a lad of eighteen years of age, was the first child born in the town, though it then contained 13,000 inhabitants. It had cotton-works, power-looms, woollen-factories, eleven flour-mills, and six or seven churches. Such wonders every where meet the eye of the traveller in America. And such is the country which our small wits and would-be fine gentlemen sneer at and ridicule, because the people want some of the comforts and refinements to be found in London and Brighton.

Mr. Stuart has given a very instructive account of the New York state prison at Auburn, and of the system of discipline adopted in it. The proper economy of a prison is one of the most difficult problems in practical legislation. So many conflicting principles must be reconciled, that it is almost impossible to adopt a plan which shall answer some necessary conditions without being opposed to others. If a prison be made tolerably comfortable,—particularly in a country where no crimes are punishable by death except murder and arson, and where transportation is unknown,—it ceases to inspire dread, and punishment is stripped of half its terrors. On the other hand, the feelings and sympathies of society will not allow of prisoners being subjected to any thing like cruel treatment, and their health must be taken care of. Besides this, a prison should be a sort of penitentiary, where offenders are not only to be punished for their offences, but to be instructed and amended. This, however, is no easy matter. In a prison there must be offenders of all descriptions, from the hardened ruffian to those confined for some comparatively trivial offence; and a system of classification and of appropriate treatment is, consequently, indis-

pensable. In addition to all this, the expense of the system must be attended to. Prisons ought, in as far as possible, to be made to defray the outlay upon them. The public revenue is never so ill expended as when it is laid out on the maintenance of thieves and robbers. The practice of the Americans has done a great deal to throw light on these important, but difficult problems. Penitentiary punishment, without solitary confinement, was tried in New York, and some of the other states, and was found so signally unsuccessful, that it was proposed by many to reenact the old penal code. In 1821, the legislature of the state of New York directed that the worst criminals should be subjected to solitary confinement; but this was found to make bad worse. The health of the convicts was seriously impaired; several of them became insane; and the mental faculties of most of them were weakened. In this extremity, the legislature adopted a middle system, corresponding in some important respects with the Dutch plan. The prisoners are classified, and work together in silence; and a severe system of discipline is enforced, — every infraction of the regulations being instantly punished by flogging. This plan seems hitherto to have answered extremely well. It is obvious, however, that it leaves a great deal to the discretion of the governor and assistant overseers. Every thing depends on their maintaining the regulations, and keeping up the strictest discipline. Any relaxation would be utterly subversive of the principles and foundations of the system. The importance of the following details supersedes any apology for the length of our extract: —

“When convicts arrive, they have their irons taken off, are thoroughly cleaned, and clad in the prison dress. The rules of the prison are explained to them, and they are instructed by the keeper in their duties, — to obey orders, and to labor diligently in silence, — to approach all the officers of the institution, when it is necessary for them to speak, with respectful language, and never to speak without necessity, even to the keepers; never to speak to each other under any pretence; nor to sing, dance, or do any thing having the least tendency to disturb the prison; never to leave the places assigned to them without permission; never to speak to any person who does not belong to the prison, nor to look off from their work to see any one; never to work carelessly, or be idle a single moment. They are also told, that they will not be allowed to receive letters, or intelligence from, or concerning, their friends, or any information on any subject out of the prison. Any correspondence of this kind, that may be necessary, must be carried on through the keeper, or assistant keepers. A Bible is, by order of the state, put into each cell. The bodies of all criminals, who die in the state prisons, are, by order of the legislature, delivered to the College of Physicians when they are not claimed by their relations within twenty-four hours after their death. The state prisons being in the country, — at a distance generally, it must be presumed, from the residence of the relations, — such a claim can, it is obvious, be but rarely made.

“For all infraction of the regulations, or of duty, the convicts are instantly punished by stripes inflicted by the keeper, or assistant keepers, with a raw hide whip; or in aggravated cases, under the direction of the keeper, or his deputy alone, by a cat made of six strands of small twine,

applied to the bare back. Conviction follows offences so certainly, and instantaneously, that they rarely occur; sometimes not once in three months.

"At the end of fifteen minutes after the ringing of a bell in the morning, the assistant keepers unlock the convicts, who march out in military order in single files to their work-shops, where they wash their faces and hands in vessels prepared in the shops.

"New convicts are put to work at such trade as they may have previously learned, provided it be practicable; if not, or if they have no trade, the keeper selects such trade as appears, on enquiry, best suited to them. The hours of labor vary according to the season. In long days, from half-past 5 A. M. to 6 P. M. In short days, the hours are so fixed as to embrace all the day-light.

"At the signal for breakfast the convicts again form in line in the shops, and are marched by the assistant keepers to the mess-room, which they enter at two different doors, face around by their plates, standing till all have got their places, when a bell is rung, and all sit down to their meals; but, as some eat more, and some less, waiters, provided with large vessels, pass along constantly between the tables, taking food from those who raise their right hand in token that they have it to spare, and giving to those who raise their left hand to signify they want more. The tables are narrow; and the convicts, sitting on one side only, are placed face to back, and never face to face, so as to avoid exchanging looks or signs.

"When the steward perceives that the convicts have done eating, or have had sufficient time for it, — generally from twenty minutes to half an hour, — he rings the bell, when all rise and march to their work-shops, those going out first who came in last. Twelve o'clock is the hour of dinner. The proceedings the same as at breakfast. Before quitting labor, the convicts wash their faces and hands, — form line, according to the number of their cells, — and proceed, in reversed order from that of coming out in the morning, to the wash-room, where, without breaking their step, they stoop, and take up their supper vessels and water cans, and march to their galleries, enter their cells, and pull their doors to. Each gallery is occupied by one company, which is marched and locked up by one assistant-keeper.

"Assistant-keepers are constantly moving around the galleries, having socks on their feet, that they may walk without noise, so that each convict does not know but that one of the keepers may be at the very door of his cell, ready to discover and report next morning for punishment the slightest breach of silence or order. The house, containing between 500 and 600 convicts, is thus perfectly still. The convicts are required, by the ringing of a bell, to go to bed upon their framed, flat, canvass hammocks, with blankets, and are neither permitted to lie down nor to get up without a signal. After the convicts are rung down at night, all the locks are again tried by the assistant-keepers.

"On Sundays the arrangement is the same, with this difference, that, instead of working, the convicts are marched to the chapel, where divine service is performed by the chaplain. Such of them as are ignorant attend the Sunday school, which is admirably taught, and gratuitously, by students belonging to the theological seminary at Auburn. The keeper and assistant-keepers must be present at divine service, and at the teaching in the Sunday school.

"The rations for each man per day are, 10 oz. pork, or 16 oz. beef; 10 oz. wheat flour, the wheat to be ground fine, and not bolted; 12 oz. Indian meal; $\frac{1}{4}$ gill molasses, — a ration. And 2 qts. rye; 4 qts. salt; 4 qts. vinegar; $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. pepper; $2\frac{1}{2}$ bushels potatoes, — each 100 rations.

"The gains of the convicts during the last year averaged 29 cents, or 1s. 2½d. sterling per day, some of them earning as much as 50 cents, and others not more than 15 cents per day. The amount was sufficient to defray the annual expense, including the whole salaries of the keepers, the guard, and all the other officers. The inspectors and keepers have no doubt that the earnings will increase in subsequent years, — many of the workmen who are under sentences of long confinement having, from practice, become much more perfect in their trades and occupations. The convicts are never, on any pretext whatever, permitted to work on their own account, nor to receive any food, except the prison fare. Neither fermented liquor of any kind, nor tobacco, are allowed to be brought within the precincts of the prison. Nothing is bought or sold within the prison walls, so far as the prisoners are in any way concerned, except their labor.

"The degree of health which has prevailed ever since the introduction of the present system, probably surpasses any thing ever known of an equal number of convicts, — between 500 and 600; the number of patients confined to the hospital being about one per cent, and the number of deaths one and a-half.

"No convict has been discharged since the present system was commenced who has not, previous to his liberation, communicated details of his previous history, — how he was brought up, — what instructions he enjoyed, — his employment, — his residence, — his general habits, &c., and also information respecting his confinement, how he considers himself to have been treated, &c. A very curious body of facts will in this way be obtained, especially as means are taken to procure, as far as it can be done, a knowledge of particulars respecting the after lives of the convicts. Of 160 convicts discharged from Auburn, of whom accurate accounts have been obtained, 112 have turned out decidedly steady and industrious, and only twenty-six decidedly bad. It is generally admitted by the convicts, that being deprived of all intelligence of their friends — of the affairs of the world — and of all means of intercourse and conversation with each other, — occasions them more suffering, and tends more to humble them, than every thing else — that they are necessarily driven to reflection in their solitary cells, and through all the unvarying routine of their labor and rest. They allow, that the desire to converse is so great, and the temptation to it so strong, that they will risk the hazard of speaking to each other whenever there is any probable chance of escaping detection, but that the vigilance of the keepers is such, that they are never able to carry on a connected discourse. It is not an uncommon thing for a convict, when discharged, to state that he did not know the names of his fellow convicts, who had for months worked by his side, and who had lodged in adjoining cells."

America is not a country for fine gentlemen or ladies to travel in. All who cannot at a pinch help themselves, should confine their excursions to the Macadamized roads of the "old country." At Geneva, a pretty little town further on the road to Niagara, says Mr. Stuart,

"The hotel is large, and well kept, and the people disposed to be obliging; but it is rather difficult to get the waiter or chambermaid to come to the bed-chamber door for the shoes to clean and to bring them back, and to bring hot water for shaving in the morning. The custom is in the evening to exchange your shoes, which are left in a corner of the bar-room, for a pair of not very nice looking slippers, which again you exchange next

morning in the bar-room for your cleaned shoes. As to shaving, it is a very general practice for travellers to shave in public in the bar-rooms, where there is always a looking-glass. Male persons do frequently wash close to the pump-well, where there are basins placed on a wooden bench. This practice is not uncommon in France. The people in this house seem very attentive to every request; but you have no redress anywhere if the waiters forget or refuse to attend to requests which are considered unusual; and if they be Americans, and not of color, they will seldom receive money from a passenger; and so generally consider it an insult to have it offered, that it is not advisable to make the proposal. On the other hand, whenever the waiters are people of color, or Irish, or, generally speaking, European, they will not object to receive a *douceur*; but let the traveller, if he intends to give one, do it in private; and let him take an opportunity to let the waiter know his intention in due time, because he will not otherwise expect any thing, and may perhaps in that case turn out less attentive to your requests than the American, who will seldom refuse if your application be made as a matter of favor in civil terms. Civility, as Lady Mary Montague truly observes, costs nothing, and buys every thing. — Both here and at Saratoga Springs, doors are very generally left unlocked during the night. Shutters to the windows are not common. Clothes are left out to bleach during the night on the unenclosed greens in the villages. On my wife applying for a washerwoman two or three days ago to wash some clothes, our landlady said that they should be washed in the house, and that she would get in a *lady* to assist. The lady, when she appeared, turned out to be a *lady* of color. It will not at all do here to talk of the lower classes; 'Send for that fellow:—order such a woman to come here.' Language of that kind will not be tolerated by any part of the community. The feeling of self-respect exists almost universally."

Mr. Stuart has given some very judicious advice to English travellers in America. The sum of it is, rather to ask as a favor, than to command as a duty, what you have a right to exact. So long as the meanest laborer can earn a dollar a-day, and buy land for two dollars an acre, that deference to wealth which is willingly paid in the Old World, will not be met with in the New. Some centuries hence, when New Orleans is as large as London, and Nootka Sound has as many ships and as much trade as the Mersey, American waiters and chamber-maids will probably be as courteous and obliging, and as much disposed to set a due value upon their civilities and services, as those of our capital and bathing-quarters.

Mr. Stuart's details respecting the state of education in New York, New England, and generally throughout the Union, are highly instructive. A good deal of information on this subject was, much to his surprise, communicated to him by a person who happened to drive the stage-coach from Caldwell to Saratoga Springs. He tells us further, that he found this person better acquainted with the system of teaching at present in use in the High School of Edinburgh, than he was himself, though educated there. This extraordinary driver turned out to be high sheriff of the county! He was a general merchant in the village; and having lent a neighbour his horses, he preferred driving them himself to intrusting them to a stranger. He had been selected by his fellow-citi-

zens to fill the situation of justice of the peace, on account of his superior shrewdness and excellent character.

The truth is, that every man in America is instructed, reads the newspapers, and takes a part in the prevailing political discussions. The hotels and public-houses have all a pretty good assortment of books;—much better, at least, than the trash usually met with in such places in this country. The universal diffusion of education is, in fact, the grand distinguishing excellence of America. It is this that has rendered the terms, mob, or rabble, inapplicable even to the dregs of her citizens in the Northern States; and fits them for enjoying, without abusing, the freest institutions. Had the tenth part of the sum been expended in establishing schools in Ireland, that has been thrown away in supporting a priesthood detested by the mass of the people, that country would not have been in the disgraceful state in which it now is. And what but the want of education has drawn recruits to the standard of Swing? and made our laborers believe that the destruction of their employers' property was the best means of augmenting their wages?

The following remarks, written by one so eminently qualified as our author to give advice on such a subject, deserve the particular attention of those intending to settle in America as farmers:

"In originally dispossessing the forest, and clearing the ground, the American has great advantages over the European emigrant. He understands the use of the axe from his infancy, and much more rapidly brings the trees to the ground. His house and fences are far more economically erected. His employment in these operations is that to which he has been all his life accustomed. His health does not suffer, as a stranger's does, from the hardships to which he is in the mean time exposed, nor from the exhalations which always accompany the clearing of woodland, and which are so apt in this country to produce fever and ague. My present impression is, that it is far more advisable for an emigrant to pay a little for land *lately* cleared, though at a price exceeding the sum actually expended, than to risk his own health and that of his family; but let him be well advised, and not acquire land, already impoverished by cropping, and which has become foul, and lost the vegetable mould,—the efficacy of which renders the use of manure for a time unnecessary. Let him, above all, be satisfied, before he fixes on a situation, that there is good wholesome water near the spot where his house is to be placed; and that the district of country is, generally speaking, healthy. Water is very frequently bad in this country; and often impregnated with lime to so great an extent, that it cannot be used with safety. One of the first questions that a traveller, on arriving at a hotel, puts, is, whether the water is good; and it is extremely difficult to get information that can be depended on, either as to the quality of the water, or the comparative healthiness of the place. The inhabitants already settled and possessed of property have an obvious interest to make favorable representations. In many cases, where emigrants do not show due caution, they not only expose themselves and their families to disease, but to that sinking and depression of spirits, which frequently results from discouragements and difficulties, so likely to incapacitate for the necessary exertions, especially in a country, to many of the customs of which they are strangers.

"After a portion of the ground is cleared, and the necessary accommo-

dation for the family of the new settler obtained on the spot, the maize of the first crop, which is generally abundant, in consequence of the effect of the vegetable mould, the accumulation of ages, gives a sure supply for the family, and the necessary horses and cattle;—and a regular arrangement, according to the settler's means, is fixed for proceeding in clearing and increasing the ploughable land, either by girdling the trees, or taking them out altogether. A tree is said to be girdled when the bark is cut round, so as completely to destroy the vessels by which the process of circulation is conducted. Part of the foliage generally remains for the first year.

“The general practice is to cut down and remove such trees as are best suited for the houses to be built, and for fencing, and to set fire to the remainder, and to the rubbish on the field;—the fire, of course, consumes a considerable part of the girdled trees; and until they decay, it has a melancholy desolate appearance, even though covered with luxuriant crops, which it at first bears. Many of the trees are black from top to bottom, and all going fast to decay, and tumbling with a crash, as you pass them. This method of bringing land into cultivation is not, however, by any means universal. In many cases, the whole wood is cut down, and the land at once cleared; and a fine crop of maize, perhaps forty or fifty bushels per acre, raised, with very little exertion on the part of the cultivator, from the rich virgin soil.

“It is not unusual for the neighbouring farmers to assist in conveying the wood, and in the other operations for putting up the first log-house for the settler's family, which is quickly completed. When neighbours in this or other similar works lend their assistance for a day, they call it a frolic, and all work with alacrity. This house, though rudely constructed, is, so far as I have seen, far better in point of accommodation than cottages for farm-overseers in Britain; and it is only meant as a temporary dwelling-house, until other matters are so far arranged as to give leisure to the settler to erect a comfortable abode. The permanent dwelling-houses are fully equal in extent and appearance to the average farm-houses of Britain. There is no want of comfort. The house is always placed near a spring, from which the farmer has his supply of water; and over the spring he frequently places his milk-house, which also is constructed for keeping meat. An ice-house, too, is now very generally reckoned necessary for the accommodation of the family. About the house, there are usually a few weeping-willows and locust-trees, both fine trees in this country, the latter, too, most useful. The garden, though close to the house, is, as already mentioned, apparently in bad order, and frequently not enclosed; but the soil and climate are such, that, with very little labor, abundance of vegetables are raised.

“An apple orchard, with some peach and plum-trees, is almost always to be found within a few hundred yards of the house; and at about the same distance, if the farm is not near a village, is a small bit of ground enclosed as the burying-ground,—the grave-yard, as it is here called, of the family.

“The various crops raised in that part of the State of New York, which I have seen, are very much the same as in Britain, with the addition of maize, for which the climate of Britain is not well adapted. Wheat, however, is the most valuable crop. A considerable quantity of buck-wheat and rye is grown. The greater degree of heat is not favorable for oats and barley. Potatoes, turnips, and other green crops, are not at all generally cultivated in large fields. Rotations of crops are far too little attended to. I observe in the magazines and almanacs, that in the rotations, a crop of turnips, ruta-baga, or other green plants, is generally put down as one

part of the course ; but I have nowhere seen more than the margins or edges of the maize, or other grain, devoted to green crops, properly so called. The attention of the farmers seems chiefly directed to the raising enough of maize for home consumption, and of wheat for sale ; and when you talk to them of the necessity of manuring, with a view to preserve the fertility of the soil, they almost uniformly tell you, that the expense of labor, about a dollar a day, for laborers during the summer, renders it far more expedient for them, as soon as their repeated cropping very much diminishes the quantity of the grain, to lay down their land in grass, and make a purchase of new land in the neighbourhood, or even to sell their cleared land, and proceed in quest of a new settlement, than to adopt a system of rotation of crops assisted by manure. There is great inconvenience, according to the notions of the British, in removing from one farm to another ; but they make very light work of it here, and consider it to be merely a question of finance, whether they shall remain on their improved land, after they have considerably exhausted its fertilizing power. In a great part of the northern district of the State of New York, there is still a great deal of land to be cleared ; and a farmer may, in many cases, acquire additions to his farm so near his residence that his houses may suit the purpose of his new acquisition ; but he is more frequently tempted to sell at a price from fifteen to thirty dollars an acre, supposing the land not to be contiguous to any village. If he obtains land near his first farm, after he has worn it out, he lays down the first farm in grass, allows it to be pastured for some years and breaks it up again with oats.

"Maize, or Indian corn, which *par excellence* is alone in this country called corn, is a most important addition to the crops which we are able to raise in Britain. It is said to have been first found in the island of St. Domingo. It is used as food for man in a great variety of ways, as bread, as porridge, in which case it is called Mush, and in puddings. When unripe, and in the green pod, it is not unlike green pease, and is in that state sold as a vegetable. One species in particular, called green corn, is preferable for this purpose. Broom corn is another species, which is reckoned best for poultry, — and of its stalks a most excellent kind of clothes' brush, in universal use at New York, is made. Horses, cattle, and poultry, are all fond of this grain, and thrive well on it. The straw is very nutritive, and considerable in quantity."

All religions are tolerated in Great Britain ; but in America they are all on the same footing ; each enjoying the same favor and protection as the others. In this respect she may read an important lesson to other and older, and, as they are pleased to reckon themselves, more enlightened countries. Generally speaking, the greatest cordiality exists among the different sects. Individuals professing different creeds not unfrequently meet at the same communion-table ; and clergymen of different persuasions assist each other in the ceremonial services at the founding and opening of churches. Mr. Stuart had frequent occasion to admire the total absence of cant and hypocrisy in American society. But there is, notwithstanding, as much real religion in America, as in many countries well supplied with bishops, deans, tithes, and other such approved religious means and appliances. Indeed the present complaint is, not that there is any excess of skepticism in America, but that it is overrun with fanaticism ! It hardly, however, becomes those familiar with pretenders to "the gift of tongues," and who

have seen Mackintosh and Canning struggling for admittance to hear Irving's orations, to affect such extreme surprise at the crowding of the Americans to camp-meetings, revivals, and such exhibitions. Mr. Stuart seems inclined to regard those assemblages in a more favorable point of view than we think they deserve; and it is probably true, that under every mode of religious worship, whether States have established religions or not, there will be occasional displays of credulity and fanaticism. They who have any wish to inform themselves regarding the *Shakers*, will find the means of gratifying their curiosity in the ample details concerning them collected by our author.

Mr. Stuart's second volume is greatly more interesting and important than the first; and it is proper that his readers should be made aware of this. It is principally devoted to an account of the Southern and Western States, — countries comparatively little visited by European travellers, but which exhibit moral and physical features of the deepest interest. Our limits constrain us to restrict ourselves to the notice of only one or two topics.

In the Southern States, slavery exists in its worst form, and to a frightful extent. The Americans have successfully maintained, "that rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God." But it would seem from their practice, that they meant this to be understood of whites only; and that one of the "sacred rights" for which they braved the power of England, was the right to oppress and trample on such of their fellow men as happened to be born black. The abolition of the slave-trade by the Americans is, we are sorry to say, rather nominal than real. There is a Guinea within the Union. It was recently estimated that every year from 10,000 to 16,000 slaves were sold by the more northerly slave-holding States, and exported to Louisiana, and those more to the south.* It is no uncommon thing, for husbands and wives, mothers and children, to be, on such occasions, separated from each other; and the cruelties thus inflicted have frequently provoked the most dreadful outrages. In point of fact, the condition of the slaves in the West Indies is, in all respects, save only the abundance of food, decidedly preferable to that of the same class in the United States. And yet the great majority of the white inhabitants and the legislature, seem all but insensible of the existence of this tremendous evil. The increase of the black population in the Southern States, is more rapid than that of the white; so that, even if the present order of things could be maintained for a few years, it must sooner or later come to an end; and the blacks, if they be not restored to their rights as men, and voluntarily admitted to participate in the privileges now engrossed by the whites, will probably establish their freedom and equality by an appeal to the sword. Under these circumstances, it might be expected that efforts would be everywhere

* Some restrictions have, we believe, been recently laid on this traffic; but we are not aware of their exact nature.

in progress for the improvement of the slaves, and for preparing them for the enjoyment of rights, which reasonable men cannot fail to see must ultimately be conceded to them. But the very opposite conduct is pursued: the slaves are treated as if they were wholly powerless, and as if nothing were to be apprehended from their deep-rooted desire of vengeance, or from the justice of Providence! The accounts which Mr. Stuart gives of the behaviour of the whites towards the blacks in the Carolinas, Georgia, and other Southern States, are alike disgraceful to the Americans and afflicting to humanity. Every possible effort is made, not to instruct, but to exclude them from instruction. The blacks are prohibited from attending the schools kept by white persons; and in 1823, the Grand Jury of Charleston proclaimed, as a "nuisance, the numbers of schools kept within the city, by *persons of color*;" expressing their belief "that a city ordinance, prohibiting, under severe penalties, such persons from being public instructors, would meet with general approbation." Such an ordinance was, of course, soon after issued!

There are, no doubt, many instances to the contrary; but on the whole those most favorable to the Southern Americans must admit, that, speaking generally, they treat their slaves with the most revolting inhumanity. The following details will harrow the feelings of our readers; but it is right that such barbarity should be held up to the execration of the world. After describing the degrading treatment to which *free* persons of color are exposed in Charleston, Mr. Stuart proceeds thus:

"So far as respects the slaves, they are even still in a worse situation; for, though their evidence is in no case admissible against the whites, the affirmation of free persons of color, or their fellow-slaves, is received against them. I was placed in a situation at Charleston which gave me too frequent opportunities to witness the effects of slavery in its most aggravated state. Mrs. Street treated all the servants in the house in the most barbarous manner; and this, although she knew that Stewart, the hotel-keeper here, had lately nearly lost his life by maltreating a slave. He beat his cook, who was a stout fellow, until he could no longer support it. He rose upon his master, and in his turn gave him such a beating that it had nearly cost him his life; the cook immediately left the house, ran off, and was never afterwards heard of,—it was supposed that he had drowned himself. Not a day, however, passed without my hearing of Mrs. Street whipping and ill using her unfortunate slaves. On one occasion, when one of the female slaves had disobliged her, she beat her until her own strength was exhausted, and then insisted on the bar-keeper, Mr. Ferguson, proceeding to inflict the remainder of the punishment—Mrs. Street in the mean time took his place in the bar-room. She instructed him to lay on the whip severely in an adjoining room. His nature was repugnant to the execution of the duty which was imposed on him. He gave a wink to the girl, who understood it and bellowed lustily, while he made the whip crack on the walls of the room. Mrs. Street expressed herself to be quite satisfied with the way in which Ferguson had executed her instructions; but, unfortunately for him, his lenity to the girl became known in the house, and the subject of merriment, and was one of the rea-

sons for his dismissal before I left the house;—but I did not know of the most atrocious of all the proceedings of this cruel woman until the very day that I quitted the house. I had put up my clothes in my port-manteau, when I was about to set out, but finding it was rather too full, I had difficulty in getting it closed to allow me to lock it; I therefore told one of the boys to send me one of the stoutest of the men to assist me. A great robust fellow soon afterwards appeared, whom I found to be the cook, with tears in his eyes;—I asked him what was the matter? He told me that, just at the time when the boy called for him, he had got so sharp a blow on the cheek bone, from this devil in petticoats, as had unmanned him for the moment. Upon my expressing commiseration for him, he said he viewed this as nothing, but that he was leading a life of terrible suffering; that about two years had elapsed since he and his wife, with his two children had been exposed in the public market at Charleston for sale,—that he had been purchased by Mrs. Street,—that his wife and children had been purchased by a different person; and that, though he was living in the same town with them, he never was allowed to see them;—he would be beaten within an ace of his life, if he ventured to go to the corner of the street. Wherever the least symptom of rebellion or insubordination appears at Charleston on the part of a slave, the master sends the slave to the gaol, where he is whipped or beaten as the master desires. The Duke of Saxe-Weimar, in his *Travels*, mentioned that he visited this gaol in December 1825; that the “black overseers go about every where armed with cow-hides; that in the basement story there is an apparatus upon which the negroes, by order of the police, or at the request of the masters, are flogged; that the machine consists of a sort of crane, on which a cord with two nooses runs over pulleys; the nooses are made fast to the hands of the slave and drawn up, while the feet are bound tight to a plank; that the body is stretched out as much as possible,—and thus the miserable creature receives the exact number of lashes as counted off. The public sale of slaves in the market-place at Charleston occurs frequently. I was present at two sales where, especially at one of them, the miserable creatures were in tears on account of their being separated from their relations and friends. At one of them, a young woman of sixteen or seventeen was separated from her father and mother, and all her relations, and every one she had formerly known. This not unfrequently happens, although I was told, and believe, that there is a general wish to keep relations together where it can be done.

“The following extract of a letter from a gentleman at Charleston, to a friend of his at New York, published in the New York newspapers while I was there, contains even a more shocking account of the public sales of slaves here.—‘Curiosity sometimes leads me to the auction-sales of the negroes. A few days since I attended one which exhibited the beauties of slavery in all their sickening deformity. The bodies of these wretched beings were placed upright on a table,—their physical proportions examined,—their defects and beauties noted.—“A prime lot, here they go!” There I saw the father looking sullen contempt upon the crowd, and expressing an indignation in his countenance that he durst not speak;—and the mother, pressing her infants closer to her bosom with an involuntary grasp, and exclaiming, in wild and simple earnestness, while the tears chased down her cheeks in quick succession, “I can’t leff my children! I won’t leff my children!” But, on the hammer went, reckless alike whether it united or sundered for ever. On another stand, I saw a man apparently as white as myself exposed to sale. I turned away from the humiliating spectacle.’”

Detestable as this is, Mr. Stuart did not find the treatment of the slaves at all improved at New Orleans.

"All the waiters in the hotel where I lodged," says he, "were slaves, but they were not positively ill treated, like the unfortunate creatures at Charleston. They had no beds, however, to sleep upon,—all lying, like dogs, in the passages of the house. Their punishment was committed by Mr. Lavand to Mr. Smith, the clerk of the house, who told me that never an evening passed on which he had not to give some of them stripes; and on many occasions to such an extent, that he was unable to perform the duty, and sent the unhappy creatures to the prison, that they might have their punishment inflicted there by the gaoler. Nothing is more common here, than for the masters and mistresses of slaves, when they wish them, either male or female, to be punished, to send them to the prison, with a note to the gaoler specifying the number of lashes to be inflicted. The slave must carry back a note to his master, telling him that the punishment has been inflicted. If the master so orders it, the slave receives his whipping laid flat upon his face upon the earth, with his hands and feet bound to posts. In passing the prison in the morning, the cries of the poor creatures are dreadful. I was anxious to get into the inside of this place, but though a friend applied for me I did not succeed. Mr. Smith told me that he was very desirous to leave his situation, merely because he felt it so very disagreeable a duty to be obliged to whip the slaves.

"There were about 1000 slaves for sale at New Orleans while I was there. Although I did not myself witness, as I had done at Charleston, the master or the mistress of the house treating the slaves with barbarity, yet I heard enough to convince me that at New Orleans there are many Mrs. Streets. The Duke of Saxe-Weimar, who was at New Orleans in 1826, and who lodged in the boarding-house of the well-known Madame Herries, one of the best boarding-houses at New Orleans, has given a detailed account of the savage conduct of this lady to one of her slaves, which I transcribe in his own words:—'One particular scene, which roused my indignation in the highest manner, on the 22d March, I cannot suffer to pass in silence. There was a young Virginian female slave in our boarding-house, employed as a chamber-maid, a cleanly, attentive, quiet, and very regular individual. A Frenchman residing in the house called in the morning early for water to wash. As the water was not instantly brought to him, he went down the steps and encountered the poor girl, who just then had some other occupation in hand. He struck her immediately with his fist in the face, so that the blood ran from her forehead. The poor creature, roused by this unmerited abuse, put herself on her defence, and caught the Frenchman by the throat. He screamed for help, but no one would interfere. The fellow then ran to his room; gathered his things together; and was about to leave the house. But when our landlady, Madame Herries, was informed of this, in order to satisfy the wretch, she disgraced herself, by having twenty-six lashes inflicted upon the poor girl with a cow-hide, and refined upon her cruelty so much, that she forced the sweetheart of the girl, a young negro slave who waited in the house, to count off the lashes upon her. This Frenchman, a merchant's clerk from Montpelier, was not satisfied with this: He went to the Police; lodged a complaint against the girl; had her arrested by two constables; and whipped again by them in his presence. I regret that I did not take a note of this miscreant's name, in order that I might give his disgraceful conduct its merited publicity.'"

All Englishmen believe that there is in America an unbounded

freedom of the press ; and that no abuse of any kind can be perpetrated without its being immediately exposed ; but this is true only of the Northern and Western States. In as far indeed as respects Louisiana, it is destitute, not only of the freedom of the press, but even of the *freedom of speech*. An individual who should libel the Czar in a Petersburg paper, or assail the "beloved Ferdinand" in the Madrid Gazette, could not possibly fare worse than he who should presume to print or say any thing in favor of the slaves at New Orleans ! The following is the substance of two acts passed by the legislature of Louisiana so late as 1830.

"The first act provides, *1st*, That whosoever shall write, print, publish, or distribute any thing *having a tendency* to create discontent among the free colored population of this state, or insubordination among the slaves therein, shall, at the discretion of the court, suffer death, or imprisonment at hard labor for life.

"*2dly*, That whosoever shall use language in any public discourse, from the bar, the bench, the stage, the pulpit, or in any place, or in private discourse or conversation, or shall make use of signs or actions *having a tendency to produce discontent* among the free colored population in this state, or to excite insubordination among the slaves therein ; or whosoever shall knowingly be instrumental in bringing into this state any paper, pamphlet, or book, having such tendency, as aforesaid, shall, at the discretion of the court, suffer at hard labor not less than three years, nor more than twenty years, or death.

"*3dly*, *That all persons who shall teach, or permit, or cause to be taught, any slave in this state to read or write, shall be imprisoned not less than one, nor more than twelve months.*

"The second act provides, *1st*, For the expulsion from the state of all free people of color, who came into it subsequently to the year 1807 ; and then confirms a former law, prohibiting all free persons of color whatever from entering the state of Louisiana.

"*2dly*, It sentences to imprisonment, or hard labor for life, all free persons of color, who, having come into the state, disobey an order for their departure.

"*3dly*, It enacts, that if any white person shall be convicted of being the author, printer, or publisher of any written or printed paper within the state, or shall use any language with the intent to disturb the peace, or security of the same, in relation to the slaves or the people of this state, *or to diminish that respect which is commanded to free people of color for the whites*, such person shall be fined in a sum not less than 300 dollars, nor exceeding 1000 dollars, and imprisoned for a term not less than six months, nor exceeding three years ; and that, if any free person of color shall be convicted of such offence, he shall be sentenced to pay a fine not exceeding 1000 dollars, and imprisoned at hard labor for a time not less than three years, and not exceeding five years, and afterwards banished for life.

"And, *4thly*, It enacts, that in all cases it shall be the duty of the attorney-general and the several district attorneys, *under the penalty of removal from office*, to prosecute the said free persons of color for violations of the act, *or, whenever they shall be required to prosecute the said free persons of color by any citizen of this state.*"

Whether there be any thing in the archives of Madrid or Algiers

to match this, we know not ; but it is absurd, where such laws exist, to talk about liberty, and something worse than preposterous, for any country which tolerates them to sing its own praises. Siberia contrasts, in this respect, most advantageously with Louisiana : in the former, the lieutenants of the Emperor occasionally imprison an obnoxious or troublesome individual ; but in the latter, more than half the population are slaves, who may be maltreated at the pleasure of their masters ; — it being a serious offence even to allude to the manner in which these petty despots abuse their authority. Mr. Stuart tells us, that while he was at New Orleans, *a slave was hung for some trifling offence* ; and that not one of the newspapers took the slightest notice of the circumstance.

For the *existence* of slavery America is not accountable. She derived it, as well as her peculiar laws and institutions, from the mother country. But *she is accountable* for her conduct to the slaves since the era of her independence ; and to those who ask, what has she done for the improvement of so large a portion of her population, what answer can she make ? At the very outset of the Declaration of Independence it is said, " We hold these truths to be self-evident, that *all men* are created equal ; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights ; that among these are life, *liberty*, and the pursuit of happiness." But such is the inconsistency of human nature, that the very people who made such sacrifices to vindicate these principles, are themselves conspicuous for trampling them under foot ! Slavery is the plague-spot in American society. Its existence, or rather the absence of all vigorous efforts for its mitigation and ultimate extinction, are circumstances of which America ought to be ashamed ; and of which she cannot too soon, or too sincerely repent. Anxious as we are for her happiness and lasting prosperity, we look with horror and dismay at the vast mass of discontent she is nursing in her southern provinces. The opposition of interests that exists amongst the States gives additional importance to this subject. The antipathy to slavery is as strong among the inhabitants of New England as among ourselves ; and it has been doubted by many, whether, if a rebellion among the slaves were to break out, they would take any part in the contest. We do, therefore, hope that the Congress will, while it is yet time, open their eyes to the danger with which the " bondage of the blacks " threatens the Union ; and that they will provide for their instruction and gradual emancipation.

Mr. Stuart gives an account of the unsuccessful attack made by the British troops on New Orleans, during the late unfortunate war. The Americans had every advantage on their side. Placed under cover of intrenchments made of cotton bags, their marksmen took deliberate aim, and, with little or no loss to themselves, kept up so overpowering and murderous a fire, that our hardy veterans were obliged to retreat with the loss of nearly a third of their number killed and wounded. It is believed in America that Sir Edward

Pakenham, who lost his life when advancing at the head of the British, endeavoured to excite the ardor of his troops, by promising them the plunder of New Orleans; and it is even asserted that "*Booby and Beauty*" was the watchword of the British army on that disastrous day. But, notwithstanding the confidence with which this statement has been made, we cannot for a moment doubt that, on investigation, it will be found to be a calumny. It is not conceivable that a brave and experienced officer, like General Pakenham, should have authorized a license which he must have known would make himself infamous, and entail disgrace on the British name. However, as the statement has been credited by persons holding high rank in America, we trust it will be authoritatively contradicted. Mr. Stuart does justice to the decision and talent displayed on this occasion by General Jackson. No man could have conducted himself with greater ability and address, in the difficult situation in which he was placed.

Mr. Stuart lays before his readers much interesting information with respect to the conduct followed by some of the State Legislatures and Congress, towards the Indians settled within the territory of the republic, — particularly the Cherokees, the most civilized of all the native tribes. The details are not at all to the credit of the Americans. In dealing with this unfortunate race, they have not scrupled to infringe the most solemn stipulations, and to avow the robber's principle, that "*force makes right.*" But for the interference of the Supreme Court of the United States, the Cherokees would have been expelled from their homes. Congress, as well as the legislature of Georgia, turned a deaf ear to their well founded complaints. "It is mortifying," says Mr. Stuart, "to be obliged to confess, that upon such a question as this, the principles of the President of the United States, and of the American government, as well as of the government of the State of Georgia, have been proved to be as overbearing and arbitrary, as those of some European governments towards the unfortunate Poles, and the unoffending inhabitants of Hindostan."

From New Orleans, Mr. Stuart sailed up the "father of floods" in a magnificent steam-boat, or rather floating hotel. Mrs. Trollope seems to have been unlucky in her river trips, and delicately states that she would have preferred a party of "well-conditioned pigs" to that of a steam-boat. Mr. Stuart, who knows something of what is called "good society," differs materially from the lady. It is singular, that those who put their faith in Mrs. Trollope's accounts of American manners, should be so much disposed to censure General Pillet's equally veracious descriptions of English ladies, and English dinner parties. The voyage from New Orleans to Cincinnati, of 1600 miles, is performed with ease in eleven or twelve days; but the navigation is in some places difficult, and requires the greatest care and attention. The settlement on the banks of the river are still, in many places, "few and far between"; and Mr. Stuart gives various statements illustrative of the half-savage manners incident to such a state of society.

The chapter on Illinois is exceedingly instructive ; but we regret that we can do little more than recommend it to the particular notice of our readers, and especially of those intending to set out for this land of promise. " It contains nearly 59,000 square miles ; is the fourth State in point of extent in the Union, being only inferior in this respect, to Virginia, Georgia, and Missouri ; its general level does not vary above sixty feet, and it consists, with little interruption, of one vast prairie of admirable soil, extending from the Mississippi to Lake Michigan. It is the richest country in point of soil in the world. The French call it the Terrestrial Paradise."

In this part of America, Mr. Stuart met with several Scotch and English families, comfortably settled and prosperous. Vandalia, the capital, and a thriving town, with antiquarian and historical societies, newspapers, magazines, &c. was founded so late as 1821. The land generally consists of almost boundless prairies, of extraordinary fertility, ornamented with trees disposed in groves and stripes. Neither is it swampy nor liable to be overflowed ; it is in fact a dry, undulating, champaign country. The climate is mild ; and, provided settlers take care to be near a supply of water, no place can be more healthy. It possesses vast beds of coal, with lead, lime, and rock-salt ; so that its mineral are hardly inferior to its agricultural capacities. It is bounded by the Mississippi on the west, and touches Lake Michigan on the north-east. Hence, though in the centre of the American continent, the vast lakes, rivers, and canals by which it is bounded and intersected, or to which it has a ready access, give it most of the advantages of an insular situation, and insure its rapid advance in the career of prosperity. In point of soil and situation, the State of Missouri has also very great advantages ; but it is afflicted with the curse of slavery, from which, fortunately, Illinois is entirely free. Mr. Stuart is decidedly of opinion, that no part of America deserves so much to be recommended to farmers emigrating from Europe as Illinois. The settlements founded by Messrs. Flower and Birkbeck are doing well. They are not, however, planted in the richest part of the State ; but Mr. Stuart is satisfied of the general correctness of the statements made by Mr. Birkbeck in his Notes and Letters.

We regret that our limits will not permit us to follow farther the course of Mr. Stuart's narrative, or to make any more extracts from his instructive volumes. They furnish a vivid and a faithful picture of American life in every part of the Union, from Boston to New Orleans, and from St. Louis to New York. We feel assured of their possessing the invaluable quality of perfect trustworthiness. They have neither been written in a spirit of detraction nor of eulogy ; but with a sincere desire to depict things as they really are. The reader, in a word, has everywhere the comfortable conviction, that he is accompanying an unpretending, candid, observing, and very intelligent man ; of one, too, who has both the mind and qualities of a gentleman, and of a citizen of the world.

Mr. Stuart has not said much about American politics ; but the eleventh chapter of his first volume contains a brief view of the more prominent points of the American constitution ; with an account of the proceedings at a contested election in Saratoga. He seems to think well of the Ballot ; but instead of putting down canvassing, it appears to us to be carried on with far greater activity in America than in England ; and instead of affording concealment, it is quite as well known how every man votes in Baltimore or New York, as in Liverpool or Edinburgh. We are sick of the appeals so frequently made in this country, in political matters, to the example of America. Her experience is certainly not to be neglected, and it affords some valuable lessons by which we ought to profit. Still, however, her situation differs in so many respects from that of England, or any other European country, that nothing can be more absurd than to contend, that an institution may be safely adopted here, because it has been found to answer in America. In the United States, every man who has got a couple of dollars in his pocket may acquire an acre of unoccupied land ; the rate of wages, as compared with the cost of the principal necessities of life, is at least twice as high as in England ; instead of there being an excess, there is a deficiency of laborers ; all internal taxes have been abolished ; and Carolina and Georgia threaten to withdraw from the Union, unless the Customs' duties be reduced a half or more. Universal suffrage and vote by Ballot may be harmless in such a country ; and when our National Debt is paid off, and we can get a bottle of wine for sixpence, and an estate for twenty pounds, they may not be very injurious here ; but till then, we believe we shall do well to shun any closer acquaintance with either the one or the other.*

[Abridged from "The Foreign Quarterly Review, No. 21."]

[What follows comprises all that part of the article in the Foreign Quarterly, which relates particularly to Durer. The remainder is of inferior interest.]

ART. III. — *Reliquien von Albrecht Dürer, seinen Verehrern geweiht. Taschenbuch für Deutschland's Kunstfreunde, zu Albrecht Dürer's dritter Secular-feier.* (Relics of Albert Durer, dedicated to his Admirers. A Pocket-book for the Lovers of German Art, on occasion of his Third Centenary Celebration.) Nürnberg, 1828. 18mo.

THESE "Relics of Albert Durer" are published in the form of an Annual ; and as such it might have escaped our notice, or seemed only fit to be thrown in with a whole batch of its fellows. But this Nuremberg *Taschenbuch* is entitled to a different degree

[* Mr. Stuart's volumes have just been republished in New York, by Messrs. J. & J. Harper.]

of respect, both from the high interest everywhere attached to the name of Albert Durer, and from its appearing almost in the light of a monument raised to his honor, by the venerable and, to our fancy, beautiful old city, which still glories in her artist's fame, and sedulously preserves every memorial of his former presence, every indication of his being her own.

Germany still esteems Albert Durer one of the brightest jewels in her crown of fame; and in all other countries, if not regarded with such passionate enthusiasm, he is admired as an extraordinary man. As a painter, he is universally allowed to have excelled in conception, in composition, in fertility of invention, (these Vasari says were a mine of wealth, whence subsequent painters, even Italians, borrowed,) in brilliancy of coloring, and in high finish; to have drawn correctly, if somewhat stiffly; and to have reformed, if he did not found, the German school of painting. It must be recollected that in the 15th century facility of intercourse and consequent diffusion of knowledge were not quite what they are in the 19th; and the German school had not yet adopted the improvements of the Flemish. Durer's pictures, for the most part crowded with figures, are still preserved in great numbers in public and private galleries, and that even in Italy. What remain to us form, however, in all likelihood, a very small part of what he produced, the works of the older masters having in Germany suffered cruelly from the insane iconoclastic zeal of some of the fanatical sects which there swarmed at the era of the Reformation. As an engraver, Albert Durer raised the art from infancy to a degree of perfection that has only in late years been surpassed. Vasari pronounces some of his woodcuts so good, that in many respects it would be impossible to do better. And a recent English author* says, "It would perhaps be difficult to select a more perfect specimen of executive excellence than his print of St. Jerome, dated 1514." Albert Durer, moreover, carved in wood and in ivory; studied and understood the arts in all branches immediately or remotely influencing his own; and wrote treatises, translated into Latin, French, and Italian, upon Perspective, Anatomy, Geometry, Architecture, and the science of Fortification, as well as upon Painting and Sculpture. And all this was accomplished in a life considerably shorter than that usually allotted to man, inasmuch as he who achieved the whole died at the age of 57, of a disease, however irksome, seldom fatal, *i. e.* a penurious and termagant wife.

The little volume before us is illustrated with four engravings, namely, of Albert Durer's portrait from his own pencil, of his house, most religiously preserved by the Nurembergers as he inhabited it, of his tomb, and of that of his friend, Wilibald Pirckheimer, a man of considerable consequence in his day, whose wealth, high char-

* Bryan's Biographical and Critical Dictionary of Painters and Engravers, &c. 2 vols. 4to. London, 1816.

acter, and literary connexions afforded the humbler artist his best means of cultivation. The portrait offers as happy an exemplification of the painter's merits and defects as could well be hoped. Even in the print, we perceive the beautifully high finish of the painting; the resemblance is manifestly of the kind called a speaking likeness; the features, the flesh, the mild and tranquil intellectual expression, are perfect; the hair is incomparable; and yet the effect of the whole is rather unpleasing, from its inconceivable stiffness and formality. It looks as though the original were spell-bound in immobility, and we almost wonder how he lifted his hand and turned his eyes to paint it.

The literary contents of the volume are papers written by, or relative to, the artist. These are a short account of the Durer family and of Albert's own early youth, — a few letters, — some slight attempts at poetry, — a diary of his journey to, and in, the Netherlands, — two dedications of his printed works, — and an account of, and elegy upon, his death, by Pirkheimer. The volume is edited by Dr. Friedrich Campe, a Nuremberg gentleman, bearing more literary and municipal designations and dignities than we have patience to transcribe or even to read; and who thus announces the Relics of Albert Durer, in a something, which we know not whether to call a preface, an advertisement, or a dedication to the public:

"I hope to offer to the admirers of our Albert Durer no unwelcome gift in this little book, through which they will learn to know Durer, painted by himself, better than through the Fancy-pictures (*Phantasiegemälde*) of modern times."

The first relic, entitled *Eigene Familie-Nachrichten von Albrecht Dürer*, or Private Family-Notices, begins in the following quaint and pious style: —

"I, Albert Durer the younger, have put together out of my father's papers whence he was, how he came hither, and remained here, and ended blessedly. God be gracious to him and us! Amen."

The Durer family was, it seems, Hungarian, and their original seat a village named Eytas, near the little town of Julia, and some few more miles from Wardein — (we are not quite sure whether this means Great Wardein or Peterwardein), where, for generations, they followed the occupation of graziers. But the painter's grandfather, Antony Durer, sickening, in boyhood, of this rural pursuit, betook himself to Julia, and was apprenticed to a goldsmith. At Julia he married, settled, and bred up his eldest son Albert (Albert Durer the elder) to his own business, whilst a younger son became a priest at Wardein. Albert travelled through Germany and the Low Countries, improved himself in his art under "the great artists," as our Albert terms the skilful Netherland goldsmiths, and finally reached Nuremberg in 1455. There he entered the service of old Jeronymus Haller, an eminent goldsmith, and, at the end of twelve years, his skill, honesty, and industry

were rewarded with the hand of his master's daughter, Barbara. By her he was the father of eleven sons and seven daughters; our Albert, born in the year 1471, being the second son and third child. The paper thus proceeds:—

"This Albert Durer the elder spent his life in great difficulties, and in hard and heavy work, and had nothing to live upon but what he earned with his own hand for himself, his wife, and children, and therefore had he very little. He experienced manifold crosses, troubles, and afflictions. He has also had good praise from all people who knew him; for he led an honest, Christian life, was a patient and soft-tempered man, peaceable towards every one; and he was very thankful to God. Moreover he wanted not much worldly pleasure, he was of few words, kept little company, and was a God-fearing man."

The worthy goldsmith of course brought up his children carefully; and his son thus goes on:—

"He had especial pleasure in me, as he saw that I was diligent in learning: therefore my father let me go to school, and when I had learned reading and writing, he took me out of the school, and taught me goldsmith's craft. But now, when I could work neatly, my inclination led me more to painting than to goldsmith's craft, and that I set forth to my father; but he was not well content, for it repented him of the lost time that I had spent in learning to be a goldsmith; yet he gave way, and on St. Andrew's day, when 1486 years were reckoned from the birth of Christ, my father bound me to Michael Wohlgemuth for my apprenticeship, to serve him for three years. In that time God gave me industry, so that I learned well, but had much to suffer from his men; and when my servitude was ended, my father sent me out, and I remained abroad four years, till my father called me back; and as in the year 1490 I had gone eastwards away, so now, when 1494 were reckoned, I came back after Whitsuntide; and when I was come home, Hans Frey dealt with my father, and gave me to wife his daughter, by name maid Agnes, and gave me with her 200 *gulden*."

Our monetary science is unequal to turning the lady's dower into pounds, shillings, and pence; and with the announcement of his marriage we shall close this simple picture of the training of the greatest painter of his country. The first paper contains little more except the religious death of his father, his filial care of, and reverence for, his widowed mother, and her death. We proceed therefore to supply, as far as other sources enable us so to do, the particulars of which the artist's own modest record leaves us ignorant.

The skill in goldsmith's work that Albert had acquired prior to his quitting the business, was considerable, and he had produced a representation of The Passion, in enchased silver, which delighted his father, and astonished all masters and judges of the craft in Nuremberg. During the four years of his *wanderschaft* (this term, which may be Englished his *travels* or *travelship*, is the technical designation for a period of wandering exercise of his trade required from every journeyman, and ordained in early times, probably, with a view to the acquisition of the improvements devised in various places,)—during this *wanderschaft*, we say, Albert visited the

best living painters of Germany and the Netherlands, and studied the works of their deceased predecessors. Upon his return to Nuremberg, he executed the test-specimen of his abilities, which was to procure for him the freedom of his Company and the rank of a Master-painter. This was a pen and ink drawing (a style in which he always excelled) of Orpheus under the hands of the enraged *Bacchante*. It excited universal admiration, especially for the management of the landscape-background; and is said to have been a main cause of Hans Frey's wish to bestow his daughter upon an artist so promising that he could hardly fail to prove a good match.

A marriage, concluded in the business-like way already described, offered little prospect of turning out happily; nor do we find our expectations deceived. The most un-lamblike Agnes, inflicted, rather than bestowed, on the much-enduring Durer, was, as has been insinuated, an avaricious shrew. Other painters, other geniuses, as well as philosophers, have suffered under this sorest of common-place evils; and different men have adopted different ways of remedying or bearing the calamity. Socrates, by mere dint of philosophical equanimity seems to have regarded Xantippe's modes of annoyance much like those of a fly, or at worst, of a gnat. The jovial Hans Holbein quietly transferred himself to England, and, with the exception of some few visits, requisite to preserve his rights as a citizen-master-painter of Basle, spent the last eighteen years of his life as a bachelor, or a widower bewitched, at the court of our Henry VIII., leaving his Xantippe to herself, and his luckless brats to stand the brunt of household tempest as they might. Albert Durer, soft-tempered and God-fearing like his father, had perhaps too tender a conscience thus, like Holbein, to shake off the bonds of a solemn engagement upon their becoming burthensome, and too much of the keen susceptibility of genius to acquire any portion of Socratic impassibility. He submitted to his fate, and in the end sank under it.

But if Albert Durer denied himself irregular modes of emancipation from fireside annoyance, it was not for want of knowing and appreciating the felicity that such relief, when fairly attainable, was calculated to afford. In the year 1506 he was called to Venice by an affair which shows how high his reputation then stood in Italy. Marc Antonio, a Bolognese engraver, resident at Venice, had copied some woodcuts of Albert Durer, and in order to pass them off as originals, had likewise copied the German artist's *monogram*, as an artificial combination of initials, by way of signature, was termed. Durer hastened to Venice, to seek redress from the Venetian government; and so far he obtained it, that Marc Antonio was prohibited from forging his *monogram*. Upon occasion of this short excursion, his wife was left at home; and the letters he addressed to his friend Pirkheimer from Venice, published in our *Taschenbuch*, show the zest with which he enjoyed his liberty; the joviality of his tone frequently indeed according but ill

with the refinement of modern times. Part of the most decorous of these missives we shall, however, translate as nearly as we can render the quaint and often obsolete language.

"First of all my willing service, dear sir; and if it go well with you, I am as heartily glad thereof as though the case were mine own."—(Some excuses for not writing sooner, which we omit, conclude thus:) "Therefore I humbly pray you to forgive me, for I have no friend on earth but you. Also I give it no belief that you are angry with me, since I hold you no otherwise than a father. I wish you were here at Venice; there are so many pleasant companions amongst the Italians, who, the longer the more, consort with me, so that it touches one's heart; for reasonable, learned, good lute-players, fifiers, good judges of painting, and noble-minded right virtuous persons, do me great honor and friendship. On the other hand, there are also here the falsest, most lying, thievish knaves, as I believe none such exist on the face of the earth; and he who should not know it, would think them the pleasantest people in the world. I myself cannot choose but laugh at them when they talk with me; they know that one knows such wickedness of them but they care nothing about the matter. I have many good friends amongst the Italians, who warn me not to eat and drink with their painters; and indeed many of these are my enemies, and copy my things in the churches and wherever they can get at them, and then revile them, and say they are not after the antique fashion, and therefore not good; but Sambelliny" (Giovanni Bellini, Titian's master, called Zan Belin in the Venetian dialect), "he has praised me very highly before many gentlemen; he would fain have something of mine, and came to me himself, and prayed me to do him something, and he would pay me well for it: and all people tell me he is so worthy a man that I equally value him. He is very old, and is still the best at painting. Given at Venice, at nine o'clock at night, on the Saturday after Candlemas, in the year 1506."

The reader will recollect that the year then began at Lady day.

In another letter the announcement of his approaching return home is followed by these exclamations. "Oh how I shall shiver for the sun! Here, I am a lord; at home a mere Nobody!" We have no room for more specimens of our painter's *naïf* epistolary style; and must pass over various letters to Pirkheimer or other correspondents, whether of friendship or of business, even though much in the latter move our inward man; *e. g.* the writer's earnest argument against the low prices offered him for his pictures, founded upon his large expenditure of money in the purchase of ultramarine, and of time in minutely and highly finishing them, and the petitions, extorted doubtless by his wife, for something extra, in the nature of something to drink, as a compliment to that insatiate and arbitrary dame.

After the settlement of his Venetian affairs, Albert Durer paid a short visit to Bologna to study perspective, and then returned to Nuremberg. Thence he despatched a letter and a portrait of himself to Raphael, who appears to have received both as marks of esteem from one whom he himself esteemed, and repaid them in kind, by a letter and some drawings. The German artist was now in truth at the summit of his fame. His native city gloried in his

reputation, and testified her respect by electing him a member of her great municipal council; — a dignity not to be confounded with the civic honors of a London alderman, for be it remembered that every Free Imperial City (and such was Nuremberg), though a member of the federal German empire, constituted a self-governed republic; the councils of those cities being their legislative, and the *bürgermeister*, or mayor, their executive authority. — The most distinguished *litterati* throughout Europe sought Durer's acquaintance; kings and princes sat to, and honored him, and the Emperor Maximilian named him his Court Painter, with a yearly salary of one hundred *gulden*,* besides paying separately for every picture he should bespeak or purchase. An anecdote is related, illustrative of Maximilian's value for the favorite artist, closely resembling, in kind at least, one preserved of Henry VIII. and Holbein.

As Albert Durer was sketching upon a wall in presence of the Emperor and his court, the ladder upon which he stood slipped, and the monarch bade the nobleman who was nearest the painter hold it. The nobleman, drawing back, beckoned a servant to perform in his stead an office which he judged derogatory to his rank. Maximilian rebuked him; and when the courtier urged in his justification the necessity of maintaining his dignity, indignantly rejoined, "Albert's excellence in his art raises him far above a nobleman; for I can transform a peasant into a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, but not a nobleman into an artist."

To return to the *Taschenbuch*. The letters are followed by the painter's poetical attempts, as they are properly designated. The sister arts, we believe, like mere mortal sisters, choose severally to engross the affections of their respective votaries, thinking it foul scorn to accept a divided allegiance. At least, if examples there be of individuals acquiring supreme excellence in two unconnected arts, assuredly Albert Durer was not one of these phœnixes (to speak in the plural of that which is essentially singular), and we hold it best to pass over his verses.

We now come to the most curious, and in many respects the most interesting of the relics here preserved, i. e. the Diary of Albert Durer's Netherland journey in the years 1520 - 1521. This private record of his thoughts and actions deliciously reveals the simplicity, goodness, and piety of the writer's character, together with his modest vanity, if we may thus modify a quality by its opposite, and his cordial delight in all that was great, extraordinary, or beautiful: it moreover affords us a glimpse of the state of opinion and of social intercourse in those days; but the minuteness of detail, especially with respect to the journalist's expenses, renders it occasionally tedious. We shall endeavour to exhibit it under every

* If we cannot quite tell how much this came to in sterling money, we know that it was half of the sum total of his wife's marriage portion; a sufficient measure of relative value.

point of view, in the extracts we are about to make, after we have rectified a mistake of Strutt, in his Biographical Dictionary of Engravers. It is there said that Albert Durer's main object in the journey was to escape for a while from his intolerable wife. Had it been so, harsh were the moralist who would have severely blamed him; but this was not the case. His objects were to study more closely the masterpieces of a school more akin to his own than the Italian, when he himself was fitter to appreciate and profit by them than during the *wanderschaft* of his novice years, and also to make money both as a painter and an engraver. The duration of a journey undertaken for such purposes could not well be calculated, and as Albert Durer seems to have thought that he had taken a wife "for better for worse," he probably did not hold himself free to leave her behind when his absence might be of long continuance. She and a maid-servant, therefore, accompanied him.

The journal thus begins; we must premise that we shall abridge and omit at our own discretion:

"On Thursday after St. Kilian's day, I, Albert Durer, at my own cost and charges, set out with my wife from Nuremberg for the Netherlands, and the same day we passed Erlang, and lay that night at Baiersdorf, and there we spent three *batzen* * less six *pfennige*. Thence I drove to Bamberg, and gave the bishop a painted *Marienbild* (or image of the Virgin)†, and copperplates to the value of a *gulden*; he invited me as his guest, and gave me a *zoll-brief*, and three *fürder-briefe*."

Of the four *Briefe*, or letters with which the prelate repaid the artist's present, the *zoll-briefe*, or toll-letter, seems to have been an exemption from tolls and customs, extending even beyond the jurisdiction of the reverend giver; for at almost every town they pass, Albert Durer says, "Then I showed my toll-letter, then they let me go:" and even when it does not so promptly answer the desired purpose, he usually escapes with signing a declaration either that he has no merchandise with him, or that he will bring none back. The *fürder-briefe*, a sort of letter we never before met with, appear to have been some kind of letters of general recommendation; the only use we observe to be made of them, is that they are shown to Margrave Hans, at Brussels.

"Thence we drove to Antwerp; there I came to the inn of Jobst Planckfeldt, and that same evening the Fugger's factor, by name Bernard Stecher, invited me, and gave us a costly meal. But my wife eat at the inn, and I gave the driver, for bringing us, three persons, three florins in gold. Item, on Saturday my host took me to the *bürgermeister* of Antwerp's house, beyond measure large, and very well ordered, and with wonderfully

* We believe the *batz* or *batzen* was worth about three halfpence, and the *pfennig* half a farthing; but we have already confessed our monetary ignorance, and hope a general knowledge that these were among the smallest coins current, may satisfy the reader as it does ourselves.

† We hope this was a picture of the Virgin, but sadly fear it was a painted wooden image. It is a present more than once mentioned.

beautiful large rooms, and many of them, a costly ornamented tower, an excessively large garden, in short, so magnificent a house, that in all the states of Germany I never saw the like. . . . Item, I gave the messenger three stivers, two pf. for bread, and two for ink.

"Sunday was St. Oswald's day; then did the painters invite me to their rooms* with my wife and maid, and had every thing of silver, and other costly ornaments, and over costly victuals. And their wives were all there. And when I was led to table, then did the people all stand up on both sides, as though a great lord were a-leading. There were also among them very excellent persons of men, who all with deep bows demeaned themselves most reverently towards me; and they said that they would do every thing, as far as might be possible, that they should know would be agreeable to me. And as I sat so, there came the council-messenger of my lords of Antwerp, with two attendants, and bestowed on me, from my lords of Antwerp, four cans of wine; and they sent me word that I should receive it as a present from them, and accept their good will. For this I returned my humble thanks, and offered my humble service. After that came master Peter, the city carpenter, † and bestowed on me two cans of wine, with the offer of his willing service. So, when we had sat long merrily together, and late into the night, then did they attend us home with torches, very honorably, and prayed me to accept their good will, and that I should do whatever I pleased, and they would be helpful to me. So I thanked them, and laid me down to sleep.

"In Brussels, in the golden chamber of the council-house, I have seen the four painted matters, done by the great master Rudiger (Roger van der Weyde.) . . . Also I have seen the things brought to the king from the new gold country (Mexico), a sun, all gold, a whole fathom broad. Also a moon, all silver, equally large; also two roomfull of the like, weapons, armour, artillery, ‡ very strange clothing, bedding, and all sorts of wonderful things for men's use, that are beautiful to look upon. These things are so costly that they are valued at 100,000 *gulden*. And in all the days of my life I have seen nothing that has rejoiced my heart like these things; for therein have I beheld marvellous works of art, and wondered at the subtle ingenuity of the people in the strange country, and I do not know to speak what I felt.

"Item, Lady Margaret (governess of the Netherlands) she sent for me in Brussels, and promised that she would be my protectress with King Charles, and showed herself especially virtuously towards me. I gave her my engravings of the Passion, also one to her treasurer, by name Jan Marini, and drew him in charcoal. Item, I was in the house of him of Nassau, and saw in the chapel the good picture made by master Hugo (van der Goes.) . . . Item, drew Master Bernhardt (von Oelay), the lady Margaret's painter, in charcoal. I have again drawn Erasmus of Rotterdam. I have given to Lorenz Störck a St. Jerome sitting, and the Melancholy, and I have drawn my landlady's gossip. Item, six persons whom I have drawn at Brussels have given me nothing. I have paid three stivers for two buffalo horns, and one stiver for two *Eulenspiegels*." [This may either refer to a rare print by Lucas of Leyden, now scarcely to be had for money, or to the book so called; Dr. Campe believes Durer's pur-

* The guildhall of the painter's company.

† A title of municipal dignity, we presume!

‡ It is to be remembered, that in the sixteenth century artillery was not confined to cannon, but seems to have included all missive weapons.

chase to have been the latter.*] "I presented Lady Margaret, the emperor's sister, † with a set of my things, and sketched her two matters on parchment, with all care and great pains, that I value at thirty fl.

"Item, on Friday before Whitsuntide, in the 1521, came the story to Antwerp how Martin Luther had been so treacherously taken prisoner; ‡ for whereas the Emperor Charles's herald, with an imperial safe-conduct, had been given him, with him he was in trust; but so soon as the herald had brought him to an unfriendly spot near Eisenach, he said he durst stay with him no longer, and rode away. Straight were ten horse there, who treacherously led away the saint, the man enlightened by the Holy Ghost, him who was a follower of the true Christian doctrine. And whether he yet live, or they have murdered him, which I know not, this has he suffered for the sake of Christian truth, and because he chastised the unchristian papacy. And this is especially the heaviest to me, that God will perhaps leave us under their false, blind doctrines, which were invented and set up by men whom they call the Fathers. Oh Lord Jesus Xpe, pray for thy people, preserve in us the true Christian faith, call together the widely scattered sheep of thy pasture, of whom a part are still to be found in the Roman church, with the Indians, Moscovites, Russians, Greeks, who, through the false conjurations and avarice of the Popes, through false shows of holiness, have been severed! Oh God! if Luther be dead, who shall henceforward so clearly expound the Holy Scriptures to us? Oh God, what might he not have written for us in another ten or twenty years! Oh, all you pious Christians, help me diligently to bewail this God-inspired mortal, and to pray Him that He would send us another enlightened man! Oh, Erasme Roterodame, where wilt thou abide?

"I have reckoned with Jobst, and I owe him 31 florins, and I have paid him, taking into account and deducting two portraits painted in oil colors, for which he gave me out 5 pfd. (pounds, probably, of something, but of what we know not). In all my painting, boarding, selling, and other dealings, I have had disadvantage in the Netherlands, in all my concerns with high and low; and especially has the Lady Margaret, for all that I have presented her and done for her, given me nothing. And this settling with Jobst was on St. Peter and St. Paul's day. I gave the Rudiger servant 7 stivers to drink.

"Item, on the Sunday before St. Margaret's day, the king of Denmark gave a grand banquet to the Emperor, the Lady Margaret and the Queen of Spain, § and invited me, and I too ate there. I gave 12 stivers for the

* See *Foreign Quarterly Review*, vol. viii. p. 370, *et seq.*

† Margaret was sister to no emperor. She was daughter to Maximilian, and aunt to his successor, Charles V., then emperor.

‡ The occasion of this alarm was the concerted seizure of Luther by his constant protector, the Elector of Saxony, in order to conceal him from persecution. Its success depended upon deceiving friends and foes alike; and this passage has historical interest as exhibiting the effect produced by the measure.

§ We know not whom our good Nuremberger means by the Queen of Spain. Charles's wife was of course Empress, and the only true Queen of Spain was his mother the insane Joanna, who lived in a kind of confinement, in Castile.

king's *Futteral*,† and I painted the king in oil colors, and he gave me 30 florins."

We would willingly extract more of this journal, but what we have given, as much as we can afford space for, will convey a tolerable idea of its character, and peculiar sort of interest.

Seven years after his return from this, in a pecuniary sense, altogether unsuccessful expedition, on the 6th of April, 1528, Albert Durer, worn out with incessant labor, and the discomforts of his home, died of a decline. Of his character as a man and an artist, we need add nothing to what has been already said, and shall conclude with an extract from a letter upon his death, written by his ever kind friend Pirkheimer to Johann Tscherte of Vienna, imperial architect; which we give for the sake of the picture it presents to us of the artist's domestic persecution, not certainly as a specimen of composition. He says :

"In Albert I have truly lost one of the best friends I had in the whole world, and nothing grieves me deeper than that he should have died so painful a death, which, under God's providence, I can ascribe to nobody but his huswife, who gnawed into his very heart, and so tormented him, that he departed hence the sooner; for he was dried up to a faggot, and might nowhere seek him a jovial humor, or go to his friends. . . . Besides she so urged him day and night, and so hardly drove him to work, only that he might earn money and leave it to her when he should die; for she would always, as she does still, squander money privately; and Albert must have left her to the value of 6000 *gulden*. But nothing could satisfy her, and in brief, she alone is the cause of his death. I myself have often remonstrated with her and warned her as to her mistrustful and culpable ways, and foretold her how it would end; but I thereby gained only ill will. (The German word *undank*, has a peculiar signification, which neither ill will nor ingratitude express; it is literally the contrary of thanks.) For whoever loved that man, and was much with him, to him she became an enemy, which in truth grieved Albert most highly, and brought him under ground. I have not seen her since his death, or let her come near me, though I have been helpful to her in many things, but *there* there is no confidence. Whoever opposes her, and does not always allow her to be in the right, him she mistrusts, and forthwith becomes his enemy; therefore I like her better at a distance than about me. She and her sister are not queans; they are, I doubt not, in the number of honest, devout, and altogether God-fearing women; but a man might better have a quean, who was otherwise kindly, than such a gnawing, suspicious, quarrelsome, good woman, with whom he can have no peace or quiet, neither by day nor by night. But however that be, we must commend the thing to God, who will be gracious and merciful to the pious Albert; for, as he lived like a pious honest man, so he died a Christian and most blessed death, therefore there is nothing to fear for his salvation."

* We leave this word untranslated, conceiving it to be an old technical term for the equally technical, and now we believe, obsolete, *ovils*, at a royal table. Literally, it means case, or sheath; and may have been a case containing the spoon, knife, and fork, if such luxuries as forks were then in use, for each guest.

[Abridged from "Tait's Edinburgh Magazine," No. 11.]

ART. IV.—*Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.* Second Series. 3 vols. 8vo. Dublin. 1833.

It will go hard if the Irish do not beguile or flatter their fellow-subjects into some knowledge of Ireland at last. Little was the permanent attention they were able to gain from the people of Great Britain, till the happy device was hit upon of throwing open the castle gates, and the cabin doors, and inviting the Scotch and English to enter, hear stories tragic and mirthful, and be *amused*. Of the many native writers of ability who have recently assumed this filial office for Ireland, and beneficial service to humanity, there is none who lets us more freely and completely into the heart of the land than the author of the *Traits and Stories*. The present series of tales makes a huge stride a-head of its predecessor, though it is cumbered by the same heaviness, and liable to the same objections. The writer has tried to hold a tight rein over his inborn antipathy to Catholicism; but still it breaks forth, not ill-naturedly, — for his is not the rancorous, virulent hatred of an Orangeman breathing blood and extermination, — but in such fixed and steady jealousy of the influence of the priesthood, and rational disapprobation of the genius of the Catholic faith, as in the times when the Roman was the wealthy and powerful *State Church* might have done honor to an enlightened Protestant Reformer, but is somewhat misdirected now, and carried the length of prejudice, tending to narrow-mindedness and undue alarm. It cannot be said that the descriptions given are either libels or caricatures of the Catholic clergy and devotees; but the pictures the writer delights to present are either those of subjects naturally deformed, or of very ungainly specimens. Another great fault of this work is the extreme length amounting to wire-drawing, of many of the stories. The author is intolerably *repetitive*.

The three thick volumes of this new *series*, contain eleven stories, of which there are some deeply serious or tragic. The others exhibit the alternate play of the cloud and sunshine of Irish life, and in general illustrate some trait of national character. The first, the *Midnight Mass*, paints revenge, implacable and treacherous, as it is too frequently exhibited in Ireland.

We cannot enter into the story, but Darby More, the main agent in the plot, is so exquisite a rogue, that we must show the reader a little of him. We have met with something reminding us of him in sundry heroes,—in Gil Blas' pious friend the hermit, in Edie Ochiltree, and even in Sir John Falstaff; yet is Darby More, every inch an original Irish Gaberlunzie and *voteen*; somewhat sensual, it must be owned, but more *arch* than sly; roguish rather than knavish; flattering and friendly, though fond of power obtained by trick, stratagem, and address.

"Darby More, whose person, naturally large, was increased to an enormous size by the number of coats, blankets, and bags, with which he was encumbered. A large belt, buckled round his body, contained within its girth much more of money, meal, and whiskey than ever met the eye; his hat was exceedingly low in the crown; his legs were cased in at least three pairs of stockings; and in his hand he carried a long *cant*, spiked at the lower end, with which he slung himself over small rivers and dikes, and kept dogs at bay. He was a devotee, too, notwithstanding the whiskey-horn under his arm; attended wakes, christenings, and weddings; rubbed for the *rose** and king's evil (for the varlet insisted that he was a seventh son), cured tooth-aches, colics, and head-aches by charms; but made most money by a knack which he possessed of tattooing into the naked breast the representation of Christ upon the cross. This was a secret of considerable value; for many of the superstitious people believed that by having this stained in upon them, they would escape unnatural deaths, and be almost sure of heaven.

"When Darby approached Reillaghan's house, he was considering the propriety of disclosing to his son the fact of his having left his rival with Peggy Gartland. He ultimately determined that it would be proper to do so; for he was shrewd enough to suspect that the wish Frank had expressed of seeing him before he left the country, was but a *ruse* to purchase his silence touching his appearance in the village. In this, however, he was mistaken.

"'God save the house!' exclaimed Darby, on entering — 'God save the house, an' all that's in it! God save it to the north!' and he formed the sign of the cross in *that* direction; 'God save it to the south! X to the aiste! X and to the waiste! X Save it upwards! X and save it downwards! X Save it backwards! X and save it forwards! X Save it right! X and save it left! X Save it by night! X save it by day! X Save it here! X save it there! X Save it this way! X an' save it that way! X Save it atin'! X X X an' save it drinkin'! X X X X X X X X X. Oxis Doxis Glorioxis — Amin. An' now that I've blessed the place, in the name of the nine Patriarchs, how are yees all, man, woman, and child? An' a merry Christmas to yees, says Darby More!'

"Darby, in the usual spirit of Irish hospitality, received a sincere welcome, was placed up near the fire, a plate filled with the best food on the table laid before him, and requested to want nothing for the asking.

"'Why Darby,' said Reillaghan, 'we expected you long ago; why didn't you come sooner?'

"'The Lord's will be done! for ev'ry man has his throubles,' replied Darby, stuffing himself in the corner like an Epicure; 'an' why should a sinner like me, or the likes o' me, be widout thim? 'Twas a dhrame I had last night that kep me. They say, indeed, that dhramas go by contraries, but not always, to my own knowledge.'

"'An' what was the dhrame about, Darby?' inquired Reillaghan's wife.

"'Why, Ma'am, about some that I see on this hearth, well an' in good health; may they long live to be so! Oxis Doxis Glorioxis — Amin! X X X

"'Blessed Virgin! Darby, sure it would be nothin' bad that's to happen? Would it, Darby?'

"'Keep yourself as on that head. I have widin my own mind the power of makin' it come out for good — I know the prayer for it. Oxis Doxis! X X X

"'God be praised for that, Darby: sure it would be a terrible business,

* A scrofulous swelling.

all out, if any thing was to happen. Here 's Mike that was born on Whistle Monday, of all days in the year, an' you know they say that any child born on that day is to die an unnatural death. We named Mike after St. Michael, that he might purtect him.'

"Make yourself asy, I say; don't. I tell you I have the prayer to keep it back — hach! hach! — why, there 's a bit stuck in my throat, some way! *Wurrah dheelish*, what 's this! Maybe, you could give me a sup o' dhrink — wather, or any thing to moisten the morsel I 'm atin'? *Wurrah*, Ma'am dear, make haste, it 's goin' agin the breath wid me!'

"Oh, the sorra taste o' wather, Darby," said Owen; 'sure this is Christmas Eve, you know; so you see, Darby, for ould acquaintance sake, an' that you may put up an odd prayer now an' thin for us, jist be thryin' this.'

Darby honored the gift by immediate acceptance.

"Well, Owen Reillaghan!" said he, 'you make me take more o' this stuff nor any man I know; and particularly by reason that bein' given, — wid a blessin', to the ranns, an' prayers, an' holy charms, — I don't think it so good; barrin', indeed, as Father Danellan towld me, when the wind, by long fastin', gets into my stomach, as was the case to day, I 'm often throubled, God help me, wid a configuration in the — hugh! ugh! — and thin it 's good for me — a little of it.'

"This would make a brave powdher horn, Darby More," observed one of Reillaghan's sons, 'if it wasn't so big. What do you keep in it, Darby?'

"Why, a *villish*, nothin' indeed, but a sup o' Father Danellan's holy wather, that they say by all accounts it costs him great trouble to produce, by reason that he must fast a long time, and pray by the day, afore he gets himself holy enough to consecrate it.'

"It smells like whiskey, Darby," said the boy, without any intention, however, of offending him: 'it smells very like poteen.'

"Hould your tongue, Risthard," said the elder Reillaghan: 'what 'ud make the honest man have whiskey in it? Didn't he tell you what 's in it?'

"The gorsoon's right enough," replied Darby? 'I got the horn from Barny Dalton a couple o' days ago; 't was whiskey he had in it, an' it smells of it sure enough, an' will, indeed, for some time longer. Och, Och! the heavens be praised, I 've made a good dinner! May they never know want that gave it to me! Oxis Doxis Glorioxis — Amin!' ❖ ❖ ❖

"Darby, thry this agin," said Reillaghan, offering him another bumper.

"Throth, an' I will, thin, for I find myself a great dale the better of the one I tuck. Well here 's health an' happiness to us, an' may we all meet in heaven! Risthard, hand me that horn till I be goin' out to the barn, in order to do somethin' for my sowl. The holy wather 's a good thing to have about one.'

"But the dhrame, Darby?" inquired Mrs Reillaghan. 'Won't you tell it to us?'

The *dhrame* is Darby's cunning way of giving warning of approaching mischief. We have him here again making the murderer submit to the popular ordeal.

"Don't say a word. We 'll take him by surprise; I 'll call upon him to TOUCH THE CORPSE. Make them women — an' och its hard to expect it — make them stop clappin' their hands an' cryin'; an' let there be a dead silence if you can.'

* * * * *

"I say amin to that," replied Darby: '*Oxis Doxis Glorioxis!* So far, that's right, if the blood of him 's not on you. But there 's one thing more to be done; will you walk over, *undher the eye of God*, AN' TOUCH THE

CORPSE ? Hould back, neighbours, an' let him come over alone : I an' Owen Reillaghan will stand here wid the lights, to see if the corpse bleeds.'

" ' Give me too, a light,' said M'Kenna's father, ' my son must get fair play, any way : I must be a witness myself to it, an' will, too.'

" ' It 's but rasonable,' said Owen Reillaghan ; ' come over beside Darby an' myself : I 'm willin' that your son should stand or fall by what 'll happen.'

" Frank's father, with a taper in his hand, immediately went, with a pale face and trembling steps, to the place appointed for him beside the corpse, where he took his stand.

" When young M'Kenna heard Darby's last question, he seemed as if seized by an inward spasm : the start which he gave, and his gaspings for breath, were visible to all present. Had he seen the spirit of the murdered man before him, his horror could not have been greater ; for this ceremony had been considered a most decisive test in cases of suspicion of murder, — an ordeal, indeed, to which few murderers wished to submit themselves. In addition to this we may observe, that Darby's knowledge of the young man's character was correct : with all his crimes he was weak-minded and superstitious.

" He stood silent for some time after the ordeal had been proposed to him ; his hair became literally erect with the dread of this formidable scrutiny ; his cheeks turned white, and the cold perspiration fell from him in large drops. All his strength appeared to have departed from him ; he stood, as if hesitating, and even the energy necessary to stand seemed to be the result of an effort.

" ' Remember,' said Darby, pulling out the large crucifix which was attached to his beads, ' that the eye of God is upon you. If you have committed the murder, thrimble ; if not, Frank, you 've little to fear in touchin' the corpse.'

* * * * *

" He immediately walked towards the corpse, and stooping down touched the body with one hand, holding the gun in the other. The interest of that moment was intense, and all eyes were strained towards the spot. Behind the corpse, at each shoulder, — for the body lay against a small snow wreath, in a recumbent position, — stood the father of the deceased, and the father of the accused, each wound up by feelings of a directly opposite character to a pitch of dreadful excitement. Over them, in his fantastic dress and white beard, stood the tall mendicant who held up his crucifix to Frank, with an awful menace upon his strongly marked countenance. At a little distance to the left of the body stood the other men who were assembled, having their torches held aloft in their hands, and their forms bent towards the corpse, their faces indicating expectation, dread, and horror. The female relations of the deceased stood nearest his remains, their torches extended in the same direction, their visages exhibiting the passions of despair and grief in their wildest characters, but as if arrested by some supernatural object, immediately before their eyes, that produced a new and more awful feeling than grief. When the body was touched, Frank stood as if himself bound by a spell to the spot. At length he turned his eyes to the mendicant, who stood silent and motionless with the crucifix still extended in his hand.

" ' Are you satisfied now ? ' said he.

" ' That's wanst,' said the pilgrim : ' you 're to touch it three times.'

" Frank hesitated a moment, but immediately stooped again, and touched it twice in succession ; but it remained still and unchanged as before. His father broke the silence by a fervent ejaculation of thanksgiving to God for the vindication of his son's character which he had just witnessed.

" ' Now ! ' exclaimed M'Kenna, in a loud exulting tone, ' you all see that I did not murder him ! '

"'You did!' said a voice, which was immediately recognised to be that of the deceased."

The Geography of an Irish Oath, is one of the best stories of the series. Its merits comprehend excellence of all kinds; shrewdness, humor, pathos, and an exquisite discrimination of common-place character. Peter Connell, a good-natured, honest, industrious *boy*, though not of the brightest parts, has the good luck to marry a shrewd, sensible woman, and a *really* excellent manager, who, in the course of a long life, is guilty of no greater offence against prudence than marrying Peter, the keeper of a *shebeen* house, when only twenty guineas, the exhaustless fortune of an Irish laborer, has been "put to the fore." Peter had been the confidential servant of an illicit distiller, and had become an adept in knowledge of the process, and in cheating gaugers. Let us take a view of this family party towards the close of the honey-moon.

"'Pether,' said Ellish, 'it's like a dhrame to me that you 're neglecting your business, alanna.'

"'Is it, you beauty? but maybe, you 'd first point out to me what business barrin' buttherin' up yourself, I have to mind, you phanix bright?'

"'Quit yourself, Pether! it's time for you to give up your ould ways; you caught one bird wid them, an' that's enough. What do you intind to do? Its full time for you to be lookin' about you.'

"'Lookin' about me! What do you mane, Ellish?'

"'The dickens a bit o' me thought of it," replied the wife, laughing at the unintentional allusion to the circumspect character of Peter's eyes,— 'upon my faix, I didn't— ha, ha, ha!'

"'Why, thin, but you 're full o' your fun, sure enough, if that's what you 're at. Maybe, avourneen, if I had looked right afore me, as I ought to do, it's Katty Murray an' her snug farm I'd have, instead of'——

"Peter hesitated. The rapid feelings of a woman and an Irishwoman, quick and tender, had come forth and subdued him. She had *not* voluntarily alluded to his eyes; but she immediately expressed that sorrow and submission which are most powerful when accompanied by innocence, and when meekly assumed to pacify rather than to convince. A tear started to her eye, and with a voice melted into unaffected tenderness, she addressed him, but he scarcely gave her time to speak.

"'No, avourneen, no, I won't say what I was goin' to mintion. I won't, indeed, Ellish, dear; an' forgive me for voundin' your feelin's, *alanna dhas*. Hell resave her and her farm! I dunna what put her into my head at all; but I thought you wor jokin' me about my eyes; an' sure if you war, accushla, that's no rason that I'd not allow you to do that and more wid your own Pether. Give me a *slewsther*,* aghra— a sweet ope, now!'

"He then laid his mouth to hers, and immediately a sound nearly resembling a pistol-shot was heard through every part of the house. It was, in fact, a kiss upon a scale of such magnitude and magnificence, that the Emperor of Morocco might not blush to be charged with it. A reconciliation took place, and in due time it was determined, that Peter, as he understood poteen, should open a *shebeen*-house.

"The moment this resolution was made, the wife kept coaxing him, until he took a small house at the cross-roads before alluded to, where, in the course of a short time, he was established, if not in his own line, yet in a

* A kiss of fondness.

mode of life approximating to it as nearly as the inclination of Ellish would permit. The cabin which they occupied had a kitchen in the middle, and a room at each end of it, in one of which was their own humble chaff bed, with its blue quilted drugget cover; in the other stood a couple of small tables, some stools, a short form, and one chair, being a present from his father-in-law. These constituted Peter's whole establishment, so far as it defied the gauger. To this we must add a five-gallon keg of spirits hid in the garden, and a roll of smuggled tobacco."

In what follows, we have an amusing exemplification of the feminine *white arts* and powers of persuasion, which finally made a man of Peter Connell.

"When they had been about two or three years thus employed, Peter, at the solicitation of the wife, took a small farm.

"'You're stout an' able,' said she; 'an' as I can manage the house widout you, wouldn't it be a good plan to take a bit o' ground, — nine or ten acres, suppose — an' thry your hand at it? Sure you wor wanst the greatest man in the parish about a farm. Surely that 'ud be dacenter nor to be *slungein*' about, invintin' truth and lies for other people, when they're at their work, to make them laugh, an' you doin' nothin' but standin' over them, wid your hands down to the bottom o' your pockets? Do, Pether, thry it, avick, an' you'll see it'll prosper wid us, plase God.'

"'Faix, I'm ladin' an easier life, Ellish.'

"'But are you ladin' a dacinter or more becominer life?'

"'Why, I think, widout doubt, that it's more becominer to walk about like a gentleman, nor to be workin' like a slave.'

"'Gentleman! Musha, is it to the fair you're bringin' yourself? Why, you gret big boathoon, isn't it both a sin an' a shame to see you sailin' about among the neighbours like a shtray turkey, widout a hand's turn to do? But, any way, take my advice, a villish — will you aroon? — an' faix you'll see how rich we'll get, wid a blessin'!'

"'Ellish, you're a deludher!'

"'Well, an' what suppose? To be sure I am. Usen't you to be followin' me, like a calf afther the finger, — ha, ha, ha! — will you do, my bid-din', Pether darlin'?''

"Peter gave her a shrewd, significant wink, in contradiction to what he considered the degrading comparison she had just made.

"'Ellish, you're beside the mark, you beauty; always put the saddle on the right horse, woman alive! Didn't you often and often swear to me, upon two green ribbons across one another, that you liked a red head best, an' that the redder it was, you liked it the better.'

"'An' it was thruth, too; an' sure, by the same a token, where could I get one half so red as your own? Faix, I knew what I was about! I would n't give you yet for e'er a young man in the parish, if I was a widow to-morrow. Will you take the land?'

"'So thin, afther all, if the head hadn't been an me, I wouldn't be a favorite wid you? — ha, ha, ha!'

"'Get out wid you, an' spake sinse. Throth, if you don't say aither ay or no, I'll give myself no more bother about it. There we are now, wid some guineas together, an' — Faix, Pether, you're vexin' me!'

"'Do you want an answer?'

"'Why, if it's plasin' to your honor, I'd have no objection.'

"'Well, will you have my new big-coat made agin *Shraft*?'

"'Ay will I, in case you do what I say; but if you dan't, the sarra stitch of it'll go to your back this twelvemonth, maybe, if you vex me! Now!'

" ' Well, I 'll tell you what: my mind 's made up, — I *will* take the land; an' I 'll shew the neighbours what Pether Connell can do yit' "

" ' Augh! augh! mavourneen that you wor! Throth, I 'll fry a bit o' the bacon for our dinner to-day, on the head o' that, although I didn't intind to touch it till Sunday. Ay, faix, an' a pair o' stockin's, too, along wid the coat; an' somethin' else that you didn't hear of yit! ' "

" Ellish, in fact, was a perfect mistress of the science of wheedling; but as it appears instinctive in the sex, this is not to be wondered at."

Peter took his small farm, and exerted himself so manfully in its cultivation, that Ellish, determined not to be outdone in the race of industry, with her odd savings purchased a load of crockery, which, as taken from the car, she piled in proud array before the astonished Peter. This appearance of thrift, and the mending prospects of the family, arising from the sagacity, enterprise, and industry of the wife, might have affected a Scotch or English husband, much in the same agreeable manner that they did honest Peter Connell; but the conjugal scene of banter, gayety, and rustic *badinage* that ensues, is rich in the flavor of the sod, and could only, at least after some years of the sobering state of matrimony, have been enacted by an Irish couple, and in Ireland.

" ' I knew,' said she, ' I 'd take a start out o' you. Faix, Pether, you 'll see how I 'll do, never fear, wid the help o' Heaven. I 'll be off to the market in the mornin', plase God, where I 'll sell rings round me o' them crocks an' pitchers. An' now, Pether, the sarra one o' me would do this, good or bad, only bekase you 're managin' the farm so cleverly. Tady Gormley's goin' to bring home his meal from the mill, and has promised to lave these in the market for me, an' never fear but I 'll get some o' the neighbours to bring them home, so that there 's car-hire saved. Faix, Pether, there 's nothin' like givin' the people sweet words, any way; sure they come chape.' "

" ' Faith, an' I 'll back you for the sweet words, agin any woman in the three kingdoms, Ellish, you darlin'. But don't you know the proverb, *Sweet words butther no parsnips*.' "

" ' In throth the same proverb 's a lyin' one, and ever was; but its not parsnips I 'll butther wid 'em, you gommoch.' "

" ' Sow! you butthered me wid 'em long enough, you deludher — devil a lie in it; but then, as you say, sure enough, I was no parsnip — not so soft as that aither, you phanix! ' "

" ' No? Thin I sildom seen your beautiful head widout thinkin' of a carrot, an it 's well known they 're related — ha, ha, ha! Behave, Pether, — behave, I say Pether, Pether, — ha, ha, ha! — let me alone! Katty Hacket, take him away from me, — ha, ha, ha! ' "

" ' Will ever you, you shaver, wid the tongue that you are? Will ever you, I say? Will ever you make delusion to my head agin — eh? ' "

" ' Oh, never, never; but let me go, an' me so full o' tickles: O, Pether avourneen, don't, you 'll hurt me, an' me in the way I 'm in — quit, avillish! ' "

" ' Bedad, if you don't let my head alone, I 'll — will ever you? ' "

" ' Never, never. There now — ha, ha, ha! — oh, but I 'm as wake as wather wid what I laughed. Well, Pether, didn't I manage bravely — didn't I? ' "

" ' Wait till we see the profits first, Ellish — crockery 's very tindher goods.' "

" ' Ay! — jist wait, an' I 'll engage, I 'll turn the penny. The family 's rising wid us ' — "

“ ‘Very thrue,’ replied Peter, giving a sly wink at the wife — ‘no doubt of it.’

“ ‘Risin’ wid us, — I tell you to have sinse, Pether ; an’ its our duty to have something for the crathurs when they grow up.’

“ ‘Well, that’s thruth, — sure I’m not sayin’ against it.’

“ ‘I know that ; but what I say is, if we hould an we may make money. Every thing, for so far, has thruv wid us, God be praised for it ! There’s another thing in my mind, that I’ll be tellin’ you some o’ these days.’

“ ‘I believe, Ellish, you dhrame about makin’ money.’

“ ‘Well, an’ I might do worse ; when I’m dhramin’, about it, I’m doin’ no sin to any one. But listen, you must keep the house to-morrow while I’m at the market. Won’t you, Pether ?’

“ ‘An’ who’s to open the dhrein in the bottom below ?’

“ ‘That can be done the day afther. Won’t you, abouchal ?’

“ ‘Ellish, you’re a deludher, I tell you. Sweet words ! sowl, you’d smooth a furze bush wid sweet words. How-an’-ever, I *will* keep the house to-morrow, till we see the great things you’ll do wid your crockery.’ ”

We cannot follow the fortunes of this family till Ellish acquired great wealth, marries a son to the niece, and a daughter to the nephew of the priest, and settles all her children respectably in life. In the death-bed of this well-principled and clear-headed, though now worldly-minded woman, the struggles of the ruling passion, and the influences of long confirmed habit, are depicted with dramatic skill and force, which would do honor to any writer. The author, however, falls into his habitual error, and by repetitions and lengthened description, labors but too successfully to diminish the powerful impressiou he makes.

Tubber Derg is one of the most delightful tales which this writer has yet produced. It is a narrative of humble life tried by severe suffering, and sustained and sweetened by the strength and tenderness of the domestic affections. It opens with a clear and beautiful description of the scenery around an Irish high-lying farm in a remote part of the country, and of the fountain from which the farm was named. Owen Macarthy, the young farmer, and his wife are worthy of their charming abode ; they are of the best order of the Irish people, uniting with the national warmth and vivacity of temperament, the steady habits and firm moral principle which are sometimes found defective among their compatriots. They are, moreover, of a good *stock*, and have some distant claims of lineage which inspired the honest pride of not disgracing it. Industrious, affectionate, kindly, and benevolent ; the best husband, father, and neighbour in his district ; sober and steady, Owen already enjoyed the fullest domestic happiness, and bade fair for worldly prosperity, when, by the depression of agriculture which followed the peace, the carelessness of his absentee landlord, and the villany of an agent, he is ruined and sent adrift. The declining circumstances and gradual falling off of poor Owen are painted with the truth and minute fidelity of Crabbe. We are placed at once in the midst of the entanglements and difficulties with which he maintains a hopeless struggle, and under which disease at last prostrates the patient and meek-minded man. And here we shall quote a

passage which strikes at the root of the worst of Ireland's galling miseries.

"On rising from his bed of sickness, the prospect before him required his utmost fortitude to bear. He was now wasted in energy both of mind and body, reduced to utter poverty, with a large family of children, too young to assist him, without means of retrieving his circumstances, his wife and himself gaunt skeletons, his farm neglected, his house wrecked, and his offices falling to ruin, yet every day bringing the half-year's term nearer! Oh, ye who riot on the miseries of such men, — ye who roll round the easy circle of fashionable life, think upon this picture! Ye vile and heartless landlords, who see not, hear not, know not those to whose heart-breaking toil ye owe the only merit ye possess, — that of rank in society, — come and contemplate this virtuous man, as unfriended, unassisted, and uncheered by those who are bound by a strong moral duty to protect and aid him, he looks shuddering into the dark, cheerless future! Is it to be wondered at that he, and such as he, should, in the misery of his despair, join the nightly meetings; be lured to associate himself with the incendiary, or seduced to grasp, in the stupid apathy of wretchedness, the weapon of the murderer? By neglecting the people, by draining them, with merciless rapacity, of the means of life; by goading them on under a cruel system of rack-rents, ye become, not their natural benefactors, but curses and scourges, nearly as much in reality as ye are in their opinion.

"When Owen rose, he was driven by hunger, direct and immediate, to sell his best cow; and having purchased some oat meal at an enormous price from a well known devotee in the parish, who hoarded up his commodity for a 'dear summer,' he laid his plans for the future, with as much judgment as any man could display. One morning after breakfast he addressed the wife as follows: —

"'Kathleen, mavourneen, I want to consult wid you about what we ought to do; things are low wid us, ashore; and except our Heavenly Father puts it into the heart of them I'm goin' to mention, I don't know what we'll do, nor what 'ill become of these poor crathurs that's naked and hungry about us. God pity them, they don't know, — and maybe that same's some comfort, — the hardships that's before them. Poor crathurs, see how quiet and sorrowful they sit about their little play, passin' the time for themselves as well as they can! Alley, acushla machree, come over to me. Your hair is bright and fair, Alley, and curls so purtly that the finest lady in the land might envy it, but acushla, your color's gone, your little hands are wasted away too; that sickness was sore upon you, a *colleen machree*, and he that 'ud spend his heart's blood for you, darlin', can do nothing to help you!'

"He looked at the child as he spoke, and a slight motion in the muscles of his face was barely perceptible, but it passed away; and after kissing her he proceeded: —

"'Ay, ye crathurs, — you and I, Kathleen, could earn our bread for ourselves yet, but these can't do it. This last stroke, darlin', has laid us at the door of both poverty and sickness, but blessed be the Mother of Heaven for it, they are all left wid us; and sure that's a blessin' we've to be thankful for, — glory be to God!'

"'Ay, poor things, it's well to have them spared, Owen dear; sure I'd rather a thousand times beg from door to door, and have my childher to look at, than be in comfort widout them.'"

To go forth and beg is the only resource, averse as it is to the honest pride of the descendant of Macarthy More. Led by the wild hope of reaching the *Head Landlord*, and of making their dis-

tress known to him, and moving his compassion or his sense of justice, Owen makes a long journey. On his return to his family from this bootless errand, he finds his favorite child dead, and his wife and little ones driven to the shelter of a kind neighbour's barn. His farm was not yet taken, for that the threats of the thoughtless combinations who execute "wild justice" in Ireland prevented; though Owen had no part in their proceedings.

"We did not," says the author, "write this story for effect. Our object was to relate facts that occurred. In Ireland there is much blame justly attached to landlords for their neglect and severity, in such depressed times, towards their tenants. There is also much that is not only indefensible, but atrocious on the part of the tenants. But can the landed proprietors of Ireland plead ignorance or want of education for their neglect and rapacity, whilst the crimes of the tenants, on the contrary, may in general be ascribed to both. He who lives, as perhaps his forefathers have done, upon any man's property, and fails, from unavoidable calamity, has as just and clear a right to assistance from the landlord, as if the amount of that aid were a bonded debt. Common policy, common sense, and common justice should induce the Irish landlords to lower their rents according to the market for agricultural produce; otherwise poverty, famine, crime, and vague political speculations, founded upon idle hopes of a general transfer of property, will spread over and convulse the kingdom. Any man who looks into our poverty, may see that our landlords ought to reduce their rents to a standard suitable to the times, and to the ability of the tenant."

We cannot forbear copying the scene which precedes the departure of this virtuous family on the mendicant wanderings, of late years so frequent in Ireland even among decent people.

"One Saturday night he and the family found themselves without food; they had not tasted a morsel for twenty-four hours. There were murmurings and tears, and finally, a low conversation among them, as if they held a conference upon some subject which filled them with both grief and satisfaction. In this alternation of feeling did they pass the time until the sharp gnawing of hunger was relieved by sleep. A keen December wind blew with a bitter blast on the following morning; the rain was borne along upon it with violence, and the cold was chill and piercing. Owen, his wife, and their six children, issued at daybreak out of the barn in which, ever since their removal from Tubber Derg, they had lived until then; their miserable fragments of bed clothes were tied in a bundle to keep them dry; their pace was slow, need we say sorrowful? all were in tears. Owen and Kathleen went first, with a child upon the back, and another in the hand, of each. Their route lay by their former dwelling, the door of which was open, for it had not been inhabited. On passing it they stood for a moment; then with a simultaneous impulse both approached—entered—and took one last look of a spot to which their hearts clung with enduring attachment. They then returned; and as they passed, Owen put forth his hand, picked a few small pebbles out of the wall, and put them in his pocket.

"'Farewell!' said he, 'and may the blessin' of God rest upon you! We now lave you for ever! We're goin' at last to beg our bread through the world wide, where none will know of the happy days we passed widin your walls! We *must* lave you; but glory be to the Almighty, we are goin' wid a clear conscience; we took no revenge into our own hands, but left every thing to God above us. We are poor, but there is neither blood, nor murder, nor dishonesty upon our heads. Don't cry, Kathleen—don't cry, chil-

der; there is still a good God above, who can and may do something for us yet, glory be to his name.'

"He then passed on with his family, which, including himself, made, in all, eight paupers, being an additional burthen upon the country, which might easily have been avoided. His land was about two years waste; and when it was ultimately taken, the house was a ruin, and the money allowed by the landlord for building a new one, together with the loss of two years' rent, would, if humanely directed, have enabled Owen M'Carthy to remain a solvent tenant."

The writer, like every man who is possessed of feelings as well as thought, is friendly to poor laws for Ireland. Indignation must mingle strongly in every British heart, with the pity inspired by perusing the subjoined remarks:—

"Indeed it is astonishing how any man can, for a moment, hesitate to form his opinion upon the subject of poor laws. The English and Scotch gentry know something about the middle and lower classes of their respective countries, and, of course, they have a fixed system of provision for the poor in each. The ignorance of the Irish gentry, upon almost every subject connected with the real good of the people, is only in keeping with the ignorance of the people themselves. It is to be feared, however, that their disinclination to introduce poor laws arises less from actual ignorance, than from an illiberal selfishness. The facts of the case are these:—In Ireland the whole support of the inconceivable multitude of paupers, who swarm like locusts over the surface of the country, rests upon the middle and lower classes, or rather upon the latter, for there is scarcely such a thing in this unhappy country as a middle class. In not one out of a thousand instances do the gentry contribute to the mendicant poor. In the first place, a vast proportion of our landlords are absentees, who squander upon their own pleasures or vices, in the theatres, saloons, or gaming-houses of France, or in the softer profligacies of Italy, that which ought to return in some shape to stand in the place of duties so shamefully neglected. These persons contribute nothing to the poor, except the various evils which their absence entails upon them.

"On the other hand, the *resident* gentry never, in any case, assist a beggar, even in the remote parts of the country, where there are no Mendicity Institutions. Nor do the beggars ever think of applying to them. They know that his honor's dogs would be slipped at them; or that the whip might be laid, perhaps, to the shoulders of a broken-hearted father, with his brood of helpless children wanting food; perhaps, upon the emaciated person of a miserable widow, who begs for her orphans, only because the hands that supported, and would have defended, both her and them, are mouldered into dust."

It would be a pleasing task to follow the gradual rise of this poor family, and their subsequent happy restoration to *Tubber Derg*. But on that we cannot venture.

We notice the *Poor Scholar*, one of the longest and best of the stories, merely to introduce the following exquisite exemplification of Paddy's powers of blarneying and *doing* his betters. The *Poor Scholar*, far from home and friends, is, by the inhumanity of his pedagogue, turned out of doors, while suffering under typhus fever. He is found in a ditch by a few mowers, who usually made their dining-parlour in the same convenient place. Their horror of fever, the dreadful scourge of the country, strong as it is, cannot over-

come their compassion. The first impulse was to draw back, when the lad explained the nature of his illness ; but then, —

“ ‘Thundher an’ turf, what’s to be done?’ exclaimed one of them, thrusting his spread fingers into his hair. ‘Is the poor boy to die without help among Christyeens like us?’ ”

“ ‘But hasn’t he the sickness?’ exclaimed another: ‘an’ in that case, Pether, what’s to be done?’ ”

“ ‘Why, you gommoch, isn’t that what I’m wantin’ to know? You wor ever an’ always a dam’ ass, Paddy, except before you were born, an’ thin you wor like Major M’Curragh, worse nor nothin.’ Why the sarra do you be spakin’ about the sickness, the Lord protect us, whin you know I’m so timersome of it?’ ”

“ ‘But consider,’ said another, edging off from Jemmy, however, ‘that he’s a poor scholar, an’ that there’s a great blessin’ to thim that assists the like of him.’ ”

“ ‘Ay is there that, sure enough, Dan; but you see, — blur-an-age, what’s to be done? He can’t die this a-way, wid nobody wid him but himself.’ ”

“ Irishmen, however, are not just that description of persons who can pursue their usual avocations, and see a fellow-creature die, without such attentions as they can afford him; not precisely so bad as that, gentle reader! Jemmy had not been two hours on his straw, when a second shed much larger than his own, was raised within a dozen yards of it. In this a fire was lit; a small pot was then procured, milk was sent in, and such other little comforts brought together, as they supposed necessary for the sick boy. Having accomplished these matters, a kind of guard was set to watch and nurse-tend him; a pitchfork was got, on the prongs of which they intended to reach him bread across the ditch; and a long-shafted shovel was borrowed, on which to furnish him drink with safety to themselves. That inextinguishable vein of humor, which in Ireland mingles even with death and calamity, was also visible here. The ragged half-starved creatures laughed heartily at the oddity of their own inventions, and enjoyed the ingenuity with which they made shift to meet the exigencies of the occasion, without in the slightest degree having their sympathy and concern for the afflicted youth lessened.

“ When their arrangements were completed, one of them (he of the scythe) made a little whey, which, in lieu of spoon, he stirred with the end of his tobacco-knife; he then extended it across the ditch upon a shovel, after having put it in a tin porringer.

“ ‘Do you want a taste o’ whey, avourneen?’ ”

“ ‘Oh, I do,’ replied Jemmy; ‘give me a drink for God’s sake.’ ”

“ ‘There it is, a bouchal, on the shovel. Musha if myself rightly knows what side you’re lyin’ an, or I’d put it as near your lips as I could. Come, man, be stout, don’t be cast down at all at all; sure, bud-an-age, we’re shovellin’ the whay to you, any how.’ ”

“ ‘I have it,’ replied the boy, — ‘oh, I have it. May God never forget this to you whoever you are.’ ”

In this way the working-hours are spent, and now comes the cream of the jest: —

“ When the hour of closing the day’s labor arrived, Major — came down to inspect the progress which his mowers had made, and the goodness of his crop upon his meadows. No sooner was he perceived at a distance, than the scythes were instantly resumed, and the mowers pursued their employment with an appearance of zeal and honesty that could not be suspected.

"On arriving at the meadows, however, he was evidently startled at the miserable day's work they had performed.

"'Why, Connor,' said he, addressing the nurse-tender, 'how is this? I protest you have not performed half a day's labor! This is miserable and shameful.'

"'Bedad, Major, it's true for your honor, sure enough. It's a poor day's work, the never a doubt of it. But be all the books that never was opened or shut, busier men nor we wor since mornin' couldn't be had for love or money. You see, Major, these meadows,—bad luck to them!—God pardon me for cursin' the harmless crathurs, for sure 'tisn't their fau't, Sir; but you see, Major, I'll insinse you into it. Now look here, your honor. Did you ever see deeper meadow, nor that same, since you wor foal,—hem,—since you war born, your honor? Maybe, your honor, Major, 'ud just take the scythe an' sthrive to cut a swarthe?'

"'Nonsense, Connor; don't you know I cannot?'

"'Thin, be Gorra, Sir, I wish you could thry it. I'd kiss the book, we did more labor, an' worked harder this day, nor any day for the last fortnight. If it was light grass, Sir,—see here, Major, here's a light bit,—now, look at how the scythe runs through it! Thin look at here agin,—jist observe this, Major,—why murder alive, don't you see how slow she goes through *that* where the grass is *heavy*! Bedad, Major, you'll be made up this season wid your hay, any how. Devil carry the finer meadow ever I put scythe in nor the same meadow, God bless it!'

"'Yes, I see it, Connor. I agree with you as to its goodness. But the reason of this is, Connor, that I always direct my steward myself in laying it down for grass. Yes, you're right, Connor; if the meadow were light, you could certainly mow comparatively a greater space in a day.'

"'Be the livin' farmer, God pardon me for swearin', it's a pleasure to have dalins with a gentleman like you, that knows things as cute as if you wor a mower yourself, your honor. Bedad, I'll go bail, Sir, it wouldn't be hard to tache you that same.'

"'Why, to tell you the truth, Conner, you have hit me off pretty well. I'm beginning to get a taste for agriculture.'

"'But,' said Connor, scratching his head, 'won't your honor allow us the price of a glass, or a pint o' porther, for our hard day's work. Bad cess to me, Sir, but this meadow 'ill play the puck wid us afore we get it finished. Atween ourselves, Sir,—if it wouldn't be takin' freedoms,—if you'd look to *your own farmin' yourself*. The steward, Sir, is a dacent kind of a man, but, sowl, he couldn't hould a candle to your honor in seein' to the best way of doing a thing, Sir. Won't you allow us glasses a-piece, your honor? Faix, we're kilt entirely, so we are.'

"'Here is half-a-crown among you, Connor; but don't get drunk.

"'Dhrunk! Musha, long may you reign, Sir! Be the scythe in my hand, I'd rather,—och, faix you're one o' the ould sort, Sir,—the raal Irish gentleman, your honor. An' sure you're name's far an' near for that, any how.'

"Connor's face would have done the heart of Brooke or Cruickshank good, had either of them seen it charged with humor so rich as that which beamed from it, when the Major left them to enjoy their own comments upon what had happened.

"'Oh, be the livin' farmer,' said Connor, 'are we alive at all afther *doin'* the Major! Oh, thin, the curse o' the crows upon you, Major darlin', but you are a *Manus*! The damn' rip o' the world, that wouldn't give the breath he breathes to the poor for God's sake, an' he'll *throw*n a man half-a-crown that'll blarney him for farmin, an' him doesn't know the difference atween a Cork red an' a Yellow leg!'

“Faith he’s the boy that knows how to make a Judy of himself, any way, Pether,” exclaimed another. “The devil a hapurth asier nor to give these Quality the bag to hould, so there isn’t,—an’ they think themselves so cute, too!”

“Augh!” said a third, ‘couldn’t a man find the soft side of them, as easy as make out the way to his own nose without bein’ led to it. Devil a sin it is to do them any way. Sure he thinks we wor tooth an’ nail at the meadow all day; an’ me thought I’d never recover it, to see Pether here,—the rise he tuck out of him! Ha, ha, ha,—och, och,—murdher, oh?”

“Faith,” exclaimed Connor, ‘t was good, you see, to help the poor scholar; only for it we couldn’t get shkamin’ the half crown out of him. I think we ought to give the crathur half of it, an’ him so sick,—he will be wantin’ it worse nor ourselves.’

“Oh, be Gorra, he’s fairly entitled to that. I vote him fifteen pince.’

“Surely!” they exclaimed unanimously,—“tundher-an-turf, wasn’t he the manes of gettin’ it for us?”

“Jemmy, a bouchal,” said Connor, across the ditch to M’Evoy, ‘are you sleepin’?”

“Sleepin’! Oh no,” replied Jemmy, ‘I’d give the wide world for one wink of asy sleep.’

“Well, aroon, here’s fifteen pince for you, that we shkam,—will I tell him how we got it?”

“No don’t,” replied his neighbours; ‘the boy’s given to devotion, an’, maybe, might scruple to take it.’

“Here’s fifteen pince, avourneen, on the shovel, that we’re givin’ you for God’s sake. If you over* this, won’t you offer up a prayer for us? Won’t you, avick?”

“I can never forget your kindness,” replied Jemmy; ‘I will always pray for you, an’ may God for ever bless you an’ yours.’

“Poor crathur! May the heavens above have posthration on him. Upon my sowl, it’s good to have his blessin’ an’ his prayer. Now don’t fret, Jemmy; we’re lavin’ you wid a lot o’ neighbours here. They’ll watch you time about, so that whin you want any thing, call, avourneen, an there’ll still be some one here to answer. God bless you, an’ restore you, till we come wid the milk we’ll stale for you, wid the help o’ God. Bad cess to me, but it ’ud be a mortal sin, so it would, to let the poor boy die without help. For, as the Catechiz says, ‘There is but one Faith, one Church, and one Baptism!’ Well, the readin’ that’s in that Catechiz is mighty improvin’, glory be to God!”

With this nursing, the *Poor Scholar* recovers; but in the meanwhile, his nurse-tenders undergo a cross examination, out of which they extricate themselves handsomely. Two gentlemen in black are riding past the hospital ditch, who thus interrogate Connor:—

“How did you provide him with drink at such a distance from any human habitation?”

“Throth, hard enough we found it, Sir, to do that same; but sure, whether or not, my Lord, we couldn’t be such naggers as to let him die all out, for wint o’ somethin’ to moisten his throat wid.’

“I hope,” inquired the other, ‘you had nothing to do in the milk-stealing which has produced such an outcry in this immediate neighbourhood?’

“Milk-stalin’! Oh, bedad, Sir, there never was the likes known afore

* That is, to get over, to survive.

in the country. The Lord forgive them that did it! Be Gorra, Sir, the wickedness o' the people's mighty improvin', if one 'ud take warnin' by it, glory be to God!

"Many of the farmers' cows have been milked at night, Connor, — perfectly drained, — even my own cows have not escaped; and we who have suffered are certainly determined, if possible, to ascertain those who have committed the theft. I, for my part, have gone even beyond my ability in relieving the wants of the poor, during this period of sickness and famine; I therefore deserved this the less."

"By the powdher, your honor, if any gentleman desарves to have his cows *unmilked*, it's yourself. But, as I said this minute, there's no end to the wickedness o' the people, so there's not, although the Catechiz is against them, — for, says it, 'There is but one Faith, one Church, an' one Baptism.' Now, Sir, isn't it quare that people, wid such words in the book afore them, won't be guided by it? I suppose they thought it only a *white* sin, Sir, to take the milk, the thieves o' the world."

"Maybe, your honor," said another, "that it was only to keep the life in some poor sick crathur that wanted it more nor you or the farmers, that they did it. There's some o' the same farmers desарve worse, for they're keepin' up the prices o' their male an' praties upon the poor, an' did so all along, that they might make money by our distitution."

"That is no justification for theft," observed the graver of the two. "Does any one among you suspect those who committed it in this instance? If you do, I command you, as your Bishop, to mention them."

"How, for instance," added the other, "were you able to supply this sick boy with whey during his illness?"

"O thin, gentlemen," replied Connor, "bit it's a mighty improvin' thing to see our own Bishop, — God spare his Lordship to us! — an' the Protestant minister o' the parish joinin' together to relieve an' give good advice to the poor! Bedad, it's settin' a fine example, so it is, to the Quality, if they'd take pattrn by it."

The length of our account of this collection of national tales, manifests the esteem in which we hold their general purpose, and our admiration of the talent and happy humor in which that excellent object is accomplished. In no portraiture of Irish character and manners have we met greater fidelity, or more trustworthy resemblance.

[Compiled.]

ART. V. — *The Works of Robert Hall, A. M. With a brief Memoir of his Life by DR. GREGORY, and Observations on his Character as a Preacher, by JOHN FOSTER.* Edited by DR. OLYNTHUS GREGORY. 6 vols. 8vo. London. 1832.*

WE have four reviews lying before us of the Works and Life of Robert Hall, with neither of which we think the generality of our readers would be particularly gratified. The earliest appeared in the ninety-fifth number of "The Quarterly Review." A main object of the writer is to show that Hall's later opinions and feelings were

* Republished in 3 vols. 8vo, by J. & J. Harper, New York.

inconsistent with such as he had previously expressed; and to exhibit his character as that of a very able, but, often, rash and intemperate writer, who was suffering from his position in society among the Dissenters;—"the Dissenters," as the writer says, half in irony and half in simplicity, "enjoying the liberty of thinking for themselves on every occasion." "His mind," it is affirmed, "wanted consolidating; had it been subjected to the wholesome restraint of liberal, but not lax, formularies, it would have been more true to itself." What, however, are considered as his more loyal, antirevolutionary, and Orthodox publications are dwelt upon with high praise.

The next article appeared in the number of "The Christian Observer" for February. This work is in the hands of the Evangelical party in the Church. The review of Hall is the production of a narrow-minded writer, full of the prejudices of his Church and sect, but who speaks of "the works of Hall" as "the impress,"—his own word,— "of that powerful, elegant, and devout mind, which, for so many years, stood at the highest elevation of intellectual fame, and gave force to the most sacred strains of piety; clothed in the richest garb of more than classical elegance."

All parties in England, in religion and politics, at least the more extreme parties, seem to find something congenial to their taste in the writings of Hall; a strong proof, perhaps, of his talents, but at the same time, it would seem, a proof of his inconsistency. Accordingly, in the twelfth number of "Tait's Edinburgh Magazine," a radical journal, there is another article upon him, full of eulogy mixed with censure, in which he is exhibited as the free-thinker, and sturdy and ultra oppositionist; and his celebrated Sermon on "Modern Infidelity" is treated as an "aberration," "in many essential points at variance both with the previous and the later recorded opinions of the author"; though admitted to be "powerful, useful, and highly eloquent."

We close our list of articles upon Hall with one in "The Eclectic Review" for March. In this publication, which is the organ of the Orthodox Dissenters, and which, at some periods, has contained articles of great ability, Hall was at one time a writer. He is spoken of with the warm interest in his character which might be expected; and the reviews in "The Quarterly" and "Christian Observer," are animadverted upon with severity.*

No one, however, of the articles we have mentioned is composed with more than a very moderate share of ability. No one contains any thing like a philosophical estimate of Hall, as a man or a writer. This defect we shall not attempt to supply. We may however observe, that he appears to us as one of the most eloquent of those who in modern times have excelled in an inferior sort of

* Since writing the above paragraph, we have seen another long review of Hall's Life and Works in "The British Critic, No. 24." This work is the organ of the High-Church party. The praise of Hall is liberal, accompanied with such censure, as might be expected, of his earlier productions.

eloquence. He is a fine party writer, expressing in a bold, rhetorical style opinions already held by many. There is nothing in his writings, as far as we are acquainted with them, which indicates calm, philosophical, or original thought; but the strength of his feelings gives new force to ideas in themselves common. Our minds are not put in action by any new views which he discloses, but his reader may be gratified by finding his own sentiments so forcibly, or at least so vehemently urged. His style is of a secondary order. He professed to be an admirer of the Saxon portion of our language in distinction from that of Latin origin. But little of this love of it appears in his works. His own language is declamatory, his expressions being often for the ear more than for the mind. His thoughts are not presented with a well-defined outline. The nicer shades of meaning are overlaid with words. But he was adapted to be a highly popular pleader on one side of a question, with whom a reader might go along with much satisfaction, so far as he found him defending his own opinions.

Of his life we shall now give a sketch from the articles before us, omitting in great part the expressions of party feeling that abound in them.

* "Robert Hall was born at Arnsby, near Leicester, on the 2d of May, 1764. His excellent father was the Baptist minister of that village, and his name is well known as the Author of a valuable little work entitled, 'Helps to Zion's Travellers,' which has passed through several editions, and sufficiently attests his correct judgment and solid piety. He died in the year 1791. Robert, though named after his father, was the youngest of fourteen children; and while an infant, he was so delicate and feeble, that it was not expected he would reach maturity. Until he was two years of age, he could neither walk nor talk; and he was taught to speak and to spell at the same time, by an intelligent nurse, who, observing that his attention was attracted to the inscriptions on the grave-stones of a burial-ground adjacent to his father's house, adopted this singular expedient of tuition. No sooner was his tongue thus loosed, than his advance was marked. He became a rapid talker and an incessant questioner; and under the village dame, his thirst for knowledge soon manifested itself in his passion for books. In the summer season, after school hours were over, he would put his richly prized library (including an Entick's Dictionary) into his pinafore, and steal into his first school-room, the burial-ground, where, extended on the grass with his books spread around him, he would remain till the shades of evening compelled him to retire into the house. To this practice, we may trace with too great probability, the origin of that disease which rendered his whole life a conflict with physical suffering. When only six years of age, he was placed as a day scholar under the charge of a Mr. Simmons, who resided four miles from Arnsby;

* From "The Eclectic Review."

and at first he walked to school in the morning, and back in the evening. But the severe pain in his back, from which he suffered through life, had even then begun to distress him, and to render him incapable of the fatigue of walking so far. He was often obliged to lie down on the road; sometimes, his brother or one of his school-fellows would carry him. At length, on his father ascertaining the state of the case, Robert and his brother were placed under the care of a friend in the village, spending the Sunday only at home. The seat of Mr. Hall's disease was the aorta and the kidney on the right side; and nothing, we apprehend, could be more likely to give rise to it, than rheumatic affections occasioned by his lying on the rank grass of a burial-ground. The only wonder is that, with his feeble constitution, he survived.

"On starting from home on the Monday morning, Robert was in the practice of taking with him two or three books from his father's library, to read in the interval between school hours. His choice of books at this early age, was most extraordinary. The works of Jonathan Edwards were among his favorites; and before he was nine years old, he had perused, and re-perused, with intense interest, the treatises of that acute reasoner upon the 'Religious Affections,' and the 'Freedom of the Will,' as also Bishop Butler's 'Analogy.' His early predilection for this class of studies was in great measure determined and fostered by intimate association, in mere childhood, with a member of his father's congregation, a tailor by trade, but a very shrewd, well-informed man, and 'an acute metaphysician.' Before he was ten years old, our young student had written many essays on religious subjects, and had occasionally invited his brothers and sisters to hear his first attempts at preaching; and when he was only eleven, a friend, at whose house he was spending a few weeks for the benefit of a change of air, astonished at his precocity of talent, was so indiscreet as to request him to perform, more than once, before a select auditory, invited to hear the boy-preacher! 'I never call the circumstance to mind,' Mr. Hall has been heard to say, 'but with grief at the vanity inspired; nor, when I think of such mistakes of good men, am I inclined to question the correctness of Baxter's language, strong as it is, where he says: "Nor should men turn preachers as the river Nilus breeds frogs (saith Herodotus), when one half *moveth* before the other is *made*, and while it is yet but plain mud."'" We have known instances of similar injudiciousness in cases of similar precocity, so far as the gift of fluent speech was concerned in the display; but nothing can be more equivocal than the promise afforded by such early efflorescence. The native vigor and genuine superiority of the mental constitution are tested by the manner in which it comes out of the fever of juvenile vanity, and gradually recovers a healthful tone. In some, the intellectual growth is stunted for life, and vanity becomes the chronic disease of the character. In the few, the temporary self-elation operates as a beneficial stimulant, and sobers down into a proper self-confidence.

"When young Robert was about eleven, Mr. Simmons conscientiously informed the father, that he was unable to keep pace with his pupil, declaring, that he had often been obliged to sit up all night, to prepare the lessons for the morning; a practice he felt unable to continue! He was in consequence of this candid intimation removed, and was next placed, as a boarder, at the school of the Rev. John Ryland of Northampton, a man whose excellencies and eccentricities were strangely balanced. There he remained for little more than a year and a half, during which he made considerable progress in Latin and Greek; and after passing some time at home, in the study of divinity and some collateral subjects, under the immediate guidance of his father, was, in Oct. 1778, placed at the Bristol academy, with a view to his being prepared for the ministerial office among the Baptists, being then in his fifteenth year. In that institution, as in others of a similar nature, the divinity students are appointed in turn to deliver an address or discourse upon subjects selected by the president. Mr. Hall's first essay in this exercise proved an humiliating failure, which, if avocations so unlike may be compared, reminds us of young Nelson's failure of courage in the first engagement. 'After proceeding for a short time, much to the gratification of his auditory, he suddenly paused, covered his face with his hands, exclaiming, "Oh! I have lost all my ideas," and sat down, his hands still hiding his face. A second attempt, in the following week, was attended by a similar failure of self-possession or recollection, still more painful to witness, and still more humiliating. The effect upon his own mind seems to have been that of salutary mortification, while his tutors appreciated his talents too justly, to entertain any doubt of his ability and future success. Not long after, he delivered a discourse in a village pulpit, in the presence of several ministers, which excited the deepest interest.

"The summer vacation of 1780 was passed by young Hall under his father's roof, who, having now become fully satisfied of his son's genuine piety, as well as of his qualifications for the office to which his paternal hopes had always devoted him, expressed to many friends, a desire that he should be 'set apart to the sacred work.' Agreeably to his views of popular ordination, he resolved that the church of which he was pastor, should judge of his son's fitness for the sacred function, and recognise their conviction by a solemn act.

"Accordingly,' as the following extract from the *Church-book* testifies, on the 13th of August, 1780, 'he was examined by his father before the church, respecting his inclination, motives, and end in reference to the ministry, and was likewise desired to make a declaration of his religious sentiments. All which being done to the entire satisfaction of the church, they therefore set him apart, by lifting up their right hands, and by solemn prayer. His father then delivered a discourse to him, from 2 Tim. ii. 1. *Thou, therefore, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus.* Being thus sent forth, he preached in the afternoon from 2 Thes. i. 7, 8. *May the Lord bless him, and grant him great success!*'—p. 9.

"He was still a student at the Bristol academy, to which he returned at the close of the vacation ; and in the autumn of 1781, he was sent to Aberdeen, to complete his theological education at King's College, on Dr. Ward's foundation. The object of the appeal to the church, and the bearing of its decision, related to the expediency of his prosecuting his studies with a view to his becoming a minister of the gospel. Dr. Gregory does not employ the word ordination in mentioning this 'public designation' of Mr. Hall as a preacher ; nor should we contend for the propriety of using that term in such a reference ; since ordination is generally understood as an appointment to a specific charge. But, dismissing that word from consideration, with all the polemical associations that it suggests, we would ask, what was there in the proceeding here narrated, that could have any tendency to inflate the mind of a pious youth with self-importance, or that could be deemed, in any respect, offensive, injudicious, or 'perilous' ?

"Mr. Hall entered King's College in the beginning of November, 1781. His first year was spent principally under the tuition of Professor Leslie, in the study of the Greek language ; his second, third, and fourth years, under Professor Macleod, in the study of mathematics, natural philosophy, and moral philosophy. Here it was that he first became acquainted with his eminent friend Mackintosh ; and some interesting particulars of their friendship and joint studies have been gathered by his Biographer from Sir James himself.

" 'When these two eminent men first became acquainted, Sir James was in his eighteenth year, Mr. Hall about a year older. Sir James described Mr. Hall, as attracting notice by a most ingenuous and intelligent countenance, by the liveliness of his manner, and by such indications of mental activity as could not be misinterpreted. His appearance was that of health, yet not of robust health ; and he often suffered from paroxysms of pain, during which he would roll about on the carpet, in the utmost agony ; but no sooner had the pain subsided than he would resume his part in conversation with as much cheerfulness and vivacity as before he had been thus interrupted. Sir James said he became attached to Mr. Hall, "because he could not help it." There wanted many of the supposed constituents of friendship. Their tastes, at the commencement of their intercourse, were widely different ; and upon most of the important topics of inquiry, there was no congeniality of sentiment : yet notwithstanding this, the *substratum* of their minds seemed of the same cast, and upon this, Sir James thought, the edifice of their mutual regard first rested. Yet he, ere long, became fascinated by his brilliancy and acumen, in love with his cordiality and ardor, and "awestruck" (I think that was the term employed) by the transparency of his conduct and the purity of his principles. They read together ; they sat together at lecture, if possible ; they walked together. In their joint studies, they read much of Xenophon, and Herodotus, and more of Plato ; and so well was all this known, exciting admiration in some, in others envy, that it was not unusual, as they went along, for their class-fellows to point at them and say, "*There go Plato and Herodotus.*" But the arena in which they met most frequently was that of morals and metaphysics ; furnishing topics of incessant disputation. After having sharpened their weapons by reading, they often repaired to the

spacious sands upon the sea-shore, and still more frequently to the picturesque scenery on the banks of the Don, above the old town, to discuss with eagerness the various subjects to which their attention had been directed. There was scarcely an important position in Berkeley's Minute Philosopher, in Butler's Analogy, or in Edwards on the Will, over which they had not thus debated with the utmost intensity. Night after night, nay, month after month, for two sessions, they met only to study or to dispute; yet no unkindly feeling ensued. The process seemed rather, like blows in that of welding iron, to knit them closer together. Sir James said, that his companion as well as himself often contended for victory, yet never, so far as he could then judge, did either make a voluntary sacrifice of truth, or stoop to draw to and fro the *sera λογαρχίας*, as is too often the case with ordinary controvertists. From these discussions, and from subsequent meditation upon them, Sir James learnt more *as to principles*, (such, at least, he assured me, was his deliberate conviction) than from all the books he ever read. On the other hand, Mr. Hall through life reiterated his persuasion, that his friend possessed an intellect more analogous to that of Bacon, than any person of modern times; and that if he had devoted his powerful understanding to metaphysics, instead of law and politics, he would have thrown an unusual light upon that intricate but valuable region of inquiry. Such was the cordial, reciprocal testimony of these two distinguished men. And, in many respects, — latterly, I hope and believe, in *all* the most essential, — it might be truly said of both, "As face answereth to face in a glass, so does the heart of a man to his friend." — pp. 14, 15.

"While he was still at Aberdeen, he received from the Baptist Church at Broadmead, Bristol, an invitation to become their assistant pastor; 'an invitation which he accepted with much doubt and diffidence,' on the understanding that it should not interfere with the completion of his course of studies. He accordingly passed the interval between the college sessions of 1784 and 1785, at Bristol; and then returned to Aberdeen, where he took his degree of Master of Arts, March 30, 1785. On resuming his labors at Broadmead, in conjunction with Dr. Evans, his preaching excited unusual attention. 'The place of worship was often crowded to excess, and many of the most distinguished men in Bristol, including several clergymen, were among his occasional auditors.' In August of the same year, only three months after his quitting Aberdeen, he was appointed classical tutor in the Bristol Academy, on the resignation of the Rev. James Newton. This office he held for more than five years, discharging its duties with honorable zeal and activity.

"At this period of his life, however, Mr. Hall appears to have been in imminent danger of making shipwreck, if not of faith, of the spirit of piety. The free and daring speculations which he advanced in private, grieved and alarmed his judicious friends, although he never promulgated direct and positive error from the pulpit; and his conversational sallies were occasionally marked by a vehemence and extravagance of expression, a bitterness of sarcasm, and a characteristic imprudence, which made him many enemies. Admired as a preacher, courted as a companion, feared as a satirist, looked up to as a tutor, while scarcely one-and-twenty, the only

cause for astonishment is, that, in the intoxication of intellectual pride, he never relaxed his hold of the main doctrines of the gospel, nor was betrayed by youthful impetuosity into flagrant inconsistency. There is something at once touching and instructive in the brief and expressive remarks which Dr. Gregory has transcribed from the private diaries of two of his constant friends, in reference to this period of Mr. Hall's career. The first two are from Mr. Fuller's diary.

"1784, May 7. Heard Mr. Robert Hall, Jr. from "He that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow." Felt very solemn in hearing some parts. The Lord keep that young man!"

"1785, June 14. Taken up with the company of Mr. Robert Hall, Jr.: — feel much pain for him. The Lord, in mercy to him and His churches in this country, keep him in the path of truth and righteousness!"

"The following are found in Dr. Ryland's Journal :

"June 8, 1785. Robert Hall, Jr. preached wonderfully from Rom. viii. 18. I admire many things in this young man exceedingly, though there are others that make me fear for him. O that the Lord may keep him humble and make him prudent!

"June 15. Rode to Clipston to attend the ministers' meeting. R. Hall, Jr. preached a glorious sermon on the immutability of God, from James i. 17.

"1786, June 13. Sent off a letter to Robert Hall, Jr., which I wrote chiefly in answer to one of his some months ago, wherein he replied to mine concerning some disagreeable reports from Birmingham: added some new hints respecting another matter lately reported. O that God may keep that young man in the way of truth and holiness!"

"In 1790, Mr. Hall received an invitation from the Baptist congregation at Cambridge, recently deprived of their pastor by the sudden death of Mr. Robinson, to preach to them for a month; and in July of the following year, he was invited to assume the pastoral charge, which he accepted."

"This change was probably the more agreeable to Mr. Hall, as he was involved in a bitter dispute with his colleague, Dr. Evans, and had also given much pain to the congregation at Broadmead, by some extraordinary notions which he held, and by the general style of preaching which he had adopted. He confesses in a pastoral letter, in answer to their remonstrances, that he was a Materialist, 'believing that the nature of man is simple and uniform; that the thinking powers and faculties are a result of a certain organization of matter; and that after death he ceases to be conscious until the resurrection.' But this monstrous doctrine he never broached in the pulpit; and he explicitly states that he was a firm believer in the proper Divinity of Jesus Christ, his merits as the sole ground of acceptance with God, 'without admitting works to have any share in the great business of justification,' and in the necessity of Divine influence to regenerate and sanctify the mind of every man, in order to his becoming a real Christian. He was,

* From "The Christian Observer."

however, he adds, 'not a Calvinist;' he did not maintain 'the federal headship of Adam, or the imputation of sin to his posterity,' or personal 'election and reprobation.' "

Half the members of Mr. Robinson's congregation were Unitarians, in which belief their pastor died; and Hall was indebted to his very moderate orthodoxy for the invitation he received. But shortly after his connexion with them his feelings and opinions underwent a change, of which the immediate occasion was the death of his father, in March, 1791.

" 'Meditating with the deepest veneration upon the unusual excellencies of a parent now for ever lost to him, he was led to investigate with renewed earnestness, the truth as well as value of those high and sacred principles from which his eminent piety and admirable consistency so evidently flowed. He called to mind, too, several occasions on which his father, partly by the force of reason, partly by that of tender expostulation, had exhorted him to abandon the vague and dangerous speculations to which he was prone. Some important changes in Mr. Hall's sentiments, resulted from an inquiry conducted under such solemn impressions; and among these may be mentioned his renunciation of *materialism*, which, he often declared, he "buried in his father's grave." *

" 'Attentive to the voice of heavenly admonition, thus addressing him from various quarters, he entered upon his new duties with earnest desires that he might be able to "commend himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God." Feeling that to him was consigned the charge of transforming, with God's assistance, a cold and sterile soil into a fruitful field, he determined not to satisfy himself with half measures, but proceeded to expose error, and to defend what he regarded as essential truth. The first sermon, therefore, which he delivered at Cambridge, after he had assumed the office of pastor, was on the doctrine of the atonement and its practical tendencies. Immediately after the conclusion of the service, one of the congregation, who had followed poor Mr. Robinson through all his changes of sentiment, went into the vestry, and said:—"Mr. Hall, this preaching won't do for us: it will only suit a congregation of old women." "Do you mean my sermon, Sir, or the doctrine?" "Your *doctrine*." "Why is it that the *doctrine* is fit only for old women?" "Because it may suit the musings of people tottering upon the brink of the grave, and who are eagerly seeking comfort." "Thank you, Sir, for your concession. The doctrine will not *suit* people of any age, unless it be true; and if it be true, it is not fitted for old women alone, but is equally important at every age."—pp. 30, 31.

"This individual, and three or four other men of influence, with about twenty of the poorer class, shortly afterwards withdrew from the congregation, and assembled for a few months on the Sunday evenings at a private house, where 'the then Rev. William Friend, fellow and tutor of Jesus College, an avowed Socinian, became their instructor.' But the conviction of their host for sedition, and the expulsion of their teacher from the University, soon dispersed this band of seceders."

"We find the following notices of his habits and manners at this period.

"* He had always considered materialism, he tells his Bristol friends, as 'a mere metaphysical speculation,' and wished them so to consider it."

“In argument he was impetuous, and sometimes overbearing; but if he lost his temper he was deeply humbled, and would often acknowledge himself to blame. On one of these occasions, when a discussion had become warm, and he had evinced unusual agitation, he suddenly closed the debate, quitted his seat, and, retiring to a remote part of the room, was overheard by a lady who was just entering, to ejaculate with deep feeling, “Lamb of God! Lamb of God! calm my perturbed spirit!”

“Mr. Hall’s personal habits, not only at the time of which I am now speaking, but in a certain degree through life, though not precisely those of an absent man, were those of one whose mental occupations kept his thoughts at a distance from various matters of ordinary observance, and made him regardless of a thousand things which most persons never forget. Thus, on his return from an evening visit, if not watched, he would take a wrong hat or great coat;—if not sought after by some of the congregation, he would mistake the proper evening of a week-day service, having in such cases been so absorbed in study, as to lose a day in his reckoning;—for the same reason, he often mistook the day or the hour of an appointment;—when on any of his journeys to London he engaged to take up the letters of his friends, it was not unusual, after his return, to find them all in his portmanteau, or in his great-coat pocket. These, or similar instances of forgetfulness, occurred daily; but, exciting the attention of his affectionate and watchful friends, they seldom exposed him to serious inconvenience.

“None of these peculiarities sprung from an affectation of singularity; they simply marked an inattention to things of minor importance. Nor was there united with them a regardlessness of the proprieties of society, a disdain of such civilities and attentions as were usual in the classes with whom he most associated. He had never aimed to acquire a facility in the manners and habits of genteel life; but he had a native ease and grace, which was obviously distinguished from any acquired habit. It was a grace that could neither be bought nor borrowed; on all proper occasions heightened by the dignity which naturally comported with his character and office; and uniformly blended with that genuine simplicity which often accompanies intellectual greatness, and is always, if I mistake not, an attribute of moral greatness.’

“His religious conversation in company was not frequent, and for the most part doctrinal; but, in private, his experimental communications were in beauty, elevation, and compass, beyond all I ever heard. . . . In his manners he was a close imitator of Dr. Johnson; fond of tea-table talk, and of the society of cultivated females, who had the taste to lend him an ear, and the ability requisite to make attention a favor. He has confessed to me the taking thirty cups of tea in an afternoon, and told me his method was to visit four families and drink seven or eight cups at each.’

“He did not, then, read much; but was probably more hindered by pain than by indolence. A page, indeed, was to him more serviceable than a volume to many. Hints from reading or discourse, passing through his great mind, expanded into treatises and systems, until the adopted was lost in the begotten; so much so, that the whole appeared original.’—pp. 36–38.

“Dr. Gregory, who became intimately acquainted with him in 1797, adds many other particulars respecting his habits and feelings; as for example:

“When I first saw Mr. Hall, I was struck with his well-proportioned, athletic figure, the unassuming dignity of his deportment, the winning

frankness which marked all that he uttered, and the peculiarities of the most speaking countenance I ever contemplated, animated by eyes radiating with the brilliancy imparted to them by benevolence, wit, and intellectual energy. When he spoke, except in the most ordinary chit-chat, to which, however, he seldom descended, he seemed not merely to communicate his words, but himself: and I then first learnt the difference between one who feels while he is speaking, and whose communicative features tell you that he does, and one who, after he has spoken long and with apparent earnestness, still does not feel.'—p. 39.

"For some years, he made it a rule to pay a pastoral visit to every member of his church, once each quarter. He did the same, also, with regard to such of his ordinary hearers as he thought willing to receive him as a minister of religion. These were not calls, but *visits*, and usually paid on evenings, that he might meet the whole assembled family. Among the lower classes, to make them quite at their ease, he would sit down with them at supper; and, that this might involve them in no extra expense, he took care they should all know that he preferred a basin of milk.'—p. 40.

"His kindness to children, to servants, to the indigent, nay, to animals, was uniformly manifest. And such was his prevailing cheerfulness, that he seemed to move and breathe in an atmosphere of hilarity, which, indeed, his countenance always indicated, except when the pain in his back affected his spirits, and caused his imagination to dwell upon the evils of Cambridgeshire scenery.

"This was, in his case, far from hypothetical grievance. It seriously diminished his happiness at Cambridge, and, at length, was the main cause of his quitting it. In one of my early interviews with him, before I had been a month at that place, he said to me, "What do you think of Cambridge, Sir?" "It is a very interesting place." "Yes, the place where Bacon, and Barrow, and Newton studied, and where Jeremy Taylor was born, cannot but be *interesting*. But that is not what I mean; what do you say to the scenery, Sir?" "Some of the public buildings are very striking, and the college walks very pleasing; but—" and there I hesitated: he immediately added,—"but there is nothing else to be said. What do you think of the surrounding country, Sir? Does it not strike you as very insipid?" "No, not precisely so." "Ay, ay: I had forgotten; you come from a flat country; yet you *must* love hills; there are no hills here." I replied, "Yes, there are; there are Madingley hill, and the Castle hill, and Gogmagog hill." This amused him exceedingly,—and he said, "Why, as to Madingley, there is something in that; it reminds you of the Cottons, and the Cottonian Library; but that is not because Madingley is a high hill, but because Sir Robert Cotton was a great man; and even he was not born *there*. Then, as to your second example, do you know that the Castle hill is the place of the public executions? that is no very pleasant association, sir; and as to your last example, Gogmagog hill is five miles off, and many who go there are puzzled to say whether it is natural or artificial. 'Tis a dismally flat country, Sir; dismally flat. Ely is twelve miles distant, but the road from Cambridge thither scarcely deviates twelve inches from the same level; and *that* 's not very interesting. Before I came to Cambridge, I had read in the prize poems, and in some other works of fancy, of 'the banks of the Cam,' of 'the sweetly-flowing stream,' and so on; but when I arrived here, I was sadly disappointed. When I first saw the river as I passed over King's College Bridge, I could not help exclaiming, Why, the stream is standing still to see people drown themselves! and that I am sorry to say is a permanent feeling with me." I questioned the correctness of this impression, but he immediately rejoined, "Shocking place for the spirits, Sir; I wish you may not find it so; it must

be the very focus of suicides. Were you ever at Bristol, Sir? there is scenery, scenery worth looking upon, and worth thinking of: and so there is even at Aberdeen, with all its surrounding barrenness. The trees on the banks of the Don, are as fine as those on the banks of the Cam; and the river is alive, Sir; it falls over precipices, and foams and dashes, so as to invigorate and inspire those who witness it. The Don is a river, Sir, and the Severn is a river; but not even a poet would so designate the Cam unless by an obvious figure he termed it the *sleeping river*."—pp. 41–43.

"His love of sincerity in words and actions was constantly apparent. Once, while he was spending an evening at the house of a friend, a lady who was there on a visit, retired, that her little girl, of four years old, might go to bed. She returned in about half an hour, and said to a lady near her,—"She is gone to sleep. I put on my night-cap, and lay down by her, and she soon dropped off." Mr. Hall, who overheard this, said,—"Excuse me, madam: do you wish your child to grow up a liar?" "Oh dear no, Sir; I should be shocked at such a thing." "Then bear with me while I say, you must never act a lie before her: children are very quick observers, and soon learn that that which assumes to be what it is not, is a lie, whether acted or spoken." This was uttered with a kindness which precluded offence, yet with a seriousness that could not be forgotten."—p. 49.

"In one of my early interviews with Mr. Hall, I used the word *felicity* three or four times in rather quick succession. He asked,—"Why do you say *felicity*, Sir? *Happiness* is a better word, more musical and genuine English, coming from the Saxon." "Not more musical, I think, Sir." "Yes, more musical, and so are words derived from the Saxon generally. Listen, Sir: 'My heart is smitten, and withered like grass;'—there's plaintive music. Listen again, Sir: 'Under the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice;'—there's cheerful music." "Yes, but *rejoice* is French." "True, but all the rest is Saxon, and *rejoice* is almost out of tune with the other words. Listen again: 'Thou hast delivered my eyes from tears, my soul from death, and my feet from falling:' all Saxon, Sir, except *delivered*. I could think of the word *tear*, Sir, till I wept. Then again, for another noble specimen, and almost all good old Saxon-English: 'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.'"—p. 50.

"Early in the year 1799, a severe fever, which brought him, in his own apprehension, and that of his friends, to the brink of the grave, gave him an opportunity of experiencing the support yielded by the doctrines of the cross "in the near view of death and judgment." He "never before felt his mind so calm and happy." The impression was not only salutary, but abiding; and it again prompted him to the investigation of one or two points, with regard to which he had long felt himself floating in uncertainty. Although he had for some years steadily and earnestly enforced the necessity of divine influence in the transformation of character, and in perseverance in a course of consistent, holy obedience, yet he spoke of it as "the influence of the spirit of God," and never in express terms, as "the influence of the Holy Spirit." The reason was, that though he fully believed the necessity of spiritual agency in commencing and continuing the spiritual life, he doubted the doctrine of the distinct personality of the Holy Spirit. But about this time, he was struck with the fact, that, whenever in private prayer he was in the most deeply devotional frame, "most overwhelmed with the sense that he was nothing, and God was all in all," he always felt himself inclined to adopt a Trinitarian doxology. This circumstance, occurring frequently, and more frequently meditated upon in a tone of honest and anxious inquiry, issued at length in

a persuasion that the Holy Spirit is really and truly God, and not an emanation. It was not, however, until 1800, that he publicly included the personality of the Holy Spirit, in his statements of the doctrine of spiritual influence.'

"His prayers were remarkable for their simplicity and their devotional feeling. No person could listen to them without being persuaded, that he who uttered them was really engaged in prayer, was holding communion with his God and Father in Christ Jesus. His tones and his countenance throughout these exercises, were those of one most deeply imbued with a sense of his unworthiness, and throwing himself at the feet of the Great Eternal, conscious that he could present no claim for a single blessing, but the blood of atonement, yet animated by the cheering hope that the voice of that blood would prevail. The structure of these prayers never indicated any preconceived plan. They were the genuine effusions of a truly devotional spirit, animated by a vivid recollection of what, in his own state, in that of the congregation, of the town and vicinity, needed most ardently to be laid before the Father of Mercies. Thus they were remarkably comprehensive, and furnished a far greater variety on the successive occasions of public worship, than those of any other minister whom I have ever known. The portions which were devoted to intercession, operated most happily in drawing the affections of his people towards himself; since they showed how completely his Christian sympathy had prepared him to make their respective cases his own.

"The commencement of his sermons did not excite much expectation in strangers, except they were such as recollected how the mental agitation produced by diffidence, characterized the first sentences of some of the orators of antiquity. He began with hesitation, and often in a very low and feeble tone, coughing frequently, as though he were oppressed by asthmatic obstructions. As he proceeded, his manner became easy, graceful, and at length highly impassioned; his voice also acquired more flexibility, body, and sweetness, and, in all his happier and more successful efforts, swelled into a stream of the most touching and impressive melody. The farther he advanced, the more spontaneous, natural, and free from labor, seemed the progression of thought. He announced the results of the most extensive reading, of the most patient investigation, or of the profoundest thinking, with such unassuming simplicity, yet set them in such a position of obvious and lucid reality, that the auditors wondered how things so simple and manifest should have escaped them. Throughout his sermons he kept his subject thoroughly in view, and so incessantly brought forward new arguments, or new illustrations, to confirm or to explain it, that with him amplification was almost invariably accumulative in its tendency. One thought was succeeded by another, and that by another, and another, each more weighty than the preceding, each more calculated to deepen and render permanent the ultimate impression. He could at pleasure adopt the unadorned, the ornamental, or the energetic; and, indeed, combine them in every diversity of modulation. In his higher flights, what he said of Burke, might, with the slightest deduction, be applied to himself, "that his imperial fancy laid all nature under tribute, and collected riches from every scene of the creation, and every walk of art;" and at the same time, that could be affirmed of Mr. Hall, which could not be affirmed of Mr. Burke, that he never fatigued and oppressed by gaudy and superfluous imagery. Whenever the subject obviously justified it, he would yield the reins to an eloquence more diffusive and magnificent than the ordinary course of pulpit instruction seemed to require; yet, so exquisite was his perception of beauty, and so sound his judgment, that not the coldest taste, provided it were real taste, could ever wish an image

omitted which Mr. Hall had introduced. His inexhaustible variety augmented the general effect. The same images, the same illustrations, scarcely ever recurred. So ample were his stores, that repetition of every kind was usually avoided; while in his illustrations he would connect and contrast what was disjointed and opposed, or distinctly unfold what was abstracted or obscure, in such terms as were generally intelligible, not only to the well-informed, but to the meanest capacity. As he advanced to his practical applications, all his mental powers were shown in the most palpable but finely balanced exercise. His mind would, if I may so speak, collect itself and come forth with a luminous activity, proving as he advanced, how vast, and, in some important senses, how next to irresistible, those powers were. In such seasons, his preaching communicated universal animation: his congregation would seem to partake of his spirit, to think and feel as he did, to be fully influenced by the presence of the objects which he had placed before them, fully actuated by the motives which he had enforced with such energy and pathos.

“All was doubtless heightened by his singular rapidity of utterance, — by the rhythmical structure of his sentences, calculated at once for the transmission of the most momentous truths, for the powers of his voice, and for the convenience of breathing at measured intervals, — and, more than all, by the unequivocal earnestness and sincerity which pervaded the whole, and by the eloquence of his most speaking countenance and penetrating eye. In his sublimer strains, not only was every faculty of the soul enkindled and in entire operation, but his very features seemed fully to sympathize with the spirit, and to give out, nay, to *throw out*, thought, and sentiment, and feeling.” — Vol. vi. pp. 51–55.

Hall's first political pamphlet, entitled “Christianity consistent with a Love of Freedom,” was published by him at the age of seven and twenty, in the year 1790. He would not, during his life, consent to its republication, but it appears in Dr. Gregory's edition of his works. “It was called forth by a sermon in which the preacher had endeavoured to spread alarm among the Dissenters, by endeavouring to show, that the principles of civil liberty had been advocated only by Dr. Priestley and the Unitarians.” “Hall maintained,” says “The Quarterly Review,” “that the revolution in France may be defended on its *principles*, against the friends of arbitrary power, by displaying the value of freedom, the rights of mankind, the folly and injustice of those regal or aristocratic pretensions by which those rights were invaded, and that accordingly in this light it had been justified with the utmost success; or, again, that it might be defended upon its *expediency*, by exhibiting the elements of government which it had composed, the laws it had enacted, and the tendency of both to extend and perpetuate that liberty which was its ultimate object.* Yet the days were at hand, when Hall could commend Mr. Gisborne as the individual to whom the country was *under unequalled obligations* for discrediting this very doctrine of *expediency*, which threatens, says Hall, ‘to annihilate religion, to loosen the foundations of morals, and to debase the character of the nation.’† And for the *principles*, — the real principles, — of the French Revolution, Hall lived to lay them bare

* Vol. III. p. 22.

† Vol. IV. p. 139.

in one of the most eloquent and philosophical sermons ever preached in any pulpit in any country, — a sermon, for which England was most grateful at the time, and the extraordinary merit of which renders it painful to us at this moment to unveil the earlier errors of so great a man, which, but for this republication of them, might, for us at least, have slept till doomsday."

His next political publication was, "An Apology for the Freedom of the Press," published in 1793. "Again," says "The Quarterly Review," "Hall appears to have had some misgivings as to the propriety of his conduct in sending this forth to the world; but as he did consent, ten years before his death, to its republication, Dr. Gregory may be here supposed to stand excused in comprising it in the complete edition of his works; — still some regard might have been had to the reluctance which Hall manifested to comply with the loud and repeated importunities of his friends, in this instance also,* and, though certainly he did at length yield to their wishes, afraid lest his reserve should be mistaken, and imputed to a change of opinions (which he had indeed undergone in many respects, but which he was loth to confess, and of which, perhaps, he was not himself fully conscious), still in the advertisement to his new edition he puts forth an apology, such as it is, for the acrimony and vehemence of the work in general, and, in particular, suppresses altogether one memorable passage of the original preface, we will not say 'delineating,' but mangling the character of Bishop Horsley. It was a passage, which, 'on mature reflection, appeared to the writer not quite consistent either with the spirit of Christianity or with the reverence due to departed genius.'"

"The origin of this pamphlet," says the writer in "Tait's Magazine," "is memorable; it is *historical*. Simultaneous with the riots in Birmingham, when the lives and property of Dissenters and Reformers were exposed to the fury of an ignorant and brutal rabble, there were riots in Manchester, and in Cambridge, where Mr. Hall was then a popular minister. Mr. Musgrave, a respectable reformer, was subjected to insult and indignity, aggravated by the sarcastic notice taken of the matter in the House of Commons, by the member for Cambridge. That honorable person said, 'Mr. Musgrave had spoken seditious words, and the (loyal) mob had compelled him to sing *God save the King*.' Mr. Hall, in his pamphlet, denied this statement; and asserted that the whole crime of Mr. Musgrave, heinous enough in those times, was 'love for his country, and zeal for Parliamentary Reform; and that it would be happy for the nation if a portion only of the integrity and virtue which adorned his character, could be infused into our great men.' On the evening after the outrage, Mr. Hall was at a book-society meeting, when every individual present expressed himself in the strongest terms of indignation at the insult, and argued how de-

sirable it was that some man of talent in Cambridge should advocate the cause of the friends of liberty. To this office Mr. Hall yielded 'in an evil hour'; at least, as he says himself, if 'I had any wish to obtain reputation as a political writer.' But the principles advanced he believed correct, and they were his; and his apology is concluded by his reported saying, — 'Perhaps the pamphlet had its use in those perilous times' — no very violent deprecation of his first great political transgression. This pamphlet became exceedingly popular both in Britain and America. From the advertisement prefixed to the third *edition*, we beg to submit an extract, as a fair specimen of Mr. Hall's forcible style, and an emphatic statement of some of his opinions.

"Since this pamphlet was first published, the principles it aims to support have received confirmation from such a train of disastrous events, that it might have been hoped we should have learned those lessons from misfortunes which reason had failed to impress. Uninstructed by our calamities, we still persist in an impious attack on the liberties of France, and are eager to take our part in the great drama of crimes which is acting on the continent of Europe. Meantime, the violence and injustice of the internal administration keep pace with our iniquities abroad. Liberty and Truth are silenced. An unrelenting system of prosecution [Query, persecution?] prevails. The cruel and humiliating sentence passed upon Mr. Muir and Mr. Palmer, men of unblemished morals, and of the purest patriotism, the outrages committed on Dr. Priestley, and his intended removal to America, are events which will mark the end of the eighteenth century with indelible reproach. But what has Liberty to expect from a Minister [Pitt] who has the audacity to assert the King's right to land as many foreign troops as he pleases, without the previous consent of Parliament? If this doctrine be true, the boasted equilibrium of the constitution, all the barriers our ancestors have opposed to the encroachments of arbitrary power, are idle, ineffectual precautions."

"After pursuing this train of reasoning with the same clearness and vigor, it is pushed home to the character of Mr. Pitt in this splendid passage: —

"But it is needless any farther to expose the effrontery, or detect the sophistry of this shameless apostate. The character of Pitt is written in sunbeams. A veteran in fraud, while in the bloom of youth; betraying first, and then prosecuting his earliest friends and connexions; falsifying every promise, and violating every political engagement; ever making the fairest professions a prelude to the darkest actions; punishing, with the utmost rigor, the publisher of the identical paper himself had circulated,* are traits in the conduct of Pitt which entitle him to a fatal preëminence in guilt. The qualities of this man balance, in an extraordinary manner, and sustain each other; the influence of his station, the extent of his enormities, invest him with a kind of splendor; and the contempt we feel for his meanness and duplicity is lost in the dread of his machinations, and the abhorrence of his crimes. Too long has he insulted the patience of his countrymen; nor ought we, when we observe the indifference with which the iniquities

* Mr. Hall has this note; 'Mr. Holt, printer at Newark, now imprisoned in Newgate for two years, for reprinting, *verbatim*, "An Address to the people on Reform," which was sanctioned for certain, and probably written, by the Duke of Richmond and Mr. Pitt.'"

of Pitt's Administration are viewed, to reproach the Romans for tamely submitting to the tyranny of Caligula or Domitian. We had fondly hoped a mild philosophy was about to diffuse over the globe the triumph of liberty and peace. But, alas, these hopes are fled! The Continent presents little but one wide picture of desolation, misery, and crimes; *on the earth, distress of nations and perplexity, men's hearts failing them for fear, for looking after those things which are coming on the earth.*'

"What follows, takes the tone of prophecy.

"That the seeds of public convulsion are sown in every country in Europe (our own not excepted), it were vain to deny; seeds which, without the wisest precautions, and the most conciliating counsels, will break out, it is to be feared, in the overthrow of all governments. How this catastrophe may be averted, or how, — should that be impossible, — its evils may be mitigated and diminished, demands the deepest consideration of every European statesman. *The ordinary routine of ministerial chicanery is quite unequal to the task.* A philosophic comprehension of mind, which, leaving the beaten road of politics, shall adapt itself to new situations, and profit by the vicissitudes of opinion; equally removed from an attachment to antiquated forms, and useless innovations; capable of rising above the emergency of the moment to the most remote consequences of a transaction; combining the past with the present and the future, and knowing how to defend with firmness, or concede with dignity; these are the qualities which the situation of Europe renders indispensable. It would be mockery of our present Ministry to ask, whether *they* possess those qualities.'

"In composing another new preface to the Apology, nearly thirty years later, in 1821, Mr. Hall, so far from retracting or softening the severity with which he had treated Mr. Pitt, deliberately repeats his opinions; convinced, as he asserts, that 'the policy, foreign and domestic, of that celebrated statesman, has inflicted a more incurable wound on the constitution, and entailed more permanent and irreparable calamities on the nation, than that of any other minister in the annals of British history. A simple reflection,' he continues, 'will be sufficient to evince the unparalleled magnitude of his apostasy, — which is, that the memory of the son of Chatham, the vehement opposer of the American war, the champion of Reform, and the idol of the people, has become the rallying point of Toryism; the type and symbol of whatever is most illiberal in principle, and intolerant in practice.'

We return to "The Quarterly Review." The writer says: —

"In his former essay on 'Christianity consistent with a Love of Freedom,' the praises of Dr. Priestley were sung with little reserve; — his religious tenets, it is true, appeared to Hall erroneous in the extreme, but Hall was not the man to suffer any difference of sentiment to diminish his sensibility to virtue, or his admiration of genius; — he tells of his enlightened and active mind, — of the light he had poured into every department of science, — and in reference to Mr. —'s supposed allusion to Priestley, 'as a busy, active man in regenerating the nations,' he remarks: —

"Distinguished merit will ever rise superior to oppression, and will draw lustre from reproach. The vapors which gather round the rising sun, and

follow it in its course, seldom fail at the close of it to form a magnificent theatre for its reception, and to invest with variegated tints, and with a softened effulgence, the luminary they cannot hide.* — Vol. III. p. 28.

“Again, Priestley is the man he delights to honor in the ‘Apology,’ and he laments —

“‘the ever-memorable era in the annals of bigotry and fanaticism (i. e. the Birmingham riots), when Europe beheld with astonishment and regret, the outrage sustained by philosophy, in the most enlightened of countries and in the first of her sons.’ — Vol. III. p. 151.

“For those were displays of loyalty in which the dissenters must acknowledge themselves utterly defective : —

“‘They have never,’ he continues, ‘plundered their neighbours, to show their attachment to the king, nor has their zeal broken out into oaths and execrations. They have not proclaimed their respect for regular government, by a breach of the laws, or attempted to maintain tranquillity by riots. These beautiful specimens of loyalty’ (he then adds, *O mens cæca hominum !*) ‘belong to the virtue and moderation of the high church party alone, with whose character they perfectly coincide.’ — Vol. III. p. 153.

“But it will be said that Hall, in the passages to which we have referred, praised the philosopher only in Priestley : still we are of Hall’s later and more mature opinion (however opposed to his first), which will be found recorded in a review of Dr. Gregory’s Letters,* that ‘the fame and science of Priestley procured from the Christian world a *forbearance and complaisance* to which he was ill entitled ;’ moreover, that the doctrine of *fatalism*, which he grafted upon primitive Socinianism, by representing the human mind as perfectly passive in its operations, annihilated all distinction between virtue and vice, the very foundation of rewards and punishments in a future world, — and that, when Priestley maintained that a perfect Necessitarian, or ‘in other words a philosopher of his own stamp, had nothing to do with repentance and remorse,’ he was actually ‘subverting the whole fabric of society ;’ † nay more, that his doctrine of *materialism*, which was further superinduced upon the original tenets of his sect, rendered the hope of another state of existence a mere delusion, for that, as the material particles of which any individual is made up are said by physiologists to undergo an entire change in the course of seven years, their flux is such, that a man of forty-nine would lose his identity no less than seven times ; and which of these seven beings was to be the subject of reward and punishment in another life, as responsible for his actions in this, is a problem which it would be difficult to resolve, nor indeed of much concern to that individual, to his present self, if resolved ever so ingeniously. No wonder, therefore, that Hall, now at length alive to the tendency of Priestley’s tenets, should represent them as differing from those of Socinus only as sedition or sacrilege differs from theft, and should consider the

* Vol IV. p. 183.

† Vol. V. p. 44.

terms 'anti-scripturalists,' 'humanitarians,' 'semi-deists,' '*Priest-leians*,' as convertible terms;* or that he should contemptuously speak of Mr. Belsham as 'a mere train-bearer in a very *insignificant procession*,' that procession being, as we infer from a preceding sentence, 'Lindsey, *Priestley*, Hartley, and Jebb.'" †

‡ "His Eulogy on Dr. Priestley led him to be suspected of Socinianism; which caused him to exclaim in his own strong, but not most commendable style, 'If that were the case I should deserve to be tied to the tail of the great red dragon, and whipped round the nethermost hell to all eternity.'"

In 1800, Hall published his celebrated "Sermon on Modern Infidelity," which was followed in 1802 by his "Reflections on War," and in 1803 by his Fast-Day Sermon on "Sentiments proper to the present Crisis." Of the latter Mr. Pitt said that the last ten pages were equal in eloquence to any passage of the same length in any author, ancient or modern.

§ "But in the meridian of his fame, if not of his usefulness, a cloud arose, which for a while enveloped his faculties in the darkness of disease, and occasioned his disappearance from the scene of his celebrity. Early in 1803, the pain in his back increased both in intenseness and continuity, depriving him almost always of refreshing sleep, and depressing his spirits to an unusual degree. Horse exercise was recommended; but the benefit which he seemed at first, to derive from it, was transient; and at length, a state of high nervous excitement was induced, the effect of bodily disorder acting upon a mind overstrained, which terminated in an awful eclipse of his reason. 'He who had so long been the theme of universal admiration, became the subject of as extensive a sympathy.' This event occurred in November, 1804. Mr. Hall was placed under the care of Dr. Arnold, of Leicester, whose attention, with the blessing of God, in about two months, restored him to society. In April, 1805, he resumed his ministerial functions; but a return of his old pain with aggravated severity, in the same year, was followed by a relapse, which again withdrew him from public duty. Under the judicious care of the late Dr. Cox, of Bristol, he soon regained the complete balance of his mental powers; but it was now deemed requisite to his permanent recovery, that he should resign the pastoral office at Cambridge, and, for at least a year, abstain from preaching, and avoid all strong excitement. Thus terminated a connexion which had subsisted, with the happiest results, for fifteen years; but the mutual attachment between the pastor and his flock survived his removal, and remained undiminished till his death." ||

* Vol. IV. p. 185.

† Vol. IV. p. 219.

‡ From "The Christian Observer."

§ From "The Eclectic Review."

|| "Among other substantial marks of their gratitude and attachment, his Cambridge friends purchased for him, during his illness, a liberal life annuity, and raised a further sum, to be at his own disposal at death."

* "A letter from Sir James Mackintosh, then Recorder of Bombay, written on hearing of the mental indisposition of his early friend, is so affectionate and amiable in spirit, and so elegantly written, that we cannot forbear transferring part of it to our pages.

" *Bombay, Sept. 21, 1805.*

"MY DEAR HALL,

"I believe that, in the hurry of leaving England, I did not answer the letter which you wrote me in December, 1803. I did not, however, forget your interesting young friend, from whom I had one letter from Constantinople and another from Cairo, where he now is. No request of *yours* could indeed be lightly esteemed by me.

"It happened to me a few days ago, in drawing up (merely for my own use) a short sketch of my life, that I had occasion to give a faithful statement of my recollection of the circumstances of my first acquaintance with you. On the most impartial survey of my early life, I could see nothing which tended so to excite and invigorate my understanding, and to direct it towards high, though, perhaps, scarcely accessible objects, as my intimacy with you. Five-and-twenty years are now past since we first met, yet hardly any thing has occurred which has left a deeper or more agreeable impression on my mind. I now remember the extraordinary union of brilliant fancy with acute intellect, which would have excited more admiration than it has done, if it had been dedicated to the amusement of the great and the learned, instead of being consecrated to the far more noble office of consoling, instructing, and reforming the poor and the forgotten."

"Sir James then delicately approaches his friend's mental malady, which was the probable cause of his writing.

"It is not," he continues, "given us to preserve an exact medium. Nothing is so difficult as to decide how much ideal models ought to be combined with experience; how much of the future ought to be let into the present, in the progress of the human mind. To ennoble and purify, without raising us above the sphere of our usefulness; to qualify us for what we ought to seek, without unfitting us for that to which we ought to submit, are great and difficult problems which can be but imperfectly solved.

"It is certain the child may be too manly, not only for his present enjoyments, but for his future prospects. Perhaps, my good friend, you have fallen into this error of superior natures. From this error has, I think, arisen that calamity with which it has pleased Providence to visit you: which, to a mind less fortified by reason and religion, I should not dare to mention; but which I really consider in you as little more than the indignant struggles of a pure mind with the low realities which surround it,—the fervent aspirations after regions more congenial to it,—and a momentary blindness produced by the contemplation of objects too bright for human vision. I may say, in this case, in a far grander sense than that in which the words were originally spoken by our great poet,

— "and yet
The light that led astray was light from Heaven."

"On your return to us, you must surely have found consolation in the only terrestrial produce which is pure and truly exquisite; in the affections and attachments you have inspired, which you were most worthy to inspire, and which no human pollution can rob of their heavenly nature. . . .

* From "Tait's Edinburgh Magazine."

I exhort you, my most worthy friend, to check your best propensities for the sake of obtaining their object. You cannot live *for* men without living *with* them. Serve God then by the active service of men. Contemplate more the good you can *do*, than the evil you can only *lament*. Allow yourself to see the loveliness of virtue amidst all its imperfections; and employ your vivid imagination, not so much by bringing it into contrast with the model of ideal perfection, as in gently blending some of the fainter colors of the latter with the brighter hues of real experienced excellence; thus heightening their beauty, instead of broadening the shade which must surround us till we awaken from this dream in other spheres of existence.*"

* "After spending some months among his relatives and friends in Leicestershire, Mr. Hall fixed his residence for some time at Enderby, a sequestered village near Leicester, where he gradually regained his bodily health and a renewed capacity for public usefulness. He soon began to preach in some of the adjacent villages, and occasionally to a small congregation assembling in Harvey Lane, Leicester, which had, several years before, been under the care of Mr. (now Dr.) Carey, the eminent missionary at Serampore. He at length received and accepted an invitation to become their stated pastor; and over this church, he presided for nearly twenty years, during which the attendance steadily increased, so that it was twice found necessary to enlarge the place of worship. In the year 1808, his marriage to a prudent and estimable woman, greatly added to his domestic comfort, and had a happy effect upon his spirits, while it contributed materially to promote the regularity of his habits. Altogether, his residence at Leicester, Dr. Gregory considers to have been undoubtedly the period in which Mr. Hall was most happy, active, and useful. His writings also, during this period, though by no means numerous, tended greatly to augment his influence upon society. The first of these, one of the most masterly of his productions, was his critique upon 'Zeal without Innovation,' published in the first series of 'The Eclectic Review.' This article, which he undertook at the earnest entreaty of the late Mr. Robinson of Leicester, was attacked with much bitterness in 'The Christian Observer,' and occasioned the first denunciation of clerical hostility against the journal in which it appeared. It obtained also a wide circulation in the form of a separate pamphlet. The sermon 'On the Discouragements and Supports of the Christian Ministry,' the Address to Eustace Carey, and the Funeral Oration for the Princess Charlotte, which rank among the author's most valuable and finished compositions, were also produced during his residence at Leicester; as well as various tracts, biographical sketches, reviews, and his polemical works relating to the Terms of Communion. His engagements for the press were not suffered, however, to draw him aside from his pastoral duties; nor did the almost constant pain which he suffered from his constitutional complaint, throughout the whole time of his residence at Leicester, diminish his mental energy. When it is

* From "The Eclectic Review."

known that, for more than twenty years, he was unable, through pain, to pass a whole night in bed, it will be thought surprising, Dr. Gregory remarks, that he wrote so much; nay, that he did not sink into premature dotage.

“Mr. Hall had attained his sixty-second year, when the death of Dr. Ryland, in 1825, led to his being invited to succeed to the pastoral charge over the Baptist church at Broadmead, Bristol, — the scene of his first continuous labors, and of his closing ministry. Some few of the friends of his early life survived to welcome his return among them; and every thing but the infirm state of his health, conspired to promote his own comfort there, as well as the prosperity of the society with which he had thus, after so long an interval, renewed a sacred connexion. As the indications of infirm age rapidly exhibited themselves, they were unaccompanied by a decaying mind or a querulous spirit. About six years before his death, he was attacked with a spasmodic affection of the chest, a phlethoric habit having been induced by his inability to take regular exercise. This disorder gradually increased, occasioning several alarming attacks, till at length, on the 10th of February, 1831, he was seized with the first of a series of paroxysms which terminated in his dissolution. For ten days, he suffered, with short intervals, great physical torture, without a murmur, without an expression of irritability; employing the moments of comparative ease to express his thankfulness to God for his unspeakable mercies, — his humble hope and entire submission, — his simple, unshaken reliance upon his Saviour, — and his affectionate acknowledgments of the care and assiduities of his family and friends around him. He also exhorted both the members of his family and others occasionally present, to make religion their chief and incessant concern; urging especially upon some of the younger persons, the duty of openly professing their attachment to Christ and his cause.

“‘When he was a little recovered from one of his severe paroxysms,’ says his medical attendant, Mr. Chandler, ‘I asked him whether he felt much pain. He replied that his sufferings were great: “but what (he added) are my sufferings to the sufferings of Christ? His sufferings were infinitely greater: his sufferings were complicated. God has been very merciful to me, — very merciful: I am a poor creature, — an unworthy creature; but God has been very kind, — very merciful.”’ He then alluded to the character of the sufferings of crucifixion, remarking, how intense and insufferable they must have been, and asked many minute questions on what I might suppose was the process by which crucifixion brought about death. He particularly inquired respecting the effect of pain, — the nervous irritation, — the thirst, — the oppression of breathing, — the disturbance of the circulation, — and the hurried action of the heart, till the conversation gradually brought him to a consideration of his own distress; when he again reverted to the lightness of his sufferings when contrasted with those of Christ. He spoke of our Lord’s “enduring the contradiction of sinners against himself,” — of the ingratitude and unkindness he received from those for whom he went about doing good, — of the combination of the mental and corporeal agonies sustained on the cross, — the length of time during which our Lord hung, — the exhaustion occasioned, &c.

He then remarked how differently he had been situated; that, though he had endured as much or more than fell to the lot of most men, yet all had been in mercy. I here remarked to him, that, with most persons, the days of ease and comfort were far more numerous than those of pain and sorrow. He replied: "But I have been a great sufferer in my time: it is, however, generally true: the dispensations of God have been merciful to me." He then observed, that a contemplation of the sufferings of Christ was the best antidote against impatience under any troubles we might experience; and recommended me to reflect much on this subject, when in pain or distress, or in expectation of death.' — p. 112.

"In the last agony, his sufferings extorted the exclamation, 'O the sufferings of this body!' 'But are you comfortable in your mind?' asked Mrs. Hall. 'Very comfortable, very comfortable,' was his reply; adding, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come.' — One of his daughters finished the imperfect sentence, by involuntarily supplying the word 'quickly'; on which her dying father gave her a look expressive of the most complacent delight. To the last moment, there was no failure of his mental vigor or composure; and almost his last articulate sentence intimated, with his accustomed courteousness, the fear that he should fatigue by his pressure the friend upon whom he leaned for support in wrestling with the last enemy. There was a terrible grandeur in the conflict. What a moment was that which succeeded to the final pang!" *

† "We have now exhibited Mr. Hall in various aspects, but we must give a specimen of his familiar conversation, his 'table-talk,' which was distinguished by great originality and vivacity; and which, had a Boswell been at hand, might have furnished an entertaining and instructive volume. The Rev. Mr. Balmer, of Berwick-upon-Tweed, has Boswellized three or four conversations, from which we copy the following passages. They are presumed not to be above his ordinary style in unbending with any literary and religious friend, and they are not equal to many of his occasional effusions.

"On informing him, that I had been perplexed with doubts as to the extent of the death of Christ, and expressing a wish to know his opinion, he replied, "There, Sir, my sentiments give me the advantage of you; for on that point I entertain no doubts whatever: I believe firmly in 'general redemption'; I often preach it, and I consider the fact, that 'Christ died for all men,' as the only basis that can support the universal offer of the Gospel." — "But you admit the doctrine of election, which necessarily implies limitation. Do you not think that election and particular redemption are inseparably connected?" — "I believe firmly," he rejoined, "in election, but I do not think it involves particular redemption; I consider the sacrifice of Christ as a remedy, not only adapted, but intended for all, and as placing all in a salvable state; as removing all barriers to their salvation, except such as arise from their own perversity and depravity. But God foresaw or knew that none would accept the remedy, merely of themselves, and

* "Mr. Hall expired, Feb. 21, 1831, having not quite completed his sixty-seventh year."

† From "The Christian Observer."

therefore, by what may be regarded as a separate arrangement, he resolved to glorify his mercy, by effectually applying salvation to a certain number of our race, through the agency of his Holy Spirit. I apprehend, then, that the limiting clause implied in election, refers not to the purchase, but to the application of redemption."

"In the course of our conversation respecting the extent of Christ's death, Mr. Hall expatiated at considerable length on the number and variety of the Scripture expressions, in which it seems to be either explicitly asserted or necessarily implied, that it was intended not for the elect exclusively, but for mankind generally, such as "the world," "all," "all men," "every man," &c. He made some striking remarks on the danger of twisting such expressions from their natural and obvious import, and on the absurdity of the interpretations put on them by some of the advocates of particular redemption. He mentioned, especially, the absurdity of explaining "the world," John iii. 16, to signify the elect world, as the text would then teach that some of the elect may not believe. He noticed farther, that the doctrine of general redemption was not only asserted expressly in many texts, but presupposed in others, such as "Destroy not with thy meat," &c. and "Denying the Lord that bought them;" and that it was incorporated with other parts of the Christian system, particularly with the universal offers and invitation of the Gospel."

"With regard to the question of "Terms of Communion," we had repeated conversations. On this subject he spoke with uncommon interest and animation; and seemed surprised at the arguments of those who were opposed to his views. I recollect, in particular, the effect produced on him, when I stated that I had heard Dr. Lawson, of Selkirk, declare, that he would not admit a Roman Catholic, not even Fenelon, or Pascal, to the table of the Lord: Mr. Hall, who had been previously reclining on three chairs, instantly raised himself on his elbow, and spoke without intermission and with great rapidity for nearly a quarter of an hour; expatiating on the amazing absurdity and presumption of rejecting those whom Christ receives, and of refusing to hold communion on earth with those with whom we hope to associate in heaven. During all this time his manner was exceedingly vehement, his other arm was in continual motion, and his eyes, naturally most piercing, were lighted up with unusual brilliancy."

"It was interesting and amusing to observe how Mr. Hall's exquisite sensibility to literary beauty, intermingled with, and qualified the operation of his principles and leanings, both as a Christian and Dissenter. Of this, I recollect various instances; but shall give only one. While conversing respecting Archbishop Magee, his talents, sentiments, conduct, &c., I quoted, as a proof of his high-church principles, a remark from a charge then newly published: it was to this effect: That the Roman Catholics have a church without a religion; the Dissenters have a religion without a church; but the Establishment has both a church and a religion. Mr. Hall had not heard the remark before, and was exceedingly struck with it. "That, Sir," he exclaimed, smiling, "is a beautiful saying. I have not heard so fine an observation for a long time. It is admirable. Sir." You admire it, I presume, for its point, not for its truth. H. "I admire it, Sir, for its plausibility and cleverness. It is false, and yet it seems to contain a mass of truth. It is an excellent stone for a churchman to pelt with."

"*Balmer.* May I ask, Sir, what writers you would most recommend to a young minister? H. "Why, Sir, I feel very incompetent to give directions on that head; I can only say that I have learned far more from John Howe, than from any other author I ever read. There is an astonishing magnificence in his conceptions. He had not the same perception of the beautiful, as of the sublime; and hence his endless subdivisions." B. That was the

fault of his age. *H.* "In part, Sir; but he has more of it than many of the writers of that period, than Barrow, for example, who was somewhat earlier. There was, I think, an innate inaptitude in Howe's mind for discerning minute graces and proprieties, and hence his sentences are often long and cumbersome. Still he was unquestionably the greatest of the Puritan divines."

"After adverting to several of Howe's works, Mr. Hall said, in reference to his 'Blessedness of the Righteous': 'Perhaps, Baxter's 'Saint's Rest' is fitted to make a deeper impression on the majority of readers. Baxter enforces a particular idea with extraordinary clearness, force, and earnestness. His appeals to the conscience are irresistible. Howe, again, is distinguished by calmness, self-possession, majesty, and comprehensiveness; and for my own part, I decidedly prefer him to Baxter. I admire, exceedingly, his 'Living Temple,' his sermon on the 'Redeemer's Tears,' &c.; but, in my opinion, the best thing he ever wrote, is his defence of the severity of the Gospel offer. I refer to the treatise, called, the 'Reconcilableness of God's Prescience of the Sins of Men, with his Counsels, Exhortations, and whatever other Means he used to prevent them.' This I regard as the most profound, the most philosophical, and the most valuable of all Howe's writings."

"*B.* Do you think highly of Dr. Owen? *H.* "No, Sir, by no means. Have you read much of Owen, Sir; do you admire him?" *B.* I have read his Preliminary Exercitations to his great work on the Hebrews; his exposition of particular verses here and there; his book on church government; and some of his smaller treatises. I do not greatly admire him, nor have I learned much from him. *H.* "You astonish me, Sir, by your patience. You have accomplished a Herculean undertaking in reading Owen's Preliminary Exercitations. To me he is intolerably heavy and prolix."

"*"Pray, Sir,"* I said, "do you admire Macknight as a commentator?" "Yes, Sir," he replied, "I do, very much; I think it would be exceedingly difficult indeed to come after him in expounding the Apostolic Epistles. I admit, at the same time, that he has grievous deficiencies: there is a lamentable want of spirituality and elevation about him. He never sets his foot in the other world if he can get a hole to step into in this; and he never gives a passage a meaning which would render it applicable and useful in all ages, if he can find in it any local or temporary allusion. He makes fearful havoc, Sir, of the text on which you preached to-day. His exposition of it is inimitably absurd." The text referred to was Ephesians i. 8. "Wherein he hath abounded towards us in all wisdom and prudence;" and the "wisdom and prudence" are explained by Macknight, not of the wisdom of God, as displayed in the scheme of redemption, but of the wisdom and prudence granted to the Apostles to enable them to discharge their office.

"*"Mr. Hall repeatedly referred to Dr. —, (query, Chalmers?) 'and always in high admiration of his general character. The following are some remarks, respecting that extraordinary individual. 'Pray, Sir, did you ever know any man who had that singular faculty of repetition possessed by Dr. —? Why, Sir, he often reiterates the same thing ten or twelve times in the course of a few pages. Even Burke himself had not so much of that peculiarity. His mind resembles that optical instrument lately invented: what do you call it?" B.* You mean, I presume, the kaleidoscope. *H.* "Yes, Sir, it is just as if thrown into a kaleidoscope. Every turn presents the object in a new and a beautiful form; but the object presented is still the same. Have you not been struck, Sir, with the degree in which Dr. — possesses this faculty?" "Do you not think,

sir," I replied, "that he has either far too much of this faculty, or that he indulges it to a faulty excess?" H. "Yes, Sir, certainly: his mind seems to move on hinges, not on wheels. There is incessant motion, but no progress. When he was at Leicester, he preached a most admirable sermon, on the necessity of immediate repentance; but there were only two ideas in it, and on these his mind revolved as on a pivot."—pp. 118–122.

"The following are specimens of table-talk communicated by other friends.

"On the return of the Bourbons to France, in 1814, a gentleman called upon Mr. Hall, in the expectation that he would express himself in terms of the utmost delight on account of that signal event. Mr. Hall said, "I am sorry for it, Sir. The cause of knowledge, science, freedom, and pure religion, on the Continent, will be thrown back half a century; the intrigues of the Jesuits will be revived; and Popery will be resumed in France with all its mummery, but with no power, except the power of persecution." This opinion was expressed about six weeks before the issuing of the Pope's bull for the revival of the order of Jesuits in Europe, 7th August, 1814.

"A few years afterwards, Mr. Hall, on an allusion being made to the battle of Waterloo, remarked, "I have scarcely thought of the unfulfilled prophecies, since that event. It overturned all the interpretations which had been previously advanced by those who had been thought sound theologians, and gave new energy to the Pope and the Jesuits, both of whom seemed rapidly coming to nothing, as the predictions seemed to teach. That battle, and its results, seemed to me to put back the clock of the world six degrees."—p. 124.

"On being asked if he had read the Life of Bishop Watson, then (in 1818) recently published, he replied that he had, and regretted it, as it had lowered his estimate of the bishop's character. Being asked, why? he expressed his reluctance to enlarge upon the subject; but added, "Poor man, I pity him! He married public virtue in his early days, but seemed for ever afterwards to be quarrelling with his wife."

"He did not like Dr. Gill as an author. When Mr. Christmas Evans was in Bristol, he was talking to Mr. Hall about the Welch language, which he said was very copious and expressive. "How I wish, Mr. Hall, that Dr. Gill's works had been written in Welch." "I wish they had, Sir; I wish they had, with all my heart, for then I should never have read them. They are a continent of mud, Sir."

"John Wesley having been mentioned, he said, "The most extraordinary thing about him was, that while he set all in motion, he was himself perfectly calm and phlegmatic: he was the quiescence of turbulence."

"He spoke of Whitfield as presenting a contrast in the mediocrity of his writings to the wonderful power of his preaching: of the latter there could be no doubt, however; but it was of a kind not to be represented in writing; "it is impossible to paint eloquence."—p. 125.

Some other specimens of his conversation are given in "Tait's Magazine."

"When Dr. Gregory carried him Dr. Parr's renowned 'Spital Sermon,' he hastily turned over the leaves, greatly amused by the cursory examination. 'What a profusion of Greek, Sir! Why, if I were to write so, they would call me a pedant; but it is all natural in Parr. What a strange medley, Sir! The gownsmen will

call him *Farrago Parr.* When his eye fell at last upon the notes which refer to his own Sermon on *Modern Infidelity*, his countenance underwent the most rapid changes. 'Poor man! poor man!' he exclaimed, throwing down the book in pity, 'I am sorry for him. He is certainly insane, Sir! Where were his friends, Sir? Was there nobody to sift the folly out of his notes, and prevent its publication? Poor man!' We must set the learned Doctor right with such of the public as may not see these notes. They are generally highly complimentary; but even the *Whig* Dr. Parr saw and hinted at inconsistency between the opinions of the 'Apology for the Freedom of the Press,' and those of the Sermon on *Modern Infidelity*; and hence, probably, the extreme sensitiveness of Hall. Of Dugald Stewart he had a slighter opinion than that commonly adopted in Scotland. 'He is,' said Hall, 'a feeble writer. I would never compare him with any of our great metaphysicians, — with Malebranche, or Locke, or Berkeley, or even with Tucker. Reid had a more original and vigorous mind than Stewart; and Campbell, I suspect, was superior to both. There is also too much egotism and pride about Stewart. He is always polishing away at the corner of a subject; but he could not rear a system of his own.' He, however, admired Stewart's style."

"Though Hall was himself a man of high and warm imagination, and brilliant fancy, his truly noble mind sympathized far more strongly with moral than with intellectual greatness. Hence his low opinion of Lord Byron, the idol of the day. 'I tried to read Childe Harold,' he said to a friend, 'but could not get on, and gave it up.' 'But, Sir,' replied the friend, 'independently of the mere poetry, it must be interesting to contemplate such a remarkable mind as Byron's.' — 'It is well enough, Sir, to have a general acquaintance with such a character; but I know not why we should take pleasure in minutely investigating deformity.'

"When some one admired Madame de Staël's 'flights of fancy,' Hall said, 'He could not for his part admire her flights, for to him she was generally invisible; not because she ascended to a great height above the earth, but because she invariably selected a foggy atmosphere.' This lady, it may be remembered, was almost worshipped by his friend Sir James Mackintosh. Of the powers of that celebrated person, with an allowance for the natural partiality of early friendship, Mr. Hall appears to have formed a true and penetrating estimate. 'I know no man,' he said emphatically in conversation, 'equal to Sir James in talents. The powers of his mind are admirably balanced; he is defective only in imagination;' and, by imagination, Hall appears to have understood originality, power, invention. At his statement of the defect of imagination, his friend expressed surprise; remarking, 'That he never could have suspected that the author of the eloquent oration for Peltier* was

* "Dr. Gregory notices that Sir James, in this defence, draws liberally upon his friend's Sermon on *Modern Infidelity*, and the remark is quite just."

deficient in fancy.' Hall replied, 'Well, Sir, I don't wonder at your remark. The truth is, he has imagination, too; but with him imagination is an acquisition rather than a faculty. He has, however, plenty of embellishment at command; for his memory retains every thing. His mind is a spacious repository, hung round with beautiful images; and, when he wants one, he has nothing to do but reach up his hand to a peg and take it down. But his images are not manufactured in his mind; they are imported.' Mr. Hall believed the genius of his friend, Sir James, essentially metaphysical, and Mr. Balmer expressed admiration of some of his philosophical papers in 'The Edinburgh Review'; his article on Madame de Staël's 'Germany,'* and on Dugald Stewart's 'Preliminary Dissertation,' among others; yet said there seemed a *heaviness* about them, and that Mr. Jeffrey could expound a metaphysical theory with more vivacity and effect. 'With more vivacity, perhaps,' returned Hall; 'but not with equal judgment. He would not go so deep, Sir. I am persuaded, that if Sir James Mackintosh had enjoyed leisure, and had exerted himself, he could have completely outdone Jeffrey, Stewart, and all the metaphysical writers of our time.'

"Though Hall was himself fond of metaphysical studies, he felt their barrenness and inutility. A friend observed to him, that, admitting those studies did not terminate in profitable discoveries, still they were advantageous as a field for cultivating and invigorating the mental powers. Mr. Hall's ready reply was characteristic of his acuteness and brilliancy, and also of the soundness of his understanding: 'An arena,' he says, 'not a *field*. Metaphysics yield no fruit. They are not a field. They are only an arena, to which a man who has got nothing to do may go down sometimes, and try his skill in intellectual gladiatorship. This at present is their chief recommendation.' His favorite authors were such as discovered, on abstract subjects, 'subtilty, depth, or vigor of thought.' In this class he placed, we are told, the late Jeremy Bentham; for whom he entertained the highest estimation, as an original, profound, and accurate thinker; observing that in the particular province of his speculations, the science of legislation, he had advanced to the limits of reason; and that if he were compelled to legislate for the world upon uninspired principles, he should take Bentham, and go from state to state with as firm a step as though he walked upon a pavement of adamant."

"Hall was, indeed, a brilliant and powerful *talker*; combining the strength of Johnson, with a vigor of imagination peculiar to himself. The few scattered sentences we have still to give, show something both of his mind and his manner. Some one remarked, in his hearing, that compliments are pleasing truths, and flatteries *pleasing* untruths. 'Neither,' said Hall, 'are pleasing to a man

* "Of this work, so favorably reviewed by Sir James Mackintosh, Hall entertained an almost contemptible opinion; having discovered that the authoress spoke of a well-known *idealist* as an opponent of the ideal theory, and, from thence, inferring her ignorance of German philosophy."

of reflection ; for the falsehoods in this case so nearly assume the semblance of truth, that one is perplexed to tell which is actually given ; and no man is pleased with perplexity.' Of compliments, he also often said, 'Two and two do not make four, and twenty and twenty fall far short of forty ; deal not, then, in that deceitful arithmetic.' "

"Of a penurious person, a friend said, 'Poor wretch ! you might put his soul into a nut-shell.' 'Yes, Sir,' replied Hall, 'and even then it would creep out at a maggot-hole.'

"On being asked if Dr. Kippis was not a clever man ; Hall said, 'He might be a very clever man by nature, for aught I know ; but he laid so many books upon his head that his brain could not move.' Disgusted, on one occasion, by the egotism and conceit of a preacher, who, with a mixture of self-complacency and impudence, challenged his admiration of a sermon ; Mr. Hall, who possessed strong powers of satire, which he early learned to repress, was provoked to say, 'Yes, there was one very fine passage in your discourse, Sir.' 'I am rejoiced to hear you say so,—what was it?' 'Why, Sir, it was *the passage from the pulpit into the vestry.*'

"In confessing that he had been led into the folly of imitating Dr. Johnson, he said, 'I aped Johnson, and I preached Johnson, and, I am afraid, with little more of evangelical sentiment than is to be found in his essays ; but it was a youthful folly, and it was a very great folly. I might as well have attempted to dance a horn-pipe in the cumbrous costume of Gog and Magog. My puny thoughts could not sustain the load of the words in which I tried to clothe them.' In speaking of Johnson himself, he said, 'He shone strongly on the angles of a thought.'

"But Mr. Hall had a higher style of conversation, in which fancy, playfulness, and point were laid aside, or made subservient to the inculcation of some great moral lesson. To a clergyman who, from evil habit, had become fond of brandy and water, to an extent that involved his character and his peace, Mr. Hall, by a premeditated effort, when the brandy-bibber asked for the favorite beverage, replied, 'Call things by their right name, and you shall have as much as you please.' 'Why ! don't I employ the right name ? I ask for a glass of brandy and water.' 'That is the current, but not the appropriate name ; ask for a glass of *liquid fire and distilled damnation*, and you shall have a gallon.' The poor man became pale, and seemed struggling with anger. 'But,' says Hall, 'knowing I did not mean to insult him, he stretched out his hand and said, "Brother Hall, I thank you from the bottom of my heart ;" and from that time he ceased to take *brandy and water.*' "

We will subjoin but one more specimen of his conversation. In 1824, Hall declared, that "he never looked into the Eclectic or any Review." "We are doomed," he said, "to receive our first impression and opinions of books from some of the wickedest, and others of the stupidest of men ; men, some of whom have not sense to write upon any subject, nor others honesty to read what they

pretend to criticize, yet sit in judgment upon all performances, and issue their ignorant and foolish oracles to the public."

It does not appear what Hall at this time thought of his own reviews, or in which class he ranked his friends, Sir James Mackintosh and John Foster, or such reviewers as the present Lord Chancellor, the Lord Advocate of Scotland, and the Rev. Sidney Smith, or Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Southey, Bishop Heber, or Mr. Bowring, or where he would probably have placed Mr. Macaulay. For the occasional intemperance and extravagance of his language, both in writing and conversation, his physical infirmities, affecting even his mind, afford an excuse which no one can hesitate to admit. But we must distinguish between what is to be excused and what is to be praised; and in Hall's conversation, truth seems sometimes to have been sacrificed to a passionate, perhaps brilliant, expression of temporary feelings.

[Translated from the "Journal des Savans," for December, 1832.]

ART. VI. — *Translation of several principal Books, Passages, and Texts of the Vedas, and of some Controversial Works of Brahminical Theology.* By RAJAH RAMMOHUN ROY. Second Edition. London. 1832.

FEW works combine so many claims to the attention of those who devote themselves to the study of the religion and philosophy of the Hindoos, as this collection of translations of certain portions of the Vedas, and of controversial works by the celebrated Braman, Rajah Rammohun Roy. That a Bramin should travel and go to England, to publish an edition of works, written by himself, and designed as an attack on the Hindoo polytheism, is a circumstance so singular, that it may well excite wonder in those, who, knowing the difficulty of inducing the Hindoos to renounce their ancient opinions and adopt those of Europe, have believed that this change could never be brought about. It must be allowed that Rammohun Roy is the most distinguished Bramin who has been led to embrace European opinions, by intercourse with the enlightened men, to whom, from the first, has been entrusted the administration of the government, established by the English in India. But he certainly is not the only one on whom our systems have exerted a salutary influence; and when Sir William Jones, in his zeal for the study of Sanscrit literature, took lessons of the Bramins Radhacantadeva and Servoroutrivedi, he took the first step towards forming a more intimate connexion between Europe and India, and taught his successors how to render it lasting and advantageous. When an Englishman became the disciple of a Bramin, the Hindoos could scarcely fail to acknowledge in those

who governed them, a sincere desire to acquaint themselves with the institutions, usages, and opinions, to which India has, for ages, faithfully adhered. And, on the other hand, the view of that complicated social organization, and that vast system, in which religion, laws, and manners, respectively derive support from their close union, enabled the English to estimate the causes of its continuance, and convinced them that time, which had hitherto maintained, alone could modify or destroy it. If this connexion has secured to India the preservation of her religion and laws, England owes to it her continued possession of India, and to the learned throughout Europe, it has afforded the means of studying this remarkable country, in the monuments of her literature; for the Bramins have not been slow to become the disciples of those, who had first consented to receive instruction from them; and the numerous works in Sanscrit and Bengalee, whose printing they have superintended at Calcutta, prove their eagerness to profit by European improvements, and to communicate their literary treasures to the West. A sentiment like that of which they had been the object, curiosity, soon led them to study our arts and sciences. A knowledge of the English language, spread among them; and a learned Bramin, Rammohun Roy, who writes it with great ease, felt a desire to become acquainted with Hebrew and Greek, in order to read our sacred books in the original.

Rajah Rammohun Roy was born about 1780, at Burdwan, in Bengal, of a noble family of Bramins. His education commenced in his father's house, where he learned Persian. After studying logic and arithmetic, at Patna, in Arabic translations of Aristotle and Euclid, he went to Calcutta, to acquaint himself with the sacred language of the Bramins, the Sanscrit. In 1804, or 1805, the death of his father and two brothers left him master of a considerable fortune. He settled at Moorshedabad, where his ancestors had resided, and began his literary career, by a work in Persian, with a preface in Arabic, "Against the Idolatry of all Religions." The boldness of his principles excited both the Hindoos and Mahometans against him, and he felt obliged to withdraw to Calcutta, where he took up his abode in 1814. After some years, he was appointed Collector of the public revenues, in the Presidency of Bengal. The duties of his office obliged him to learn English, which he was soon able to speak and write with remarkable ease and elegance. He also applied himself to Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and acquired sufficient knowledge of the two last languages, to be able to quote, in his controversial pieces, the original texts of the Old and New Testaments. From that time, he devoted himself with the greatest zeal to the accomplishment of the task which he had undertaken, a reformation in the worship of the Hindoos, and the propagation of Theism. The object of his numerous publications, was to establish the existence of one, eternal, infinite God, who requires of his worshippers no homage but the

practice of strict morality.* He published, successively, in Bengalee and in English, extracts from the Vedas, to prove that these ancient books taught nothing but the purest Theism. Regarding the New Testament in reference to the same object, he published in Sanscrit, Bengalee, and English, "The Precepts of Jesus"; that is to say, the morality of the Gospel, detached from the historical and doctrinal parts. This work was attacked by the learned missionary, Marshman, of Serampore.† Rammohun Roy undertook the defence of his book; and, in three pamphlets, entitled, "First, Second, and Third Appeal to the Christian Public," he continued to maintain the independence of morality, and endeavoured to prove that the doctrine of the Trinity is not positively expressed, either in the Old or New Testament; and, moreover, that it cannot be admitted, since every argument insisted on against polythe-

[* This account will not convey a correct impression of the opinions expressed by Rammohun Roy. He never states or implies that the worship of God consists solely in strict morality. On the contrary, he constantly distinguishes the one from the other, as different, though always to be united. The reader may judge from such passages as the following, to which every thing in his writings corresponds.

"The Vedant shows, that moral principle is a part of the adoration of God, viz. a command over passions and over the external senses of the body, and good acts are declared by the Ved to be indispensable in the mind's approximation to God; they should therefore be strictly taken care of, and attended to, both previously and subsequently to such approximation to the Supreme Being; that is to say, we should not indulge our evil propensities, but should endeavour to have entire control over them: reliance on and self-resignation to the only true Being, with an aversion to worldly considerations, are included in the good acts above alluded to." — *Translation of an Abridgment of the Vedant*

In the introduction to the *Ishopanished*, he says, "Under these impressions, therefore, I have been impelled to lay before my countrymen genuine translations of parts of their Scriptures, which inculcate not only the enlightened worship of One God, but the purest principles of morality."

In his answer to an attack upon his system by a Bramin of Calcutta, he says: "The learned Brahmun attempts to prove the impossibility of an adoration of the deity, saying, 'That which cannot be conceived, cannot be worshipped;' should the learned Brahmun consider a full conception of the nature, essence, or qualities of the Supreme Being, or a physical picture truly representing the Almighty power, with offerings of flowers, leaves, and viands, as essential to adoration, I agree with the learned Brahmun with respect to the impossibility of the worship of God. But should adoration imply only the elevation of the mind to the conviction of the existence of the omnipresent deity, as testified by his wise and wonderful works, and continual contemplation of his power as so displayed; together with a constant sense of the gratitude which we naturally owe him, for our existence, sensation, and comfort, — I never will hesitate to assert that his adoration is not only possible, and practicable, but even incumbent upon every rational creature." — *Second Defence of the Monotheistical System of the Veds* — EDD.]

[† In a periodical work, edited and principally written by him, entitled, "The Friend of India." There also appeared "A Defence of some important Scripture Doctrines, being a Reply to certain Objections urged against them in two Appeals, lately made to the Christian Public. In twelve Essays; five extracted from the Works of the late Rev. T. Scott, and seven by the Baptist Missionaries of Calcutta." 8vo. Calcutta. 1822. The last seven essays, we suppose, were chiefly or wholly by Marshman. — EDD.]

ism, may be adduced with equal force against the doctrine of a plurality of persons in God.*

Of the various works of Rammohun Roy, mentioned in this brief notice, we are now called to examine only those whose especial object is to restore the Braminical religion to its primitive purity, by demonstrating that the books which contain its fundamental principles, far from favoring the modern polytheism, declare most unequivocally the unity of God. They are translations of passages taken from the Vedas, or of recent works, written by Rammohun Roy, in defence of his theory. To the first of the original portions taken from the ancient books of the Bramins themselves, Rammohun Roy has given this title: "Translation of an Abridgment of the Vedant, or Resolution of all the Veds; the most celebrated and revered Work of Brahminical Theology; establishing the Unity of the Supreme Being; and that He alone is the object of propitiation and worship."† This tract, which first appeared at Calcutta, in 1816, is preceded by a short preface, in which the learned Bramin makes a noble defence against the attacks brought upon him, in consequence of his attempts to substitute the purer worship of one, only God, for the Indian polytheism. The author informs us, that for the original work, of which he publishes only an abridgment, we are indebted to Vyasa [Byas], the compiler of the Vedas, of which this work forms a complete and compendious abstract. Rammohun Roy had already published it in Hindoostanee, in Bengalee, and afterwards in English, and it again appears in this last language, in the volume before us. As there were already, in India, several abridgments of the philosophy of the Vedant, and as Rammohun Roy may have consulted some of these, while preparing his own, it were perhaps to be wished, that he had gone more into detail, respecting the method pursued by him in this abstract; and that he had informed us, whether he made the commentary of Shankara on these doctrines the basis of his work, thus blending, as is inevitable, when a continuous translation is not given, the interpretations of the commentary, with the words of the original text. We believe that Rammohun

* I have already given these particulars respecting Rammohun Roy, which I believe to be correct, in a work, which, from circumstances entirely beyond my control, was never completed. As this work has not been widely circulated, I thought there could be no objection to introducing this short notice again in this place.

† Of this tract, Rammohun Roy himself gives, in his Introduction to it, the following account: "The whole body of the Hindoo theology, law, and literature, is contained in the Veds, which are affirmed to be coëval with the creation! These works are extremely voluminous; and being written in the most elevated and metaphorical style, are, as may be well supposed, in many passages seemingly confused and contradictory. Upwards of two thousand years ago, the great Byas [Vyasa], reflecting on the perpetual difficulty arising from these sources, composed with great discrimination a complete and compendious abstract of the whole; and also reconciled those texts, which appeared to stand at variance. This work he termed *The Vedant*, which, compounded of two Sung-scrit words, signifies *The resolution of all the Veds*. It has continued to be most

Roy has adopted this plan; he has at least cited, in his abridgment, many maxims of Bâdarâyana himself, which he brings in support of the principles, whose explanation he has undertaken. This abridgment of the Vedant may therefore be regarded as a brief but apparently comprehensive compend, of the doctrine contained in the *Bṛuhmasôûtra* of Bâdarâyana, as explained by the ancient commentators, and especially by the most celebrated of all, Shankarâchârya; and although, in a critical point of view, we consider this abstract inferior to that which Mr. Colebrook has given us, in his learned treatise on the *Outtaramîmânsâ*, it will retain some value, until the maxims of Bâdarâyana, with a commentary like that of Shankara, may be translated entire. *

The title of the second piece is: "Translation of the Moonduk-Opunishud of the Uthurvu-Ved, according to the gloss of Shankarâchârya." It first appeared at Calcutta, in 1819. We know that the text of this work was printed in Sanscrit, in the same city, but we have never been able to procure a copy of it; and we are acquainted with the *Moonduk*, only through the version which Anquetil has given of it, from the Persian, and through some parts of the gloss of Shankara, of which there is a manuscript copy in the King's Library. It is matter of regret, that this gloss is so blended with the text, that the latter can with difficulty be distinguished from it. A comparison of the version of Rammohun Roy, with those passages of the text of the *Moonduk* which we are able to ascertain, authorizes us to think it, in general, correct. We venture to believe, however, that, in some passages, it is less faithful than that of Anquetil-Duperron, in his *Oupnekhat*; a work, which, notwithstanding some Persian interpolations, and an arrangement often unintelligible, has been, in our opinion at least, much too

highly revered by all the Hindoos; and in place of the more diffused arguments of the Veds, is always referred to as equal authority. But, from its being concealed within the dark curtain of the Sanscrit language, and the Brahmuns permitting themselves alone to interpret, or even to touch any book of the kind, the Vedant, although perpetually quoted, is little known to the public: and the practice of few Hindoos indeed bears the least accordance with its precepts!

"In pursuance of my vindication, I have, to the best of my abilities, translated this hitherto unknown work, as well as an abridgment thereof, into the Hindoostanee and Bengalee languages; and distributed them, free of cost, among my own countrymen as widely as circumstances have possibly allowed. The present is an endeavour to render an abridgment of the same into English, by which I expect to prove to my European friends, that the superstitious practices, which deform the Hindoo religion, have nothing to do with the pure spirit of its dictates!" — EDD.]

"A work is announced, which seems intended to supply this deficiency: it is the "Shankara" of M. Windishman, Jun. But we have not seen this work, and can say nothing further even about the title, "Shankara," the only thing we know of it. We shall not here speak of a publication of the utmost importance in the study of Hindoo philosophy, the maxims of "Sânkhya," by the learned Professor. M. Lassen. We hope, at some future time, to invite attention to this valuable work, in which a profound knowledge of the Sanscrit language is united with a rare sagacity.

severely criticized.* In those passages in which the successive creations of the Supreme Being are enumerated, we observe, in the interpretation of Rammohun Roy,† and that of Anquetil,‡ differences which it seem to us difficult to reconcile. Take the version of Rammohun Roy: "From her [Nature] the first operating sensitive particle of the world, styled Bruhma, the source of the faculties proceeds. *From the faculties, the five elements are produced; thence spring the seven divisions of the world, whereon ceremonial rites, with their consequences, are brought forth.*" The same passage is thus translated, in the *Oupnekhat* of Anquetil; "Primum alimentum fit; post alimentum *pran* fit, id est anima; post animam, cor fit; post cor, sata fiunt; post sata, omnis mundus fit; post mundum, opus fit; et post opus, merces operis." Here we think the advantage is on the side of Anquetil-Duperron; for, in the manuscript of the *Moonduk*, at least so far as we were able to separate the text from the notes of Shankara, we find a passage which signifies; "From him proceeds nutriment; from nutriment, life; from life, the soul; from the soul, what is endowed with existence; from what is endowed with existence, the seven worlds; in the seven worlds, works; and from works, immortal consequences." The commentary of Shankara clearly intimates that by *him* we are to understand Brahma, the Supreme Being, and not *nature*, of which we find no mention made in the text. From nutriment proceeds the breath of life, the Sanscrit term for which Anquetil is satisfied with copying into his translation. In rendering this term, Rammohun Roy certainly follows the commentary of Shankara, and the sense which he has assigned to it is also corroborated by the signification frequently given in the philosophy of the Vedant to *prāna*, life; that is, the union of all the senses and organs. Shankara also identifies *prāna* with the Being, who, in the other *Opunishuds*, is called *Hiranyagarbha*. But it must be allowed that the translation of Rammohun Roy is not so much a literal version, as a gloss which departs somewhat from the simplicity of the text. The *manus*, or the soul, which the text obviously makes distinct from the life, from which it proceeds, is, in this gloss, confounded with it; the commentary adds, that it is formed of will and choice, of doubt and affirmation, &c. "From the soul proceeds the *satyam*," a word which literally signifies the *truth*, but which, I think, should be translated by the expression, "what is indued with existence."

Shankara explains this word by the combination of the five elements, ether, &c., and the English translator adopts this interpretation. The conclusion of the text presents no difficulties, and the English version is a perfect reflection of it, with the exception

* Oupnekhat. Vol. I. p. 375, sqq.

† Page 28 of the work we are considering.

‡ Oupnekhat, Vol. I. p. 377.

of the word *amrita* [immortal], which is not translated in the clause, "and from works, *immortal* consequences." We think the translator ought to have rendered it; for this belief in the lasting consequences which result from the actions performed by man in this life, is a very characteristic feature in the religious opinions of the Hindoos, and a tenet which we find expressed in the most ancient monuments of their philosophy. Otherwise, we can find no meaning in the doctrine of the Metempsychosis, nor any reason for the existence of good and evil in this world. It would have been well to have followed here the comment of Shankara, who says expressly: "As actions are not annihilated by hundreds of *Crores* of *Kalpas*, (ten millions of creations of the world), so neither do their consequences cease."

It must be admitted, that we are naturally led to regard the monuments of Hindoo philosophy in a different light from that, in which they appear to the learned and distinguished author of these translations. Speaking to his countrymen, or to Europeans, who, from a residence among the Hindoos, have become acquainted with their manners, customs, and cast of mind, he has omitted some particulars, which, in Europe, we are eager to obtain, since we know as little of them as of the leading ideas with which they are connected. A custom which needs only to be mentioned to an Indian, to be understood, is wholly unintelligible to us, unless a commentary come to our aid. This passage, for example, of the version of Rammohun Roy: "The eighteen members of rites and sacrifices, *void of the true knowledge*, are infirm and perishable," leaves us in doubt what to understand by "the eighteen members of rites." The commentary puts an end to all uncertainty, by telling us that we are to understand by it, the sixteen officiating priests, called *Ritvidj*,* him for whom the sacrifice is performed, and his wife.

We regret that we do not possess a more complete and correct text of this curious *Opunishud*, that we might carefully examine the English translation. We need not express our sincere belief, that the utmost fidelity has guided the profound learning of the translator. But as his design, in publishing these portions of the Vedas, is to prove that the sole object of those ancient books, is to recommend the worship of one only God, we wish to be certain that the translator has not suffered himself to be biassed by a preconceived system. Those only who possess the volume of the *Opunishuds*, published at Calcutta, can form a correct opinion on this point. We can only say, that the *Ishopanishud* and the *Cena Opunishud*, of which M. Pauthier has lately reprinted the text,†

* I will point out, in another place, how this Sanscrit name of the officiating priest, is expressed in the Zend tongue; and show that this is not the only instance of ancient correspondence between the Zend and the Sanscrit, between which dialects we find so many mythological analogies of the deepest interest, as *Vasichtha*, and the Zend, *Vahista*; *Krishdshva*, and the Persian, *Guestchasp*; and the name of the mountain *Bordj* itself, in Sanscrit, *Vrihat*.

† In his Memoir on the Doctrine of the Tao.

seem to be translated with all the accuracy that can be required of an author, who undertakes the difficult task of transplanting into a European language, conceptions sometimes so elevated, and expressions always so concise, as those which form the ground-work of the Vedas. The translation of the *Kuth-Opunishud*, and that of a "A Treatise adapted to recommend the Divine Worship, considered, by those who believe in the Revelation of the Veds, most appropriate to the Nature of the Supreme Being," undoubtedly possess the same merit. The latter piece is a short commentary on the prayer entitled *Gâyatri*, regarded as the essence of the Vedas.* In these various works, we find the English word *God*, used to render the Sanscrit term *Brahma*; whence it follows, that, in the opinion of the learned translator, the latter word excites in the mind of an enlightened Hindoo, precisely the same ideas that the word *God* conveys to the mind of a European.† *Brahma* is called the *one, infinite, eternal* Being; and, in each of these characters, the translator recognises one of the attributes, which enter into the definition of God, as he is conceived of by the different sects of Christians. We do not pretend to question the profound learning and accurate judgment of a man like Rammohun Roy, nor to controvert his opinion on subjects, concerning which both his situation and studies give him means of information, as extensive as our own are limited. We doubt, however, whether a Christian would admit the definition, *soul of the world*, which the Hindoos give of their God; yet the figures and expressions employed in the texts of the four *Opunishuds*, to give an idea of what the Hindoos understand by *Brahma*, all convey this notion. It cannot be denied that this conception is carried to a high degree of abstraction; but it does not appear to us entirely disengaged from material ideas, and it bears traces of the point of view under which it was originally formed.‡ If *Brahma* is called *one*, it is

[* See Sir W. Jones's Works, 8vo. Vol. XIII. p. 367.]

[† "d'où il suit, que dans l'opinion du savant traducteur, ce dernier mot réveille dans l'esprit du Hindou éclairé exactement les mêmes notions, que celui de *Dieu* dans l'esprit d'un Européen." This language is obviously loose and inaccurate; since different Europeans and different Christians entertain very different, and many, without doubt, very erroneous conceptions of the Divinity. The only question is, whether one who acknowledges the existence and character of the being called *Brahma*, as described in certain passages of the sacred books of the Hindoos, quoted by Rammohun Roy, may not be considered as believing in the one God; or whether there is any improper use of language in applying the name of God to the being so represented. The present use of the term must be greatly restricted, if we limit it only to the most correct conception which man can form of the Divinity.

Brahma, it may here be observed, is not strictly the proper name of the Supreme Being in the Hindoo theology, but *Brahm*. *Brahma* is properly only one of the first three hypostases in which the Deity is conceived of as having manifested himself; but a certain prééminence over the other two, *Siva* and *Vishnu*, was originally ascribed to him, and "both in the *Upanishads* and *Purans* he is identified with the Supreme Being." — See Col. Vans Kennedy's *Ancient and Hindoo Mythology*, p. 270. EDD.]

[‡ We do not understand how a Hindoo immaterialist can admit *Brahma*, or

because one only soul, to which all individual souls return, animates and sustains nature. The unity attributed to him, is the notion of totality, rather than of pure unity. To the imagination of a Hindoo, the universal soul is little more than the aggregate of individual souls, which are detached portions of it, and which subsist separately, only during the continuance of the mortal body which encloses and confines them. The great law of the soul is to escape from this thralldom, even during the present life, and unite itself in thought to the soul of the world; for the individual soul is but the universal soul; the soul of man is God himself, an assertion which leads directly to the most extravagant mysticism, and which a Christian would reject as blasphemy. *

If we may be permitted to notice these shades of difference, between the idea which the word *Brahma* suggests to us, and that which we attach to the word *God*, it cannot, on the other hand, be denied, that the translator has demonstrated most clearly the superiority of the primitive worship inculcated in the Vedas, over the polytheism which has prevailed exclusively in India, from ancient times. This is the object of three works, composed by Rammohun Roy himself, under the following titles: "A Defence of Hindoo Theism, in Reply to the Attack of an Advocate of Idolatry, at Madras," (Calcutta, 1817): "A Second Defence of the Monotheistical System of the Veds, in Reply to an Apology for the present State of Hindoo Worship," (Calcutta, same year): and "A Defence of a Search after final Happiness, independently of Brahminical Observances," (Calcutta, 1820). These three pieces are very curious, inasmuch as they make us fully acquainted with the method of the Hindoos, and their mode of conducting philosophical discussions. The first appeared in reply to a letter written in English, by Senkara Sastri, Head English Master in the College of Fort St. George, at Madras. In this letter, Senkara Sastri proposes particularly to show, that the practice of ceremonies, as, for instance, the worship of the various attributes of the divinity, inculcated by the Vedas, is a means of leading man to a knowledge of the infinite perfections of God; and, therefore, that Rammohun Roy errs in proscribing it. The reader may be curious to know the nature and style of his arguments. Speaking of the meetings held by the religious community, of which Rammohun Roy is the head, "The Madras Courier" had said: "We understand that on all the great Hindoo Festivals, the *Friendly Society*, established by him, holds meetings, not only with the view that its members may keep aloof from the idolatrous ceremonies of their

the Supreme Being, to be "the soul of the world," in a sense analogous to what that term has acquired in European philosophy. EDD.]

[* The doctrine, however, that the spiritual principle in man is a portion of the Divinity, was early held in the Christian church. A corresponding doctrine was maintained by the more religious of the ancient Heathen philosophers, the Platonists, and the Stoics, by Philo and the Jewish Cabbalists; and the language in which it is expressed has hardly become obsolete in our own day. EDD.]

countrymen, but, also, to renew and strengthen their own faith in the purer doctrines which they affirm to be established in the Veds. At these meetings they have music and dancing, as well as their more superstitious brethren ; but the songs are all expressive of the peculiar tenets of the Monotheists."

Senkara Sastri makes the following remarks on this account : " It is evident from what is said above, of the precepts in the Védam, that divine knowledge cannot be obtained without purifying the soul, and such purification cannot take place without performing Yagams, bestowing Danams, by penance, worship, reading theology, and comprehending and reasoning on its meaning ; but the *holding of meetings, playing music, singing songs, and dancing*, which are ranked among carnal pleasures, are not ordained by Scripture as mental purification.

" It may be asked why purification cannot be attained by these songs, music, &c. since they are all intended to be expressive of the tenets of Monotheism ? I answer, that the completion of every undertaking in the world must take place by its respective means, for example, the thirst must be quenched by water, milk, and such like, but not with sand. These, the aforesaid means for quenching thirst, are known by human experience and usage ; but the means to purify the unknown and invisible powers of the intellect, cannot be ascertained by human understanding, but by the precepts revealed by divine wisdom. Therefore, the setting aside the proper means, such as Yagam, penance, worship, &c., and substituting dancing, music, and songs, appear in no way preferable by any doctrine."

Rammohun Roy thus replies to this criticism : " The practice of dancing in divine worship, I agree, is not ordained by the Scripture, and, accordingly, never was introduced by our worship : any mention of dancing in ' The Calcutta Gazette ' must, therefore, have proceeded from misinformation of the Editor. But respecting the propriety of introducing Monotheistical songs in the divine worship, I beg leave to refer the gentleman to the text one hundred and fourteenth and one hundred and fifteenth of the third chapter of Yagnyavalca, who authorizes not only Scriptural music in divine contemplation, but also the songs that are composed by the vulgar. It is also evident that any interesting idea is calculated to make more impression upon the mind, when conveyed in musical verses, than when delivered in the form of common conversation."

The other more important points in this controversy, are treated by the learned Bramin in the same manner ; and thus, when his opponent affirms that the rites of worship are means of purifying the soul, and preparing it to know God, Rammohun Roy replies, from ancient texts, that a knowledge of God may be obtained independently of these various observances ; and when Senkara Sastri defends Hindoo polytheism, by showing that the divinities composing it are personifications of the attributes of the Supreme Being, Rammohun Roy refers him to the acts attributed to these

divinities, by the Poorans, and the books of various sects, and asks whether the adoration of their images, and the recital of their deeds, do not constitute the grossest idolatry.

The second apology for Monotheism, like the first, was called forth by an attack upon the opinions of Rammohun Roy, by a Bramin of Calcutta, published in Bengalee and English, under the title of "*Vedant Chundrica, or Lunar Light of the Vedant.*" In this, Rammohun Roy adopts the same two-fold method of defence, that he had employed in the former piece; viz. the quotation of ancient texts, and proofs drawn from plain good sense. The texts are the same that he had before used, the arguments are more numerous, more close, and more convincing. The author's method and design are more apparent in this work than in the other; and whatever wish he may manifest to support his system by texts held in reverence by the Hindoos, in order to gain more proselytes to his opinions, it is easy to perceive that his hopes of success rest on reasoning, rather than authority. His European mode of reasoning is very strikingly contrasted with the Hindoo method, pursued by his antagonist. The latter proceeds by comparisons and images; the words and expressions hardly disguise the looseness of his thoughts, and the weakness of his positions. It is a specimen of those expositions of the *Opunishuds*, half poetry and half reasoning, in which all that is most figurative in religious language throws a glowing drapery over the severe forms of a logic, sometimes artful and false, but bold and seductive. This method of reasoning, and the Aristotelian, are ages apart; and yet, we now find them appearing together in the same country, and are at a loss whether to be more surprised that the one still exists there, or that the other was not earlier introduced.

The three following works relate to the custom, which obliges widows to burn themselves after their husband's death, and are as honorable to the philanthropy, as to the talents of the author.* They had before appeared successively at Calcutta, in 1818, 1820, and 1830. The first two are drawn up in the form of a dialogue between two Bramins, the one an advocate, the other an opponent of the custom, which obliges women to burn themselves on the funeral pile of their husbands. The third is an abstract of the arguments urged on either side, by the advocates and opponents of this cruel custom. The first two tracts are among the most curious productions we have met with. In a conference, in which the subtilties and niceties of dialectics are combined with the expression of the most noble sentiments, Rammohun Roy proves

[*The rite of Suttee, by a regulation of the Governor-General of Bengal, dated the 4th of December, 1829, was declared illegal and punishable by the criminal courts. Against this regulation, a petition was presented to the King in Council, by certain Hindoo inhabitants of Bengal, Bchar, Orissa, &c. After a full hearing, the regulation of the Governor-General was approved, and the rite of course finally abolished in the Bengal government, by an Order of Council, dated the 11th of July, 1832. EDD.]

that the practice of forcing widows to burn themselves with the bodies of their husbands, is essentially contrary to the ancient books, which the Hindoos regard as the basis of their law. He treats the question, not like a European philosopher, but like a genuine Hindoo jurist; suppressing those arguments which address themselves solely to the heart and understanding as sedulously, as another would bring them forward. He wishes to convince Bramins, fortified with ancient texts; and, relying on the law of Menu, who enjoins on the widow the duty of dedicating herself to a life of austerity, and never again thinking of man, he proves that this text is of higher authority than those which forbid the widow to survive her husband, because the code from which it is taken, is the most sacred of all codes, and the very essence of the Vedas. Not content with this argument, which a Bramin could not easily answer, he advances another, which must be equally conclusive to the mind of a Hindoo. The texts which direct the woman to burn herself with the husband, promise, as the reward of this sacrifice, the enjoyment of heaven, and the happiness of her own race, and that of her husband. And, in view of this reward, women consent to this suicide. On the other hand, the design of the life of mortification and penance, to which Menu condemns the widow, is to lead her to the knowledge of the Supreme Being, a knowledge which secures to its possessor a far nobler recompense than a celestial abode; this recompense is final beatitude and absorption in *Brahma*. If, therefore, the consequences of these respective observances be kept in view, the precepts of those legislators who inculcate the burning of widows, must yield to that of Menu. The advantage is on his side in this respect, also, that every rite, observed with a view to the reward which follows it, is inferior to an action performed from disinterested motives, and still further below that contemplation, whose aim is the knowledge of the Supreme Being; whence it follows, that widows, who, surviving their husbands, devote themselves to penance and the contemplation of God, have assurance of a more blissful future, than those who submit to the barbarous practice, which the Bramins have endeavoured to render still more prevalent. Here lies the strength of Rammohun Roy's argument, which is very curious to one who wishes to trace the operations of Hindoo intellect; and, although descending to particulars, of which the importance is less obvious to a stranger, than to the Hindoos to whom it is addressed, it is calculated to give a high idea of the ingenuity and accurate reasoning of its author. Sometimes he suffers himself to be drawn by his antagonist into the subtilties of disputation; but, even then, we are astonished at the simplicity and originality of the arguments he employs. We will give but one instance of this sort of subtilty, not very flattering to the honesty of his opponent.

Rammohun Roy thus expresses himself, in a paragraph of which we shall give the substance.

"You have admitted that the sayings of Ungira, Vishnu, and

Hareet, on the subject of con cremation, are certainly at variance with those of Munoo [Menu], but assert that any law given by Munoo, when contradicted by several other lawgivers, is to be considered annulled. With a view to establish this position, you have advanced three arguments; the first of them is, that *Vrihusputi* says, whatever law is contrary to the law of Munoo, is not commendable. Now, you say, the words *whatever law* being used in the singular number, by the ancient sage, he spoke of a single law and not of several laws, so that in case laws promulgated by a single lawgiver stand in opposition to those of Munoo, they are not worthy of reverence; but if several lawgivers differ from Munoo in any certain point, touching which themselves are agreed, his authority must be set aside, since the principle of *Vrihusputi* cannot be applied." We omit two other arguments, employed by the opponent of Rammohun Roy, to pass on to the ingenious manner in which the latter refutes the assertions of his antagonist. "Admitting the justice of your explanation of *Vrihusputi*'s text, and limiting its application to the singular number, as you have done, the following precept may be thus interpreted: 'The person who attempts to strike a Brahmun goes to hell.' Here, also, the noun in the nominative case, and that in the accusative case also, are both in the singular number; therefore, according to your exposition, where two or three persons concur in beating a Brahmun, or where a man beats two or three Brahmuns, there is no crime committed; an assertion which it were absurd to maintain."

The volume closes with a short tract entitled, "Brief Remarks, regarding modern Encroachments on the ancient Rights of Females, according to the Hindoo Law of Inheritance." By this it appears that the ancient lawgivers were more indulgent to widows, than those of our own time, since the law allowed them half the property left by their husbands. This discussion is distinguished by the same merits as those which precede it; and clearly shows how well the learned and celebrated author, freeing himself completely from the prejudices of his caste, has succeeded in reconciling the respect due to the ancient institutions of his country, with that demanded by the sacred rights of humanity and justice.*

EUGENE BURNOUF.

[* Our readers may be interested in the following account of Rammohun Roy by Lieutenant-Colonel Fitzclarence, in his "Journal of a Route across India, through Egypt, to England," published in 1819. The intimation that Rammohun Roy had lost caste is however erroneous.

"There has never been, to my knowledge, an instance of any Hindoo of condition, or caste, being converted to our faith. The only conversion, if it can be called so, that has come within my observation, was that of a high-caste Bramin of one of the first families in the country, who is not only perfectly master of the Sanskrit, but has gained a thorough acquaintance with the English language and literature, and has openly declared that the Brahminical religion is in its purity a simple deism, and not the gross polytheism into which it has degenerated. I became well acquainted with him, and admire his talents and acquirements. His eloquence in our language is very great; and I am told he is

[From "The Foreign Quarterly Review, No. 21."]

ART. VII. — *A Grammar of the Anglo-Saxon Tongue, with a Praxis.*

By ERASMUS RASK, Professor of Literary History in, and Librarian to, the University of Copenhagen, &c &c. A New Edition, enlarged and improved by the Author. Translated from the Danish by B. THORPE. Copenhagen. 1830. 8vo. pp. 224.

THE appearance of the present volume supplies what has long been a desideratum in English literature. It has been a cause of complaint to all who have investigated our early vernacular remains, that there have been no guides to direct them, and that each student had to form a Grammar and a Dictionary of Saxon for himself. It is no less surprising than distressing to notice the blunders into which Hickes has fallen, and in which Elstob, Lye, Manning, and, indeed, all who have written upon the subject, have followed him most religiously.

still more admirable in Arabic and Persian. It is remarkable that he has studied and thoroughly understands the politics of Europe, but more particularly those of England; and the last time I was in his company, he argued forcibly against a standing army in a free country, and quoted all the arguments brought forward by the members of Opposition. I think he is in many respects a most extraordinary person. In the first place he is a religious reformer, who has, among a people more bigoted than those of Europe in the middle ages, dared to think for himself. His learning is most extensive, as he is not only generally conversant with the best books in English, Arabic, Persian, Sanscrit, Bengalee, and Hindoostanee, but has studied rhetoric in Arabic and in English, and quotes Locke and Bacon on all occasions.

"From the view he had thus taken of the religious manners and customs of so many nations, and from his having observed the number of different modes of addressing and worshipping the Supreme Being, he naturally turned to his own faith with an unprejudiced mind, found it perverted from the religion of the Vedas to a gross idolatry, and was not afraid, though aware of the consequences, to publish to the world, in Bengalee and English, his feelings and opinions on the subject. Of course he was fully prepared to meet the host of interested enemies, who from sordid motives wish to keep the lower classes in a state of the darkest ignorance.

"I have understood that his family have quitted him; that he has been declared to have lost caste, and is at present, as all religious reformers must be for a time, a mark to be scoffed at. To a man of his sentiments and rank, this loss of caste must be peculiarly painful; but at Calcutta he associates with the English. He is however cut off from all familiar and domestic intercourse; indeed, from all communication of any kind with his relations and former friends. His name is Ram Mohun Roy: he is particularly handsome, not of a very dark complexion, of a fine person, and most courtly manners. He professes to have no objection to eat and live as we do, but refrains from it in order not to expose himself to the imputation of having changed his religion for the good things of this world. He will sit at table with us while the meat is on it, which no other Bramin will do. He continues his native dress, but keeps a carriage, being a man of some property. He is very desirous to visit England, and enter one of our universities. I shall be most anxious to see him, and to learn his ideas of the manners, customs, literature, arts, and monuments of our country."

We are much indebted to the distinguished foreign scholar who has at length freed us, to a certain degree, from this lamentable state of things by the publication of his Saxon Grammar. In its arrangement he has taken the liberty of thinking for himself, and by doing so has shown us the errors which have originated from a superstitious adherence to the dogmas of his predecessors. An extensive acquaintance with the early languages of the north has enabled him to explore with greater safety the intricacies of our own, and by the aid of this species of comparative anatomy he has, in several instances, detected the springs which direct and influence certain peculiarities of formation, the principle of which would have probably been hidden from one who had directed his attention solely to the study of the Anglo-Saxon language.

The limits within which we are necessarily limited prevent us from offering to our readers more than a very general outline of the work. We would, however, direct the attention of the student to the important light which Rask has thrown upon the principles of the language, by what he has advanced regarding accentuation. The darkness in which this radical organization of the Saxon has hitherto lain, is marvellous, the more especially when we notice its adoption in early manuscripts, and how essential a knowledge of it is towards a comprehension of the elements of the tongue. A pretty extensive examination of Anglo-Saxon manuscripts, in which lie the proofs of the truth or the incorrectness of Mr. Rask's system, enables us to say that these manuscripts fully support the soundness of his views, and that the few instances of misapprehension and omission discoverable in his Grammar only leave the more room for us to wonder at their paucity. The division of nouns into simple and complex, of adjectives into definite and indefinite, are new to us in England; and the clearness of this arrangement forms an admirable contrast to the endless subdivisions, exceptions, and annotations, which perplex the unhappy wight who has been laboring under the guidance of Hickes. But it is in the investigation of the verbs that Rask appears to the greatest advantage, and his classification of them is simple and obvious: of its accuracy there cannot be a better proof than the order and perfect regularity which it enables us to discover in numerous formations previously considered as irregular. His observations upon prefixes and postfixes are written with less care than the previous portion of the Grammar, probably from his not considering the subject as one meriting a deeper discussion. The same excuse cannot be urged for the slighting manner in which he has treated another branch, — that of Syntax; in this part, although all the more prominent rules are exhibited, those more deeply hidden and nicer peculiarities, of which we cannot suppose him to be ignorant, are passed over without notice. This portion of the work, therefore, appears to great disadvantage when compared with the manner in which he has treated the verbs. The chapter upon the laws of Saxon poetry is excellent, and Rask displays a

decided superiority over the dogmas of Hickes, Conybeare, and W. Grimm. The volume concludes with a very good praxis, by the aid of which, and the other helps which this Grammar affords to the student, the labor of acquiring a tolerable knowledge of the language has been materially shortened and facilitated. It would be unjust to withhold our thanks from the gentleman who has conferred such a benefit upon English scholars as that of introducing to them, in an English dress, a publication upon which all subsequent investigations into the history and formation of the language of our forefathers must be mainly founded.

The preceding observations were committed to paper some months since: in the interval which has elapsed between their coming before us in types, the melancholy tidings have arrived that the distinguished author is now beyond the reach of our praise or censure, — Erasmus Rask is no more!

In the Literary Intelligence of the present number, under the head of Denmark, will be found such particulars of the life and literary labors of this remarkable scholar and linguist as we have been able to collect together. *

[From "The Quarterly Review, No. 97."]

ART. VIII. — *Poems by Alfred Tennyson*. London. 1833. 12mo. pp. 163.

THIS is, as some of his marginal notes intimate, Mr. Tennyson's second appearance. By some strange chance we have never seen his first publication, which, if it at all resembles its younger brother, must be by this time so popular, that any notice of it on our part would seem idle and presumptuous; but we gladly seize this opportunity of repairing an unintentional neglect, and of introducing to the admiration of our more sequestered readers a new prodigy of genius, — another and a brighter star of that galaxy or *milky way* of poetry of which the lamented Keats was the harbinger; and let us take this occasion to sing our palinode on the subject of "Endymion." We certainly did not † discover in that poem the same degree of merit that its more clear-sighted and prophetic admirers did. We did not foresee the unbounded popularity which has carried it through we know not how many editions; which has placed it on every table; and, what is still more unequivocal, familiarized it in every mouth. All this splendor of fame, however, though we had not the sagacity to anticipate, we have

[* This notice we have given in a following part of our number.]

† See "Quarterly Review," Vol. XIX. p. 204.

the candor to acknowledge; and we request that the publisher of the new and beautiful edition of Keats's works now in press, with graphic illustrations of Calcott and Turner, will do us the favor and the justice to notice our conversion in his prolegomena.

Warned by our former mishap, wiser by experience, and improved, as we hope, in taste, we have to offer Mr. Tennyson our tribute of unmingled approbation; and it is very agreeable to us, as well as to our readers, that our present task will be little more than the selection, for their delight, of a few specimens of Mr. Tennyson's singular genius, and the venturing to point out, now and then, the peculiar brilliancy of some of the gems that irradiate his poetical crown.

A prefatory sonnet opens to the reader the aspirations of the young author, in which, after the manner of sundry poets, ancient and modern, he expresses his own peculiar character, by wishing himself to be something that he is not. The amorous Catullus aspired to be a sparrow; the tuneful and convivial Anacreon (for we totally reject the supposition that attributes the *Ἐὶ δὲ λύρη καλὴ γροίμη* to Alcæus) wished to be a lyre and a great drinking-cup; a crowd of more modern sentimentalists have desired to approach their mistresses as flowers, tunicks, sandals, birds, breezes, and butterflies; — all poor conceits of narrow-minded poetasters! Mr. Tennyson (though he, too, would, as far as his true-love is concerned, not unwillingly be “an earring,” “a girdle,” and “a necklace,” p. 45) in the more serious and solemn exordium of his works ambitions a bolder metamorphosis, — he wishes to be, — *a river!*

SONNET.

“Mine be the strength of spirit fierce and free,
Like some broad river rushing down *alone*,” —

rivers that travel in company are too common for his taste, —

“With the self-same impulse wherewith he was thrown,” —

a beautiful and harmonious line, —

“From his loud fount upon the echoing lea: —

Which, with *increasing* might, doth *forward* flee,” —

Every word of this line is valuable, — the natural progress of human ambition is here strongly characterized, — two lines ago he would have been satisfied with the *self-same* impulse, — but now he must have *increasing* might; and indeed he would require all his might to accomplish his object of *fleeing forward*, that is, going backwards and forwards at the same time. Perhaps he uses the word *flee* for *flow*; which latter he could not well employ in *this* place, it being, as we shall see, essentially necessary to rhyme to *Mexico* towards the end of the sonnet, — as an equivalent to *flow* he has, therefore, with great taste and ingenuity, hit on the combination of *forward flee*, —

——— "doth forward flee
By town, and tower, and hill, and cape, and isle,
And in the middle of the green *salt sea*
Keeps his blue waters fresh for many a mile."

A noble wish, beautifully expressed, that he may not be confounded with the deluge of ordinary poets, but, amidst their discolored and briny ocean, still preserve his own bright tints and sweet savour. He may be at ease on this point, — he never can be mistaken for any one else. We have but too late become acquainted with him, yet we assure ourselves that if a thousand anonymous specimens were presented to us, we should unerringly distinguish his by the total absence of any particle of *salt*. But again, his thoughts take another turn, and he reverts to the insatiability of human ambition: — we have seen him just now content to be a river, but as he *flees forward*, his desires expand into sublimity, and he wishes to become the great Gulf-stream of the Atlantic.

"Mine be the power which ever to its sway
Will win *the wise at once*, —

We, for once, are wise, and he has won us, —

"Will win the wise at once; and by degrees
May into uncongenial spirits flow,
Even as the great Gulph-stream of Florida
Floats far away into the Northern seas
The lavish growths of southern Mexico!" — p. 1.

And so concludes the sonnet.

The next piece is a kind of testamentary paper, addressed "To ——" a friend, we presume, containing his wishes as to what his friend should do for him when he (the poet) shall be dead, — not, as we shall see, that he quite thinks that such a poet can die outright.

"Shake hands, my friend, across the brink
Of that deep grave to which I go.
Shake hands once more; I cannot sink
So far — far down, but I shall know
Thy voice, and answer from below!"

Horace said "Non omnis moriar," meaning that his fame should survive, — Mr. Tennyson is still more vivacious, "Non *omnino* moriar," — "I will not die at all; my body shall be as immortal as my verse, and however *low I may go*, I warrant you I shall keep all my wits about me, — therefore

"When, in the darkness over me,
The four-handed mole shall scrape,
Plant thou no dusky cypress tree,
Nor wreath thy cap with doleful crape,
But pledge me in the flowing grape."

Observe how all ages become present to the mind of a great poet;

and admire how naturally he combines the funeral cypress of classical antiquity with the crape hatband of the modern undertaker.

He proceeds : —

“ And when the sappy field and wood
Grow green beneath the *showery* gray,
And rugged barks begin to bud,
And through damp holts, newflushed with May,
Ring sudden *laughters* of the jay ! ”

Laughter, the philosophers tell us, is the peculiar attribute of man, — but as Shakspeare found “ tongues in trees and sermons in stones,” this true poet endows all nature not merely with human sensibilities, but with human functions, — the jay *laughs*, and we find indeed, a little further on, that the woodpecker *laughs* also ; but to mark the distinction between their merriment and that of men, both jays and woodpeckers laugh upon melancholy occasions. We are glad, moreover, to observe, that Mr. Tennyson is prepared for, and therefore will not be disturbed by, human laughter, if any silly reader should catch the infection from the woodpeckers and jays.

“ Then let wise Nature work her will,
And on my clay her darnels grow,
Come only when the days are still,
And at my head-stone whisper low,
And tell me ” —

Now, what would an ordinary bard wish to be told under such circumstances ? — why, perhaps, how his sweatheart was, or his child, or his family, or how the Reform Bill worked, or whether the last edition of the poems had been sold, — *papa !* our genuine poet’s first wish is

“ And tell me — *if the woodbines blow !* ”

When, indeed, he shall have been thus satisfied as to the *woodbines* (of the blowing of which in their due season he may, we think, feel pretty secure), he turns a passing thought to his friend, — and another to his mother, —

“ If *thou* art blest, my *mother’s* smile
Undimmed ” —

but such inquiries, short as they are, seem too common-place, and he immediately glides back into his curiosity as to the state of the weather and the forwardness of the spring, —

“ If thou art blessed, — my mother’s smile
Undimmed, — *if bees are on the wing ?* ”

No, we believe the whole circle of poetry does not furnish such another instance of enthusiasm for the sights and sounds of the vernal season ! — The sorrows of a bereaved mother rank *after* the blossoms of the *woodbine*, and just before the hummings of the *bee* ; and this is *all* that he has any curiosity about ; for he proceeds, —

"Then cease, my friend, a little while
That I may" —

"send my love to my mother," or "give you some hints about bees, which I have picked up from Aristæus, in the Elysian Fields," or "tell you how I am situated as to my own personal comforts in the world below" ? — oh no, —

"That I may — hear the *thristle sing*
His bridal song — the boast of spring.

Sweet as the noise, in parched plains,
Of bubbling wells that fret the stones,
(*If any sense in me remains*)

Thy words will be — thy cheerful tones
As welcome to — my *crumbling bones* ! " — p. 4.

"*If any sense in me remains* ! " — This doubt is inconsistent with the opening stanza of the piece, and, in fact, too modest; we take upon ourselves to reassure Mr. Tennyson, that, even after he shall be dead and buried, as much "*sense*" will still remain as he has now the good fortune to possess.

We have quoted these two first poems *in extenso*, to obviate any suspicion of our having made a partial or delusive selection. We cannot afford space, — we wish we could, — for an equally minute examination of the rest of the volume, but we shall make a few extracts to show, — what we solemnly affirm, — that every page teems with beauties hardly less surprising.

The Lady of Shalott is a poem in four parts, the story of which we decline to maim by such an analysis as we could give, but it opens thus, —

"On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and *meet the sky*, —
And *through* the field the road runs *by*."

The Lady of Shalott was, it seems, a spinster who had, under some unnamed penalty, a certain web to weave.

"Underneath the bearded barley,
The reaper, reaping late and early,
Hears her ever chanting cheerly,
Like an angel singing clearly.

"No time has she to sport or play,
A charmed web she weaves away;
A curse is on her if she stay
Her weaving either night or day.

"She knows not," —

Poor lady, nor we either, —

"She knows not what that curse may be,
Therefore she weaveth steadily;
Therefore no other care has she,
The Lady of Shalott."

A knight, however, happens to ride past her window, coming

— “from Camelot; *
From the bank, and *from the river*,
He flashed into the crystal mirror, —
‘Tirra lirra, tirra lirra,’ (*lirrar?*)
Sang Sir Launcelot.” — p. 15.

The lady stepped to the window to look at the stranger, and forgot for an instant her web: — the curse fell on her, and she died; why, how, and wherefore, the following stanzas will clearly and pathetically explain: —

“A long drawn carol, mournful, holy,
She chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her eyes were darkened *wholly*,
And her smooth face *sharpened slowly*,
Turned to towered Camelot.
For ere she reached upon the tide
The first house on the water side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott!
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
To the planked wharfage came;
Below *the stern* they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.” — p. 19.

We pass by two, — what shall we call them? — tales, or odes, or sketches, entitled “Mariana in the South” and “Eleānore,” of which we fear we could make no intelligible extract, so curiously are they run together into one dreamy tissue, — to a little novel in rhyme, called “The Miller’s Daughter.” Miller’s daughters, poor things, have been so generally betrayed by their sweethearts, that it is refreshing to find that Mr. Tennyson has united himself to *his* miller’s daughter in lawful wedlock, and the poem is a history of his courtship and wedding. He begins with a sketch of his own birth, parentage, and personal appearance, —

“My father’s mansion, mounted high,
Looked down upon the village-spire;
I was a long and listless boy,
And son and heir unto the ‘Squire.’”

But the son and heir of Squire Tennyson often descended from the “mansion mounted high”; and

“I met in all the close green ways,
While walking with my line and rod,”

A metonymy for “rod and line,” —

“The wealthy miller’s mealy face,
Like the moon in an *ivy-tod*.”

* The same Camelot, in Somersetshire, we presume, which is alluded to by Kent in “King Lear,” —

“Goose! if I had thee upon Sarum plain,
I’d drive thee cackling home to Camelot.”

"He looked so jolly and so good, —
While fishing in the mill-dam water,
I laughed to see him as he stood,
And dreamt not of the miller's daughter." — p. 33.

He, however, soon saw, and, need we add, loved the miller's daughter, whose countenance, we presume, bore no great resemblance either to the "mealy face" of the miller, or "the moon in an ivy-tod;" and we think our readers will be delighted at the way in which the impassioned husband relates to his wife how his fancy mingled enthusiasm for rural sights and sounds, with a prospect of the less romantic scene of her father's occupation.

"How dear to me in youth, my love,
Was every thing about the mill;
The black, the silent pool above,
The pool beneath that ne'er stood still;
The meal-sacks on the whitened floor,
The dark round of the dripping wheel,
The very air about the door,
Made misty with the floating meal!" — p. 36.

The accumulation of tender images in the following lines appears not less wonderful: —

"Remember you that pleasant day
When, after roving in the woods,
(T was April then) I came and lay
Beneath those gummy chesnut-buds?
"A water-rat from off the bank
Plunged in the stream. With idle care,
Downlooking through the sedges rank,
I saw your troubled image there.
"If you remember, you had set,
Upon the narrow casement-edge,
A long green box of mignonette,
And you were leaning on the ledge."

The poet's truth to Nature in his "gummy" chesnut-buds, and to Art in the "long green box" of mignonette, — and that masterly touch of likening the first intrusion of love into the virgin bosom of the Miller's daughter to the plunging of a water-rat into the mill-dam, — these are beauties which, we do not fear to say, equal any thing even in Keats.

We pass by several songs, sonnets, and small pieces, all of singular merit, to arrive at a class, we may call them, of three poems derived from mythological sources, — CEnone, the Hesperides, and the Lotos-eaters. But though the subjects are derived from classical antiquity, Mr. Tennyson treats them with so much originality that he makes them exclusively his own. CEnone, deserted by

"Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris,"

sings a kind of dying soliloquy addressed to Mount Ida, in a formula which is sixteen times repeated in this short poem.

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die."

She tells her "dear mother Ida," that when evil-hearted Paris was about to judge between the three goddesses, he hid her (CEnone) behind a rock, whence she had a full view of the *naked* beauties of the rivals, which broke her heart.

"*Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die:—*

It was the deep mid noon: one silvery cloud

Had lost his way among the pined hills:

They came,—all three,—the Olympian goddesses.

Naked they came,—

How beautiful they were! too beautiful

To look upon; but Paris was to me

More lovelier than all the world beside.

O mother Ida, hearken ere I die."—p. 56.

In the place where we have indicated a pause, follows a description, long, rich, and luscious,—Of the three naked goddesses? Fye for shame,—no,—of the "lily flower violet-eyed," and the "singing pine," and the "overwandering ivy and vine," and "festoons," and "gnarlèd boughs," and "tree-tops," and "berries," and "flowers," and all the *inanimate* beauties of the scene. It would be unjust to the *ingenuus pudor* of the author not to observe the art with which he has veiled this ticklish interview behind such luxuriant trellis-work, and it is obvious that it is for our special sakes he has entered into these local details, because if there was one thing which "mother Ida" knew better than another, it must have been her own bushes and brakes. We then have in detail the tempting speeches of, first,—

"The imperial Olympian,

With archèd eyebrow smiling sovranly,

Full-eyed Here;—"

secondly of Pallas —

"Her clear and barèd limbs

O'er-thwarted with the brazen-headed spear,"

and thirdly —

"Idalian Aphrodite ocean-born,

Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in Paphian wells,"—

for one dip, or even three dips in one well, would not have been enough on such an occasion,—and her succinct and prevailing promise of—

"The fairest and most loving wife in Greece;—"

upon evil-hearted Paris's catching at which prize, the tender and chaste CEnone exclaims her indignation, that she herself should not be considered fair enough, since only yesterday her charms had struck awe into —

"a wild and wanton pard,

Eyed like the evening star, with playful tail,—"

and proceeds in this anti-Martineau rapture,—

"*Most loving is she?*"

"Ah me! my mountain shepherd, that my arms
Were wound about thee, and my hot lips prest
Close,—close to thine in that quick-falling dew
Of *fruitful* kisses.
Dear mother Ida! hearken ere I die!" — p. 62.

After such reiterated assurances that she was about to die on the spot, it appears that CEnone thought better of it, and the poem concludes with her taking the wiser course of going to town to consult her swain's sister, Cassandra, — whose advice, we presume, prevailed upon her to live, as we can, from other sources, assure our readers she did to a good old age.

In the "*Hesperides*" our author, with great judgment, rejects the common fable, which attributes to Hercules the slaying of the dragon and the plunder of the golden fruit. Nay, he supposes them to have existed to a comparatively recent period, — namely, the voyage of Hanno, on the coarse canvass of whose log-book Mr. Tennyson has judiciously embroidered the Hesperian romance. The poem opens with a geographical description of the neighbourhood, which must be very clear and satisfactory to the English reader; indeed, it leaves far behind in accuracy of topography and melody of rhythm the heroics of Dionysius *Periegetes*.

"The north wind fall'n, in the new-starrèd night."

Here we must pause to observe a new species of *metabolé* with which Mr. Tennyson has enriched our language. He suppresses the *e* in *fallen*, where it is usually written and where it must be pronounced, and transfers it to the word *new-starrèd*, where it would not be pronounced if he did not take due care to superfix a *grave* accent. This use of the grave accent is, as our readers may have already perceived, so habitual with Mr. Tennyson, and is so obvious an improvement, that we really wonder how the language has hitherto done without it. We are tempted to suggest, that if analogy to the accented languages is to be thought of, it is rather the acute (') than the grave (`) which should be employed on such occasions; but we speak with profound diffidence; and as Mr. Tennyson is the inventor of the system, we shall bow with respect to whatever his final determination may be.

"The north wind fall'n, in the new-starrèd night
Zidonian Hanno, voyaging beyond
The hoary promontory of Soloë,
Past Thymiatèrion in calmèd bays."

We must here note specially the musical flow of this last line, which is the more creditable to Mr. Tennyson, because it was before the tuneless names of this very neighbourhood that the learned continuator of Dionysius retreated in despair, —

—— ἱστανυμίας νῦν ἑλλαχὶν ἑλλας
Αἰτίστων γαίην, δυσφάνους οὐδ' ἱππῆρους
Μούσαις, οὐκ αὖτάδ' ἐγὼ εὖν ἀγορεύουσιν ἀπάσας.

but Mr. Tennyson is bolder and happier, —

“Past Thymiatierion in calmèd bays,
Between the southern and the western Horn,
Heard neither,” —

We pause for a moment to consider what a sea-captain might have expected to hear, by night, in the Atlantic ocean, — he heard

—— “neither the warbling of the *nightingale*
Nor melody o’ the Libyan lotusflute,”

but he did hear the three daughters of Hesper singing the following song : —

“The golden apple, the golden apple, the hallowèd fruit,
Guard it well, guard it warily,
Singing airily,
Standing about the charmèd root,
Round about all is mute,” ——

mute, though they sung so loud as to be heard some leagues out at sea, ——

—— “all is mute
As the snow-field on mountain peaks,
As the sand-field at the mountain foot,
Crocodiles in briny creeks
Sleep, and stir not: all is mute.”

How admirably do these lines describe the peculiarities of this charmèd neighbourhood, — fields of snow, so talkative when they happen to lie at the foot of the mountain, are quite out of breath when they get to the top, and the sand, so noisy on the summit of a hill, is dumb at its foot. The very crocodiles, too, are *mute*, — not dumb but *mute*. The “red-combèd dragon curl’d,” is next introduced, ——

“Look to him, father, lest he wink, and the golden apple be stolen away,
For his ancient heart is drunk with overwatchings night and day,
Sing away, sing aloud evermore, in the wind without stop.”

The north wind, it appears, had by this time awaked again, ——

“Lest his scalèd eyelid drop,
For he is older than the world” ——

older than the *hills*, besides not rhyming to “curl’d,” would hardly have been a sufficiently venerable phrase for this most harmonious of lyrics. It proceeds, ——

“If ye sing not, if ye make false measure,
We shall lose eternal pleasure,
Worth eternal want of rest.
Laugh not loudly: watch the treasure
Of the wisdom of the west.
In a corner wisdom whispers. Five and three
(*Let it not be preached abroad*) make an awful mystery.” — p. 102.

This recipe for keeping a secret, by singing it so loud as to be

heard for miles, is almost the only point, in all Mr. Tennyson's poems, in which we can trace the remotest approach to any thing like what other men have written, but it certainly does remind us of the "chorus of conspirators" in the *Rovers*.

Hanno, however, who understood no language but Punic, — (the *Hesperides* sang, we presume, either in Greek or in English), — appears to have kept on his way without taking any notice of the song, for the poem concludes, —

"The apple of gold hangs over the sea,
Five links, a golden chain, are we,
Hesper, the Dragon, and sisters three;
Daughters three,
Bound about
All round about
The gnarled bole of the charmed tree,
The golden apple, the golden apple, the hallowed fruit.
Guard it well, guard it warily,
Watch it warily,
Singing airily,
Standing about the charmed root." — p. 107.

We hardly think that, if Hanno had translated it into Punic, the song would have been more intelligible.

The "Lotuseaters," — a kind of classical opium-eaters, — are Ulysses and his crew. They land on the "charmed island," and eat of the "charmed root," and then they sing, —

"Long enough the winedark wave our weary bark did carry.
This is lovelier and sweeter,
Men of Ithaca, this is meeter,
In the hollow rosy vale to tarry,
Like a dreamy Lotuseater, — a delicious Lotuseater!
We will eat the Lotus, sweet
As the yellow honeycomb;
In the valley some, and some
On the ancient heights divine,
And no more roam,
On the loud hoar foam,
To the melancholy home,
At the limits of the brine,
The little isle of Ithaca, beneath the day's decline." — p. 116.

Our readers will, we think, agree that this is admirably characteristic, and that the singers of this song must have made pretty free with the intoxicating fruit. How they got home you must read in *Homer*: — Mr. Tennyson, — himself, we presume, a dreamy lotus-eater, a delicious lotus-eater, — leaves them in full song.

Next comes another class of poems, — *Visions*. The first is the "Palace of Art," or a fine house, in which the poet *dreams* that he sees a very fine collection of well-known pictures. An ordinary versifier would, no doubt, have followed the old routine, and dully described himself as walking into the Louvre, or Buckingham Palace, and there seeing certain masterpieces of painting: — a

true poet dreams it. We have not room to hang many of these *chefs-d'œuvre*, but for a few we must find space. — "The Madonna," —

"The maid mother by a crucifix,
In yellow pastures sunny warm,
Beneath branch work of costly sardonix
Sat smiling, — *babe in arm.*" — p. 72.

The use of this latter, apparently, colloquial phrase is a deep stroke of art. The form of expression is always used to express an habitual and characteristic action. A knight is described "*lance in rest*," — a dragoon, "*sword in hand*," — so, as the idea of the Virgin is inseparably connected with her child, Mr. Tennyson reverently describes her conventional position, — "*babe in arm.*"

His gallery of illustrious portraits is thus admirably arranged : — The Madonna, — Ganymede, — St. Cecilia, — Europa, — Deep-haired Milton, — Shakspeare, — Grim Dante, — Michael Angelo, — Luther, — Lord Bacon, — Cervantes, — Calderon, — King David, — "the Halicarnassæan" (*quære*, which of them ?) — Alfred, (not Alfred Tennyson, though no doubt in any other man's gallery *he* would have had a place) and finally, —

"Isaiah, with fierce Ezekiel,
Swarth Moses by the Coptic sea,
Plato, *Petrarca*, Livy, and Raphaël,
And eastern Confutzee !"

We can hardly suspect the very original mind of Mr. Tennyson to have harboured any recollections of that celebrated Doric idyll, "The groves of Blarney," but certainly there is a strong likeness between Mr. Tennyson's list of pictures and the Blarney collection of statues, —

"Statues growing that noble place in,
All heathen goddesses most rare,
Homer, Plutarch, and Nebuchadnezzar,
All standing naked in the open air !"

In this poem we first observed a stroke of art (repeated afterwards) which we think very ingenious. No one who has ever written verse but must have felt the pain of erasing some happy line, some striking stanza, which, however excellent in itself, did not exactly suit the place for which it was destined. How curiously does an author mould and remould the plastic verse in order to fit in the favorite thought ; and when he finds that he cannot introduce it, as Corporal Trim says, *any how*, with what reluctance does he at last reject the intractable, but still cherished offspring of his brain ! Mr. Tennyson manages this delicate matter in a new and better way ; he says, with great candor and simplicity, "If this poem were not already too long, *I should have added* the following stanzas," and *then he adds them*, (p. 84 ;) — or, "the following lines are manifestly superfluous, as a part of

the text, but they may be allowed to stand as a separate poem," (p. 121,) *which they do*; — or, "I intended to have added something on statuary, but I found it very difficult;" — (he had, moreover, as we have seen, been anticipated in this line by the Blarney poet), — "but I had finished the statues of *Elijah* and *Olympias*, — judge whether I have succeeded," (p. 73,) — and then we have these two statues. This is certainly the most ingenious device that has ever come under our observation, for reconciling the rigor of criticism with the indulgence of parental partiality. It is economical too, and to the reader profitable, as by these means

"We lose no drop of the immortal man."

The other vision is "A Dream of Fair Women," in which the heroines of all ages, — some, indeed, that belong to the times of "heathen goddesses most rare," — pass before his view. We have not time to notice them all, but the second, whom we take to be Iphigenia, touches the heart with a stroke of nature more powerful than even the veil that the Grecian painter threw over the head of her father.

—— "Dimly I could descry
The stern blackbearded kings with wolfish eyes,
Watching to see me die.
The tall masts quivered as they lay afloat;
The temples, and the people, and the shore;
One drew a sharp knife through my tender throat, —
Slowly, — and *nothing more!*"

What touching simplicity, — what pathetic resignation, — he cut my throat, — "*nothing more!*" One might indeed ask, "what *more*" she would have?

But we must hasten on; and to tranquillize the reader's mind after the last affecting scene, shall notice the only two pieces of a lighter strain which the volume affords. The first is elegant and playful; it is a description of the author's study, which he affectionately calls his *Darling Room*.

"O darling room, my heart's delight;
Dear room, the apple of my sight;
With thy two couches, soft and white,
There is no room so exquisite;
No little room so warm and bright,
Wherein to read, wherein to write."

We entreat our readers to note how, even in this little trifle, the singular taste and genius of Mr. Tennyson break forth. In such a dear *little* room a narrow-minded scribbler would have been content with *one* sofa, and that one he would probably have covered with black mohair, or red cloth, or a good striped chintz; how infinitely more characteristic is white dimity! — 't is as it were a type of the purity of the poet's mind. He proceeds, —

"For I the Nonnenwerth have seen,
 And Oberwinter's vineyards green,
 Musical Lurlei; and between
 The hills to Bingen I have been,
 Bingen in Darmstadt, where the *Rhene*
 Curves towards Mentz, a woody scene.

Yet never did there meet my sight,
 In any town, to left or right,
 A little room so exquisite,
 With *two* such couches soft and white;
 Not any room so warm and bright,
 Wherein to read, wherein to write." — p. 153.

A common poet would have said that he had been in London, or in Paris, — in the loveliest villa on the banks of the Thames, or the most gorgeous chateau on the Loire, — that he had reclined in Madame de Staël's boudoir, and mused in Mr. Rogers's comfortable study; but the *darling room* of the poet of nature (which we must suppose to be endued with sensibility, or he would not have addressed it) would not be flattered with such common-place comparisons; — no, no, but it is something to have it said that there is no such room in the ruins of the Drachenfels, in the vineyards of Oberwinter, or even in the rapids of the *Rhene*, under the Lurleyberg. We have ourselves visited all these celebrated spots, and can testify, in corroboration of Mr. Tennyson, that we did not see in any of them any thing like *this little room so exquisite*.

The second of the lighter pieces, and the last with which we shall delight our readers, is a severe retaliation on the editor of "The Edinburgh Magazine," who, it seems, had not treated the first volume of Mr. Tennyson with the same respect that we have, we trust, evinced for the second.

"TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

You did late review my lays,
 Crusty Christopher;
 You did mingle blame and praise,
 Rusty Christopher.

When I learnt from whom it came
 I forgave you all the blame,
 Musty Christopher;
 I could not forgive the praise,
 Fusty Christopher." — p. 153.

Was there ever any thing so genteelly turned, — so terse, — so sharp, — and the point so stinging and *so true*?

"I could not forgive the *praise*,
 Fusty Christopher!"

This leads us to observe on a phenomenon which we have frequently seen, but never been able to explain. It has been occasionally our painful lot to excite the displeasure of authors whom we have reviewed, and who have vented their dissatisfaction, some in prose, some in verse, and some in what we could not

distinctly say whether it was verse or prose; but we have invariably found that the common formula of retort was that adopted by Mr. Tennyson against his northern critic, namely, that the author would always

—forgive us all the *blame*,
But could not forgive the *praise*.

Now this seems very surprising. It has sometimes, though we regret to say rarely, happened, that, as in the present instance, we have been able to deal out unqualified praise, but we never found that the dose in this case disagreed with the most squeamish stomach! on the contrary, the patient has always seemed exceedingly comfortable after he had swallowed it. He has been known to take the "Review" home and keep his wife from a ball, and his children from bed, till he could administer it to them, by reading the article aloud. He has even been heard to recommend the "Review" to his acquaintance at the clubs, as the best number which has yet appeared, and one, who happened to be an M. P. as well as an author, gave a *conditional* order, that in case his last work should be favorably noticed, a dozen copies should be sent down by the mail to the borough of —. But, on the other hand, when it has happened that the general course of our criticism has been unfavorable, if by accident we happened to introduce the smallest spice of *praise*, the patient immediately fell into paroxysms,—declaring that the part which we foolishly thought might offend him, had, on the contrary, given him pleasure,—positive pleasure, but *that* which he could not possibly either forget or forgive, was the grain of praise, be it ever so small, which we had dropped in, and for which, and *not for our censure*, he felt constrained, in honor and conscience, to visit us with his extreme indignation. Can any reader or writer inform us how it is that praise in the wholesale is so very agreeable to the very same stomach that rejects it with disgust and loathing, when it is scantily administered; and above all, can they tell us why it is, that the indignation and nausea should be in the exact inverse ratio to the quantity of the ingredient? These effects, of which we could quote several cases much more violent than Mr. Tennyson's, puzzle us exceedingly; but a learned friend, whom we have consulted, has, though he could not account for the phenomenon, pointed out what he thought an analogous case. It is related of Mr. Alderman Faulkener, of convivial memory, that one night when he expected his guests to sit late and try the strength of his claret and his head, he took the precaution of placing in his wine-glass a strawberry, which his doctor, he said, had recommended to him on account of its cooling qualities: on the faith of this specific, he drank even more deeply, and, as might be expected, was carried away at an earlier period and in rather a worse state, than was usual with him. When some of his friends condoled with him next day, and attributed his misfortune to six bottles of claret which he had imbibed, the Alderman was ex-

tremely indignant, — “the claret,” he said, “was sound, and never could do any man any harm, — his discomfiture was altogether caused by that damned single strawberry” which he had kept all night at the bottom of his glass.

NOTICES OF EMINENT INDIVIDUALS LATELY DECEASED.

[From “The Foreign Quarterly Review, No. 20.”]

FRANCIS HUBER.*

EVERY thing which suggests the idea of difficulties overcome, generally flatters the imagination. The least adventurous and the least inventive are delighted to see, by examples, in what manner the corporeal or intellectual power of their fellow-creatures has been able to vanquish obstacles to all appearance insurmountable; and it is this feeling which gave rise to all the wonderful tales of the heroes of ancient times. Persons who are more accustomed to reflection take a pleasure in following these examples into their details, and in studying the process by which some ingenious minds have been able to surmount difficulties, or to turn them aside. If the effects are of short duration, we admire them as mere meteors; but if the obstacle is permanent, and the efforts to surmount it are corresponding, the admiration which we felt for the sudden development of momentary energy is converted into one still deeper for that continued force, and that patient and unshaken determination, which fall to the lot of so few individuals. Such examples should be placed on record for the honor of human kind, and for the encouragement of all whom the contemplation of difficulties might be apt to divert from their object. Perhaps these reflections, far-fetched as they may at first appear to be, will receive some confirmation from the history of the individual to whom this notice is consecrated.

Francis Huber was born at Geneva in July, 1750, of an honorable family, in which quickness of intellect and a lively imagination seemed hereditary. His father, John Huber, had the reputation of being one of the wittiest men of his time, and in^o this light is often mentioned by Voltaire, who highly appreciated his original conversation. He was an agreeable musician, — wrote verses

* For this sketch, which first appeared in the *Bibliothèque Universelle* of Geneva, we are indebted to the able pen of M. de Candolle. It would form a most interesting additional chapter to the clever little work entitled, “*The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties*,” published by the *Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge*.

which were praised even at Ferney, — was distinguished by his keen and lively repartees, — painted with ease and talent, — excelled to such a degree in cutting out landscapes, as almost to entitle him to be considered the creator of the art, — practised sculpture better than almost ever falls to the lot of a mere amateur ; * and to these varied talents he united a taste for, and the art of, observing the manners of animals. His work on the flight of birds of prey is even yet consulted with advantage by naturalists. The tastes of the father, the son inherited almost entire. In his early years he attended the public lectures of the college, and, under the guidance of good masters, acquired a taste for literature, which was developed by the conversation of his father ; to this paternal inspiration he was also indebted for his love of natural history ; he was initiated in the physical sciences by attending the lectures of M. de Saussure, and by making experiments in the laboratory of a relative, who ruined himself in the search for the philosopher's stone. Endowed with great warmth of feeling, his precocity was very remarkable ; he commenced the study of nature at an age when others are scarcely conscious of its existence, and his passions were strong at a period when those of others scarcely rise to simple emotions. It would seem that as he was shortly destined to suffer the most grievous of all privations, he, as if instinctively, laid up a store of recollections and feelings for the remainder of his life. About the age of fifteen his general health and the state of his eye-sight began to change ; the ardor with which he had pursued his occupations and amusements, and the passionate attachment with which he followed his studies by day and the reading of romances by night, — when sometimes the deprivation of a feeble light made him have recourse to the light of the moon, — were the causes, it is said, which threatened the ruin both of his sight and constitution. His father, at that period, took him to Paris, in order to consult Tronchin on his health and Wenzel on the state of his eyes. Tronchin, with the view of preventing marasmus, sent him to pass some time at Stain, a village in the environs of Paris, in order to be out of the reach of every species of agitation : there he lived the life of a mere peasant, led the plough, and occupied himself wholly in agricultural pursuits. This plan was completely successful so far as regarded his general health, which was ever afterwards unshaken, while he acquired a taste for the country, and a tender recollection of its pleasures, which never forsook him. The oculist, Wenzel, considered the state of his sight as incurable ; he thought it unsafe to risk the operation for the cataract, which was then not so well understood as it is now, and even announced to Huber the probability of his shortly becoming completely blind. His eyes, however, in spite

* An instance of his talent in this way has been preserved ; holding out a piece of bread to his dog, and making him bite it in all directions, he produced from it a bust of Voltaire of the most striking resemblance.

of their weakness, had, before his departure and after his return, encountered those of Marie-Aimée Lullin, the daughter of one of the syndics of the republic; they had met each other frequently at the dancing-master's. A mutual affection, such as is felt at the age of seventeen, sprung up between them, and became part of their existence; neither of them believed it possible that their fate could be disunited, but yet the constantly-increasing chance of the speedy blindness of Huber determined M. Lullin to refuse his consent to their union: in proportion, however, as the misfortune of her friend, — of the partner whom she had chosen, — became certain, in the same degree Marie regarded herself as bound never to forsake him. Her attachment was first riveted by love, and afterwards from generosity and a species of heroism; and she resolved to wait till she had attained her majority, then fixed at twenty-five years, in order to be united to Huber. To all the temptations, and even to all the persecutions by which her father endeavoured to shake her resolution, she remained impregnable; and the moment she attained her majority, she presented herself at the altar, leading, so to speak, the spouse whom she had chosen when he was happy and attractive, and to whose melancholy fate she was resolved now to devote her life.

The constancy of Madame Huber was in all respects worthy of the juvenile energy she had displayed: during the forty years which this union lasted, she never ceased to bestow the tenderest care on her blind husband; she was his reader, his secretary, made observations for him, and spared him every embarrassment that his situation was likely to produce. This affecting instance of conjugal attachment has been mentioned by celebrated writers; Voltaire frequently alludes to it in his correspondence, and the episode of the Belmont family in *Delphine* is a true picture, although somewhat veiled, of that of Huber and his wife. What can be added to a picture by such masters!

We have seen blind men excel as poets; some have distinguished themselves as philosophers and as arithmeticians; but it was reserved for Huber to become illustrious, although deprived of sight, in the science of observation, and that of objects so minute, that the most clear-sighted observers find a difficulty in distinguishing them. The perusal of the works of Réaumur and of Bonnet, and the conversations of the latter, directed his curiosity to the study of bees; his constant residence in the country inspired him at first with the desire of verifying some facts, and afterwards of filling up some chasms in the history of these insects. But for this kind of observation it was not only necessary that he should have an instrument such as the labors of the optician might supply, but also an intelligent assistant, whom no one but himself could instruct in the use of it. At this time he had a servant in his family named Francis Burnens, equally remarkable for his sagacity and his attachment to his master. Huber drilled him in the art of observing, directed him in his inquiries by questions dexterously combined,

and by means of his own youthful recollections, and the confirmatory testimony of his wife and friends, he checked the reports of his assistant, and in this way succeeded in acquiring a clear and accurate idea of the most minute facts. "*I am much more certain,*" he said to me one day, laughing, "*of what I relate than you are yourself, for you publish only what you have seen with your own eyes, whereas I take a medium among the testimony of many.*" This, indeed, is very plausible reasoning, but will induce no one to quarrel with his eyes. Huber discovered that the mysterious and remarkably prolific nuptials of the queen-bee, the single mother of all her tribe, are celebrated, not in a hive, but in the open air, at an elevation sufficiently great to escape ordinary eyes, but not to elude the intelligence of a blind man, with the aid of a peasant. He described in detail the consequences of the early or late celebration of this aerial hymen. He confirmed, by repeated observation, the discovery of Schirach, at that time disputed, that bees can at their pleasure transform, by an appropriate kind of food, the eggs of working bees to queens, or, to speak more correctly, of neuters to females. He showed also how some working bees can lay productive eggs. He described with great care the combats of the queen bees with each other, the massacre of the drones, and all the singular circumstances that take place in the hive when a foreign queen is substituted for the indigenous one. He showed the influence produced by the size of the cells on the size of the insects reared in them; how the larvæ of the bees spin the silk of their cells; proved to demonstration that the queen is oviparous; studied the origin of swarms, and was the first who gave an accurate history of their flying colonies. He proved that the use of the antennæ is to enable the bees to distinguish each other, and, from the knowledge he had acquired of their policy, he drew up good rules for their economical superintendence. For the greater part of these delicate, and hitherto unnoticed observations, he was indebted to his invention, under various forms, of glass hives, one description of which he termed *ruches en livre*, or *en feuillets*, (book or sheet hives,) and the other *ruches plates* (flat hives), which allowed the observation of the labors of the community in their minutest details, and to follow, so to speak, each bee in particular. They were particularly facilitated by the skill of Burnens, and by his zeal for the discovery of truth; he braved without shrinking the wrath of an entire hive to discover the most insignificant fact, and has been seen to seize an enormous wasp, in spite of the grievous stings of a whole nest of hornets who defended him. From this we may judge of the enthusiasm with which his master (and I use the term here, not as denoting the relation of master and servant, but in the sense of instructor and pupil,) inspired all his agents in the pursuit of truth.

The publication of these labors took place in 1792, in the shape of letters to Charles Bonnet, and under the title of *Nouvelles Observations sur les Abeilles*. Naturalists were much struck on

the appearance of this work, not only with the novelty of the facts, but with their rigorous accuracy, and the extraordinary difficulties which the author had combated so successfully.

The activity of his researches suffered no remission either by this first success, which might have sufficed for his personal vanity, or from the embarrassing change of place occasioned by the Revolution, — nor even by his separation from his faithful Burnens. Another assistant was necessary to him, and this office his wife performed for some time. His son Peter, who afterwards acquired considerable celebrity by his History of Ants and other insects, next commenced his apprenticeship as observer to his father, and it was principally by his assistance that Huber executed new and laborious researches on his favorite insects. These researches form the second volume of the second edition of his work, published in 1814, and partly edited by his son.

The origin of wax was then a disputed point among naturalists in the history of bees; some affirmed, but without sufficient proof, that they formed it with the honey; Huber, who had already successfully cleared up the origin of the *propolis*, confirmed this opinion on the wax by numerous observations, and showed in particular, with the assistance of Burnens, how it escapes in the shape of flakes between the rings of the abdomen. He devoted himself to laborious researches on the formation of the bee-hive, and followed step by step its wonderful construction, which seems to resolve, by its perfection, the most delicate problems of geometry; he pointed out the part which each class of bees takes in forming the hive, and followed their labors from the rudiments of the first cell until the completion of the honey-comb. He made known the ravages of the *sphinx atropos* in the hives where it enters. He even attempted to clear up the history of the senses in bees, and in particular to ascertain the seat of the sense of smell, the existence of which is proved by the whole history of insects, but the organ of which their structure has not yet enabled us to fix with certainty. He also undertook curious researches on the respiration of bees, and proved, by numerous experiments, that these insects absorb oxygen like other animals. The question, however, arose, how could the air be renewed and preserved in all its purity in a hive plastered with mastic, and close in all its parts, except at the narrow orifice which serves as the entrance? This problem required all the sagacity of our observer, and he arrived at the conclusion that the bees, by a particular movement of their wings, agitate the air in such a manner as to produce its renovation; after having assured himself of this by direct observation, he further proved it by means of the experiment of an artificial ventilation.

These experiments on respiration required some analysis of the air in bee-hives, and this brought Huber into correspondence with Senebier, who was then occupied with similar researches on vegetables. Among the means that Huber had at first imagined for

discovering the nature of the air in bee-hives, was that of producing the germination of some kinds of seeds, in accordance with the vague notion that seeds never germinate in an atmosphere that has not its due quantity of oxygen. This experiment, although inadequate for the end proposed, suggested to the two friends the idea of occupying themselves with inquiries on germination; and the curious part of this association between a man with, and another without his eyes, is the fact that, most frequently, it was Senebier who suggested the experiments, and Huber, deprived of sight, who executed them. Their labors have been published in their joint names, under the title of "*Mémoires sur l'influence de l'air dans la germination des graines.*"

The style of Huber is, in general, clear and elegant, and while not destitute of the precision required in didactic compositions, it is blended with that charm which a poetical imagination is capable of diffusing over all subjects. That, however, by which it is particularly distinguished, as it is least expected, is his description of facts in so graphic a manner, that in the perusal we seem ourselves to see the objects which the author, alas! had not seen. In considering this singularly descriptive quality of the style of a blind person, I have accounted for it by reflecting on the efforts it must have cost him to connect the accounts of his assistants in order to form a complete idea.

His taste for the fine arts, being deprived of the power of expatiating on form, was led to sounds. He loved poetry; but music, above all, had prodigious charms for him: his taste for it might be called innate, and he was greatly indebted to it throughout his whole life as a source of delightful recreation: his voice was agreeable, and he had been initiated, from his earliest youth, in the charms of Italian music.

The wish to keep up acquaintance with absent friends without having recourse to a secretary, suggested to him the idea of having a printing-press for his own use; it was made for him by his servant, Claude Lechet, whom he had inspired with a taste for mechanics, in the same way that he had formerly instructed Burnens in natural history. A series of numbered cases contained small printing types, executed in bold relief, which he ranged in his hand: on the lines thus composed he placed a sheet of paper, blackened with a particular kind of ink, and above that, a sheet of white paper, and with a press, which his foot set in motion, he succeeded in printing a letter, which he folded and sealed himself, delighted at the idea of his independence of others, which he hoped to acquire by this means. The difficulty, however, of putting the press in action made him soon abandon the habitual use of it; but these letters and the algebraic characters of burnt earth, which his son, ever zealous and ingenious in his service, had made for him, were a source of occupation and amusement for upwards of fifteen years. He enjoyed also the pleasure of walking in the fields, and was even able to do this alone, by means of

strings, which were extended through all the paths about his residence : with these strings in his hand, and by small knots made at intervals, he always knew where he was, and could direct himself accordingly.

The activity of his mind made it necessary that he should have such occupations : it might, but for the persons that were about him, have made him the most miserable of mankind ; all of these had no other wish but to please and assist him : naturally of kindly feelings, it ceases to be a wonder how he preserved such a happy disposition, so often destroyed by collision with mankind.

His conversation was generally of an amiable and pleasant cast, his wit was gay and lively, and to no part of knowledge was he a stranger : he delighted in elevating his thoughts to contemplation on the most grave and important subjects, and could equally descend to the most playful and familiar. He was not learned, in the usual acceptation of the term, but, like a skilful diver, he explored the depths of every question with a species of tact and sagacity which stood him in stead of knowledge. When the conversation turned on subjects that appealed to his head or his heart, his fine countenance became animated in a particular manner, and the vivacity of his physiognomy, by some mysterious charm, seemed even to give expression to his eyes, so long condemned to darkness ; the tones of his voice had then something solemn in their sound. "I understand now," once said to me an able man, the first time he saw Huber, "how nations in their early stages have assigned to blindness the reputation of being divinely inspired."

Huber passed the latter years of his life at Lausanne, under the care of his daughter, Madame de Molin. From time to time he resumed his ancient pursuits. The discovery of stingless bees, in the neighbourhood of Tampico, by Captain Hall, excited his interest, and his joy was great when his friend, Professor Prévost, was able to send him, first a few individuals, and afterwards a whole hive of these insects. This was the last attention he paid to his old friends, to whom he had been indebted for fame, and what was more, for happiness. Naturalists who have followed his track, and enjoyed their sight, have found nothing of importance to add to the observations of one of their brethren who was deprived of it.

Huber preserved his faculties to the last, and was amiable and beloved to the last. At the age of eighty-one he thus wrote to one of his dearest friends, — "There are moments when it is impossible to keep one's arms folded, and it is then in unbracing them a little, that we can repeat to those whom we love, all the esteem, the affection, and the gratitude with which they inspire us." Further on, he added, "I only say to you, that resignation and serenity are blessings that have not been denied to me." He wrote these lines on the twentieth of last December, and on the twenty-second he was no more, having calmly breathed his last in the arms of his daughter.

[From "The Foreign Quarterly Review, No. 21."]

ERASMUS RASK.

THIS eminent scholar and linguist, whose merits and literary labors have been occasionally commemorated in the former numbers of this Journal, was born at Brendekild, in the island of Fyen, in the year 1784. He studied at the University of Copenhagen, and early distinguished himself by his singular faculty for the acquisition of languages. In 1808 he was appointed sub-librarian to the University, and some years after Professor of Literary History. In 1811 he published (in Danish), his "Introduction to the Grammar of the Icelandic and other ancient Northern Languages," the materials for which were entirely derived from the immense mass of manuscript and printed works accumulated by his predecessors in the same field. This grammar appears to have given a fresh impulse to those studies even in Germany. The reputation which he acquired by it recommended him to the Arna-Magnæan Institution, by whom he was employed to edit the "Icelandic Lexicon," of Bjerne Haldorsen, which had long remained in manuscript. To this work, published in 1814, a preface was prefixed by Bishop Müller, in which he passes a just eulogium on the talents and spirit of research of the youthful editor. About the same time, Rask, who had never been in Iceland, paid a visit to that country, where he remained from 1813 to 1815, during which he made himself fully master of the language, which he spoke with the fluency of a native, and familiarized himself with the literature, manners, and customs of the people. To the interest with which they inspired him was probably owing the establishment, early in 1816, of the Icelandic Library Society at Copenhagen, which was mainly effected by his exertions, and of which he was the first President. In October, 1816, he left Denmark on a literary expedition of several years' duration, for the double purpose of prosecuting his inquiries into the languages of the East, and of collecting manuscripts for the University Library of Copenhagen. The King of Denmark liberally provided him with the means. He proceeded first to Sweden, where he remained two years, making an excursion to Finland, during which he published (in Swedish), his "Anglo-Saxon Grammar" in 1817; in the same year, at Copenhagen, (in Danish), "An Essay on the Origin of the Ancient Scandinavian or Icelandic Tongues," in which he traces the affinity of that most remarkable idiom to the other European languages, especially to the Latin and Greek. In 1818, he published, at Stockholm, a second edition, much improved, of his "Icelandic Grammar," translated by himself into Swedish; also in the same year the first complete editions of the *prose* or Snorro's *Edda*, and of the *poetical* or Sæmund's *Edda*, in the original text, in two volumes, in the latter of which he was assisted by his friend the

Reverend Mr. Afzelius, along with Swedish translations of both Eddas in two other volumes. From Stockholm he proceeded, in 1819, to St. Petersburg, where he wrote an interesting paper in German "On the Languages and Literature of Norway, Iceland, Sweden, and Finland," which was published in the sixth number of the Vienna *Jahrbucher*. From Russia he proceeded through Tartary into Persia, and resided for some time at Tauris, Teheran, Persepolis, and Schiraz. It is an instance of his remarkable facility for acquiring languages, that in six weeks' time he was sufficiently master of Persian to be able to converse fluently with the natives. In 1820 he embarked at Abuschehr, in the Persian Gulf, for Bombay, during his residence in which he wrote (in English), "A Dissertation on the Authenticity and Antiquity of the Zend Language," addressed in the epistolary form to the Honorable Mountstuart Elphinstone, the governor, which was published in the third volume of the "Transactions of the Literary Society of Bombay." And it is probably this Dissertation, with corrections and additions, which we have understood is to appear in the ensuing volume of the "Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society." From India his next stage was to Ceylon in 1822, where also he wrote (in English), "A Dissertation on the best Method of expressing the Sounds of the Indian Languages in European Characters," which was printed in the "Transactions of the Literary and Agricultural Society of Colombo." Professor Rask arrived at Copenhagen in the beginning of May, 1823, after an absence of nearly seven years. He brought home with him a considerable collection of rare and curious Oriental manuscripts, ancient Persian, Zend, Pali, Cingalese, &c. &c., which now enrich the University and Royal Libraries of the Danish capital.

Since his return home, Professor Rask has published the following works in his native language:— "A Spanish Grammar" (1824), an "Italian Grammar," a "Frisic Grammar" * (1825), "A Treatise on the Ancient Egyptian Chronology" (1827), on the "Ancient Jewish Chronology previous to Moses" (1828), "Essay on Danish Orthography" (1828). He also edited a new edition of Schneider's "Danish Grammar for Englishmen" (1829), and superintended the English translation of his "Anglo-Saxon Grammar" (1830). See p. 104, *ante*.

He had also been long engaged in the compilation of an Etymological Dictionary of the Danish language, in which he proposed to exhibit the important illustration which that and the collateral tongues of Europe may derive from a comparison with those of

* See "Foreign Quarterly Review," Vol. III. p. 607. In the Second Number of "The Foreign Review" there is an account of his Grammars, and in the Tenth Number an article on Grimm's Teutonic Grammar and a work on the Danish Language, which we have reason to think were drawn up from his communications. In the Third Number of the same journal is a letter from him, signed *DARUS*, containing remarks on some papers in a MS. of the *Archæologia*.

Asia. We have not heard in what state of forwardness he has left it.

In a former number of this Journal, with reference to Professor Rask's labors in the field of Icelandic literature, we took occasion to pay a just tribute of respect and admiration to his extraordinary and multifarious acquirements. We think we cannot do better than now repeat a portion of what was so well said by our eloquent contributor.

"No man ever existed whose study of language has been directed to a wider circle, and assuredly none who has made the structure of language so much the object of attention. He is the consummate comparative anatomist of philology, not building up his theories from the scattered fragments, gathered, as it were, by accident, but drawing his deductions from the most profound and elaborate research; and by comparison, comprehension, and exhaustion, throwing daylight on all those curious inquiries which have, for the most part, been feebly and ignorantly dealt with by the majority of critics. Not that Rask's writings have hitherto enabled the world to form any accurate estimate of his extraordinary learning. To have written the best Icelandic or Anglo-Saxon Grammar, to have tracked through Hebrew or hieroglyphic records the chronology of Egyptian kings, to have edited Eddas or Sagas, and have carried off prizes for Essays on this or the other limited inquiry, — this — these — are little, — are nothing, compared to what he is capable of effecting. He is one of the very few men who can write on philology, having some sufficient acquaintance with the subject in its various bearings, who has seen with his own eyes, heard with his own ears, the tribes, the tongues, which cover the world's surface; who, if he has not girdled the whole earth, has at least explored those tracts in which so many nations were cradled; and who, travelling through all the East in the pursuit of philological knowledge, took with him a mind so trained, and exercised, and cultured, that nothing could be wasted upon it."

In private life the character of Rask was such as to command admiration and respect. His manners were mild and gentle, though retiring, and his morals unimpeachable. His mode of living was simple in the extreme.* The habits of study and application which he had acquired in early life were never thrown aside. In company he was diffident, and expressed himself with modesty; and when the subject involved any thing relative to his own history, sentiments, or pursuits, with an unwillingness almost amounting to morbid sensibility, which seemed to grow upon him with years. His facility in the acquisition of languages was extraordinary; he appeared to gain a knowledge of them almost intuitively, and his mind seemed to recollect rather than to learn.

[* In the original these words follow, "his temperance was that of a Sybarite," in which there is apparently some error of the pen or the press, which we are unable to correct. Every one knows that the Sybarites were proverbially famous for their intemperance. EDD.]

In 1822 he was master of no less than twenty-five languages and dialects. His knowledge of English was extensive and correct; he wrote and spoke it with such fluency and accuracy that every Englishman to whom he was introduced asked him how long he had been in England, considering, but erroneously, that such an acquaintance with the language could be gained only by a residence in our island. In personal appearance Rask was thin and spare, but well made; his habits of temperance, regularity, and exercise, had contributed to give him all the appearance of a very healthy man, and warranted the belief that he would live many years. He was capable of enduring much fatigue, and the privation of necessary rest; changes of climate seemed to produce no impression upon his feelings or his constitution, and the scorching sun of India, and the frosts of Iceland were alike disregarded. But with all this apparent superiority to the weakness of our frame, he fell a victim to consumption, brought on, as it is believed, by those habits of intense application, and abstinence from proper nutriment, to which we have already alluded, and died at that period of life when the faculties of the human mind have little more than attained their maturity, leaving behind him a name which will not soon be forgotten.

[From "The Foreign Quarterly Review, No. 21."]

JEAN BAPTISTE SAY.

THE celebrated Political Economist, M. Say, was born in 1767 at Lyons, where his father was a respectable merchant, who afterwards removed to Paris about the commencement of the revolution. He himself was educated for commercial pursuits, and was in business for some time, but soon relinquished it, with a view to devote himself entirely to literary labors. He made his *début* as a poet in the "Almanach des Muses." Shortly after, he was engaged by Mirabeau as one of his *collaborateurs* in the "Courier de Province"; subsequently he became secretary to Clavière, the minister of finance. At the most stormy period of the revolution, when men's minds were entirely engaged with the events of the day, he attempted to recall the public attention to matters of pure speculation, and with that view established, in conjunction with Chamfort and Ginguené, a periodical work under the title of "Décade Philosophique, Littéraire, et Politique." He was very soon, however, deprived of his two associates by the revolutionary persecutions, but was joined by several others, such as Andrieux, Amaury-Duval, &c. with whom he continued this journal, which was undoubtedly one of the most remarkable literary productions of that period. The part which M. Say took in it began to draw

the public attention towards him ; and when Bonaparte was about to depart for Egypt, he employed M. Say to collect all the works which the nature of that expedition was likely to render necessary to him. This contact with the future head of the state procured his nomination to be a member of the Tribunal, on the first formation of that body. He did not at all distinguish himself in this assembly, and he has since accounted for the silence which he then maintained by the consciousness of his total want of power to oppose effectually the developement of a political system which he condemned. He did not on that account give up the idea of serving the public interests, but had recourse to another channel than the tribune. "Enouncing my ideas," he says, "in the shape of general formulæ, I gave currency to truths which might be useful to all times and in all countries." It was then that he began the composition of his "Treatise on Political Economy, or a Plain Exposition of the Formation, the Distribution, and Consumption of Wealth," the first edition of which appeared in 1802, and signalized his entrance into the career of political economy, on his labors in which his reputation has been entirely founded. Having refused to sanction by his vote the creation of the empire, he was excluded from the Tribunal, but appointed shortly after to be receiver of the *droits réunis* (assessed taxes) for the department of the Allier, a place which he very soon resigned, from a scruple of conscience, "being unwilling," he says, "to assist in impoverishing his country." He then established a manufactory, in which it appears he was not successful. But he was not induced by this failure to resume the career of public employments, and his subsequent life was entirely devoted to science. His "Treatise on Political Economy" is the most important of his works, and that which has contributed to make his name known throughout Europe. At the time when it first appeared, very few persons in France or in any other part of the Continent cultivated economical knowledge. Although Adam Smith's work had been translated, it was little read or comprehended, and the labors of his predecessor Quesnay, and the first economists, were almost entirely forgotten. There were even strong prejudices against the study among the leading men of France, headed by Bonaparte himself, whose policy it was to proscribe all intellectual labors not immediately connected with mathematical science, as mere reveries, and their cultivators as *idéologues*, a term in his vocabulary synonymous with *dreamer*. M. Say's work produced an entire change in public opinion. Its merits are thus briefly and forcibly characterized by one of the most distinguished of our own economists. "The 'Traité d'Economie Politique' of M. Say would deserve to be respectfully mentioned in a sketch of the progress of political economy, were it for nothing else than the effect that his well digested and luminous exposition of the principles of Dr. Smith has had in accelerating the progress of the science on the Continent. But in addition to the great and unquestionable merit that it possesses, from its clear

and logical arrangement, and the felicity of many of its illustrations, 'it is enriched with several accurate, original, and profound discussions.' * Of these, the explanation of the real nature and causes of *gluts* is decidedly the most important and valuable." †

Besides five editions of the original, enlarged and improved in each, it has been translated into almost all the languages of Europe. The following are the titles of M. Say's other works:—1. "Olbie, un Essai sur les Moyens de réformer les Mœurs d'une Nation," 1800. 2. "De l'Angleterre et les Anglais," 1815. 3. "Catéchisme d'Économie Politique," 1815, 5th edition, 1826. 4. "Petit Volume, contenant quelques Aperçus des Hommes et de la Société," 1817. 5. "Lettres à Malthus sur différens sujets d'Économie Politique." 6. "Cours complet d'Économie Politique pratique," 6 vols. 1829, &c.; besides a variety of articles in the "Décade Philosophique," "Revue Encyclopédique," &c. He also contributed notes to a republication of Storch's "Course of Political Economy" at Paris, and to a translation of Ricardo's "Principles of Political Economy and Taxation." He died in the middle of November last, aged 67.

We cannot close this notice more appropriately than by quoting some sentences from a tribute to his memory which appeared in the *Examiner* newspaper; coming from the pen of one who had the best means of knowing and appreciating his character, we value the testimony accordingly.

"M. Say was one of the most accomplished minds of his age and country. Though he had given his chief attention to one particular aspect of human affairs, all their aspects were interesting to him, not one was excluded from his survey. His private life was a model of the domestic virtues. From the time when, with Chamfort and Ginguené, he founded the "Décade Philosophique," the first work which attempted to revive literary and scientific pursuits during the storms of the French Revolution, — alike when courted by Napoleon and when persecuted by him (he was expelled from the Tribunat for presuming to have an independent opinion); unchanged equally during the sixteen years of the Bourbons and the two of Louis-Philippe, — he passed unsullied through all the trials and temptations which have left a stain on every man of feeble virtue among his conspicuous contemporaries. He kept aloof from public life, but was the friend and trusted adviser of some of its brightest ornaments; and few have contributed more, though in a private station, to keep alive in the hearts and in the contemplation of men a lofty standard of public virtue."

* Preface to Ricardo's "Principles of Political Economy."

† M'Culloch's "Discourse on the Rise, Progress, &c. of Political Economy."

[From "The Gentleman's Magazine for February, 1833."]

BARON DE ZACH.

DIED September 1, at Paris, of the cholera, aged 79, François Xavier, Baron de Zach, an eminent astronomer, and a Foreign Member of the Royal Society of London.

He was born at Pesth, in Hungary, and his taste for astronomy was decided at the early age of fifteen, by the interest which he took in the observation of the comet of 1769, and by the transit of Venus over the disc of the sun in the same year, a memorable event which served to make more than one important convert to the science. After travelling through different countries of Europe, and residing for several years in England, where he acquired for our manners and institutions an attachment which continued throughout his life, he settled at Gotha in 1786, in the family of the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, who charged him with the construction of the Observatory at Seeberg, over which he continued to preside for a considerable period. He published at Gotha, in 1792, Tables of the Sun, with a Catalogue of 381 Stars, and subsequently many other important astronomical Tables, particularly those on Aberration and Nutation. He became in 1800 the editor of the "*Monatliche Correspondenz*," a German periodical work on astronomy and geography, which was republished in French under the title of "*Correspondence Astronomique, &c.*" upon his removal to the South of France in 1813, and subsequently to Genoa in company with the Duchesse de Saxe-Gotha. This was a most valuable Journal, containing records of the progress of astronomy in every country in Europe, and contributing more than any other publication to the great impulse which has been given for many years to the cultivation of astronomical science in Germany. In 1814 he published his very interesting work on the "*Attraction of Mountains.*" For many of the later years of his life he suffered severely from the stone, and he had established himself at Paris, for the purpose of being constantly under the care of Dr. Civiale, and experiencing relief by the operation of lithotritry, when he died from a sudden attack of cholera.

The Baron de Zach was a most zealous friend to astronomy, and throughout his long life contributed to its progress by his numerous publications, and by maintaining a most extensive and laborious correspondence with the principal astronomers in Europe. He was a man of warm and ardent affections, rapid and sometimes hasty in his conclusions, of the most lively and agreeable manners, and of the most indefatigable industry: and there are few persons of the present day whose loss will be more sensibly felt by the friends of astronomical science in every country in Europe.

[From "The Gentleman's Magazine for February, 1833."]

BARNABA ORIANI.

DIED November, 1832, at Milan, in his 80th year, Barnaba Oriani, Director of the Observatory of the Brera in that city, and a Foreign Member of the Royal Society of London.

He was a native of Garegnano, near Milan, and had resided for fifty-five years in the Observatory, having been the assistant of Lagrange, whom he succeeded as principal. He was the chief conductor of the measurement of an arc of the meridian in Italy; and of the great trigonometrical survey of Lombardy, which was performed between the years 1786 and 1790. In reward for his services on the great map of the kingdom of Italy, Napoleon made him a Senator, and Knight of the Iron Crown. Throughout his long life, he devoted himself to the cultivation of physical and practical astronomy. He was the first person who calculated the orbit of the planet Ceres after its discovery by Piazzi at Palermo. He published theories of the planets Uranus and Mercury, with Tables of their motions. He labored with singular skill and perseverance in the improvement of the Lunar Tables both by theory and observation. He was the author of an admirable treatise on spheroidal trigonometry: and the Astronomical Ephemeris of Milan was published for many years under his directions, by Carlini. "Upon the whole," as was remarked by the Duke of Sussex in his last Anniversary Address to the Royal Society,* "if the union of practical with theoretical science be considered, we shall be justified in pronouncing him to have been, after Bessel, the most accomplished astronomer of the present age."

COUNT CHAPTAL.

DIED July 29th, 1832,† in the 76th year of his age, Jean Antoine Chaptal, Comte de Chanteloup, a Peer of France, Member of the Institute, and Foreign Member of the Royal Society of London. The following account of him is from the Duke of Sussex's last Anniversary Discourse to the Royal Society.

"He was Professor of Chemistry at Montpellier before the Revolution, and was one of the most active cultivators of chemical science before that event, in conjunction with Monge, Fourcroy, Berthollet, Guyton de Morveau, and the illustrious Lavoisier. In

[* From which the whole of the above notice is copied with some slight additions.]

† See "Gentleman's Magazine for February, 1833."

the year 1793, upon the threatened invasion of France by the Allies, when saltpetre was not to be procured in sufficient quantities for the manufacture of the powder wanted by the French armies, he was invited by the Committee of Public Safety to superintend the establishments for that purpose; and his chemical knowledge so greatly improved the method followed in its manufacture, as in a very short time to make the produce greatly exceed the demand. He was made *Ministre de l'Intérieur* by Napoleon, and continued under the Empire to fill many important situations. He was the author of considerable works on chemistry, on the application of chemistry to the arts, on the application of chemistry to agriculture, on the art of making wines, and on the art of dyeing cotton and wool, which are written in a very perspicuous and elegant style, and which have enjoyed a very considerable popularity in France. The labors of his whole life, in fact, were devoted to the improvement of those manufactures whose perfection depended more or less upon the most correct and economical application of chemical principles; and, after his distinguished countryman Berthollet, he must be placed in the first rank of those who have benefited the arts through the medium of chemical science."

The following is a list of the most important of his valuable and numerous works, from "The Foreign Quarterly Review, No. 19."

"*Éléments de Chimie*," 3 vols. 8vo. The first edition appeared in 1790, and the fourth in 1803. — "*Traité sur le Salpêtre*." 8vo. 1796. — "*Essai sur le Perfectionnement des Arts Chimiques en France*." 8vo. 1800. — "*Art de faire, de gouverner et de perfectionner les Vins*." 1 vol. 8vo. First edition 1801, second edition 1819. — "*Traité théorique et pratique sur la Culture de la Vigne, avec l'Art de faire le Vin, les Eaux de vie, Esprit de vins et Vinaigres*." 2 vols. 8vo. First edition 1801, second edition 1811. — "*Essai sur le Blanchiment*." 1801. — "*Chimie appliquée aux Arts*." 4 vols. 8vo. 1807. — "*Art de la Teinture du Coton en rouge*." 8vo. 1807. — "*Art du Teinturier et du Dégraisseur*." 8vo. 1800. — "*De l'Industrie Française*." 2 vols. 8vo. 1819. — "*Mémoires sur le Sucre de Betteraves*." 8vo. Third edition 1819. — "*Chimie appliquée à l'Agriculture*." 2 vols. 8vo. 1823.

[From "The Gentleman's Magazine for February, 1833."]

ANTONIO SCARPA.

DIED at Pavia, October 31st, aged 86, Antonio Scarpa, Professor of Anatomy in that University, one of the eight Foreign Members of the Académie des Sciences of Paris, and a Foreign Member of the Royal Society of London.

Scarpa was a native of the province of Treviso. He was made Professor of Anatomy at Pavia in the twenty-second year of his age; and for the last half-century has been placed by the common consent of his countrymen at the head of their anatomists and surgeons. At the epoch of the French invasion in 1796, he refused to take the oath to the republic, and was consequently dismissed from his chair. Napoleon, in 1805, having made himself King of Italy, went to visit, among other places, the University of Pavia, the professors of which were duly introduced to him. He suddenly inquired where Scarpa was? The reply was, that Scarpa had been dismissed long since, on account of his political opinions, and because he refused to take the oaths. "And what have political opinions, and refusal of oaths, to do in such a case?" impatiently interrupted Napoleon; "Dr. Scarpa is an honor to the University, and to my States." Scarpa was therefore invited to resume his chair, which he did, and he continued to lecture to a very advanced age, occasionally employing one of his pupils as a substitute. Besides his great fame in the scientific world, his personal character was held in the highest estimation, and he was beloved and revered by his disciples. The principal among his numerous works are:—his "Treatise on the Organs of Hearing and Smelling," published in 1789; his "Tabulæ Neurologicæ, or Plates of the Nerves of the Human Frame," 1794; his "Essays on the principal Diseases of the Eyes," 1801: his work on Aneurism, 1804; and his "Treatise on Hernia," 1809.

Scarpa had accumulated a handsome fortune by the practice of his profession, and had formed a very valuable collection of paintings in his palace at Pavia; where he lived during his latter years, surrounded by his pupils, revered by his countrymen, and in the enjoyment and contemplation of that brilliant reputation, the full developement of which a great man can rarely live to witness.

[From "The New Monthly Magazine, No. 147."]

EARL FITZWILLIAM.

THIS venerable, patriotic, and generous nobleman died on the 9th of February at his seat in Northamptonshire. The noble Earl was in his 85th year; he is succeeded in the title and estates by his eldest son, Lord Milton.

Earl Fitzwilliam was born in 1718, and at the age of eight years succeeded to the title and a large fortune, with the expectancy of a still larger, being the presumptive heir to the extensive estates of his uncle, the Marquis of Rockingham. At the age of twelve he was sent to Eton school, where he was contemporary with Charles Fox, Lord Carlisle, and many other illustrious characters.

Though he did not display talents as shining as those of some of his companions, he was industrious in the pursuit of knowledge, and possessed an enlarged mind, and much liberality of sentiment. By his agreeable and generous disposition he endeared himself to his fellow-scholars; and his benevolence to the poor and unfortunate, to the widow and the orphan, is said to have been unbounded. His studies he finished at King's College, Cambridge. In 1770, soon after he came of age, he married Lady Charlotte Ponsonby, the sister of the present Earl of Besborough; a union which united him more closely with the great Whig families.

With such an education and such principles, Lord Fitzwilliam was decidedly hostile to the war against America. In his opposition to it he displayed equal perseverance and ability. When, at length, repeated disasters had awakened the nation to a sense of the folly and hopelessness of the contest, he redoubled his efforts, and the motions which he made, and the support which he gave to the motions of others, had no small influence in hastening the downfall of the ministry. Under the administration formed by his uncle, the Marquis of Rockingham, Lord Fitzwilliam did not hold any office; but, in his senatorial capacity, he strenuously supported his friends; and when, after the death of the Marquis, the court succeeded in producing a schism among the Whigs, his Lordship was one of those who most severely arraigned the conduct of Lord Shelborne, who had been made an instrument in producing that schism. "Does the King need a confessor and a master of the ceremonies, and would he unite them in one," said his Lordship, "let him choose the Earl of Shelborne. I know no one who can quibble more logically, or bow more gracefully." It was the circumstance of Lord Shelborne lending himself to the schemes of the court, which provoked the Whigs to form their impolitic coalition with Lord North. When the united parties accomplished the expulsion of Lord Shelborne, and again obtained the reins of power, Lord Fitzwilliam was intended to be the President of the Board of Commissioners for the management of India affairs, under the celebrated India Bill of Mr. Fox. That bill, however, caused the dismissal of the ministry; and it also destroyed, for many years, the influence which Lord Fitzwilliam had possessed in the city and county of York. Till the year 1793, his Lordship continued to act with the whigs; and at the period when the Regency question was in debate, he was the person whom they selected to fill the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

The progress of the French revolution at length produced another division among the Whigs. While Mr. Fox, Mr. Grey, and many of their friends, believed that England had nothing to fear from French principles; Mr. Burke, Mr. Windham, the Duke of Portland, Lord Spencer, and Lord Fitzwilliam, were of opinion that those principles were fraught with danger to this country, and they accordingly quitted the party with which they had long acted, and lent their support to Mr. Pitt. In 1794, Lord Fitzwil-

liam was appointed President of the Council, and in the following year he was sent over as viceroy to Ireland. In that unhappy and misgoverned country, his presence was calculated to be productive of the greatest benefit. Holding one of the largest estates in Ireland, he had always been popular there, for the manner in which he treated his tenants. He suffered no middlemen, or other extortioners, to grind the faces of the poor on his estates; he delighted to see his tenantry prosper, and was ever ready to succour such of them as stood in need of his assistance. It is no wonder, therefore, that his being chosen as viceroy should have given almost universal satisfaction. He was, besides, known to be friendly to the removal of those disabilities by which the Catholics were still degraded and irritated. The viceregal dignity was accepted by Lord Fitzwilliam only on condition that he should be at liberty to take all such measures as were necessary to conciliate the Irish. At the outset every thing appeared to be propitious. His Lordship began to put his plans in execution, by removing from office those who were obnoxious to the people, and filling their places by men of unexceptionable character. The nation, in return, gave him all its confidence and affection; and the Commons unanimously voted for the service of government, a more liberal supply than had ever before been voted. But the hopes of Ireland were speedily destroyed. The fatal influence of those men whom Lord Fitzwilliam had removed was predominant, and the peace of Ireland was sacrificed to them. His Lordship was recalled, and the day of his departure from Dublin was a day of mourning, and almost of despair, to a vast majority of the Irish. On his return to England, he addressed to his friend, Lord Carlisle, two letters, stating the terms on which he accepted the viceroyship, and severely animadverted on the intrigues which had been carried on against him. These letters were made public, and nearly produced a duel between him and Mr. Beresford, who was the most prominent object of his animadversions.

In 1806, during the short administration of the Whigs, Lord Fitzwilliam was Lord President of the Council. Since that period, his Lordship may be said to have gradually withdrawn from politics. In one instance, however, he came forward in a manner which drew upon him the vengeance of the ministers. After the horrid massacre at Manchester, he was one of those who attended a meeting at York, to call for an inquiry into the circumstance, for which his Lordship was dismissed from the Lord-Lieutenancy of Yorkshire.

INTELLIGENCE.

DURING the last year Professor M'Culloch published "A Dictionary, practical, theoretical, and historical, of Commerce and Commercial Navigation; illustrated with Maps." 8vo. Pages xi. 1144. Price 2£ 10s. It is highly praised for its abundance of matter and fulness of explanation. We take the following notice of it from the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, No 21.

"A French translation of Mr. M'Culloch's *Commercial Dictionary* is announced as in preparation. In Germany and Italy we have understood it is to receive the same honors. Certainly no book better deserves them, whether we consider the immense body of useful practical information which the author has there brought together, or the liberal and enlightened spirit which pervades every part of it. Its diffusion throughout Europe will tend more to dissipate the delusions and prejudices to which both governments and masses of individuals still cling in matters of commerce, and enlighten them as to their real interests, than any theoretical work that has yet appeared."

The German translation referred to above has been announced for publication.

The second volume of the English translation of Niebuhr's "History of Rome," by Messrs. Hare and Thirlwall has been published in London and is reviewed in connexion with the first in the 112th number of the *Edinburgh Review*. This article seems intended as a sort of palinodia to atone for one published a few numbers before. The third volume of the original has appeared (since the death of the author) at Berlin, 1832, and is reviewed in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, No. 22. We have seen no article upon this work which seems to us to give a correct view of its merits and demerits. The greater number, so far as we have looked into them, are pervaded with a spirit of extravagant panegyric.

In the last number of the *Quarterly Review*, there is an article upon Miss Martineau's "Illustrations of Political Economy" bearing the stamp of others which have appeared in that work, being smart, captious, and illiberal. The writer discovers that his spleen against that lady arises, in a great degree, from her being a Unitarian in religion and from her having been patronized by the Lord Chancellor. His attack upon her is vulgar and even indecent; showing a singular want of proper and decorous feeling, as he professes that "it is impossible not to admire the praiseworthy intention and benevolent spirit in which her works are written." Some of the objections which he makes to her books are however well founded. In introducing discussions upon political economy into stories such as hers, and putting them into the mouths of her characters, she has been obliged

to sacrifice nature and probability. This difficulty is perhaps intrinsic and insuperable in the plan which she has adopted, yet the plan may on the whole be good. Some of her principles are without doubt very questionable; and we agree with the reviewer in thinking that she has been led into great errors by adopting in its broadest extent the theory of Malthus. All that is true in his theory might, we think, be stated in an intelligible and unexceptionable form. The only practical result from it seems to be, that it is imprudent, — that it is likely to be a cause of misery to the individual and to society, — and consequently that it is criminal to marry without a reasonable prospect of being able to provide necessaries for the support of a family. The question for society then is, how such imprudent marriages may best be prevented; a question which admits of a much more extended answer than the advocates of Mr. Malthus's theory appear to suppose; as every motive which excites in the lower classes a desire to improve their condition, to raise themselves in the world, to obtain a greater share of its good things, to avoid its worst evils, to escape from degradation, and to advance themselves intellectually or morally, will operate as a preventive check. Where, as in Ireland, the laboring classes are already depressed to the lowest wretchedness and deprived of hope, the motives which prevent imprudent marriages cease to operate. In the last number of the Edinburgh Review (No. 115) the faults of Miss Martineau are pointed out in a proper spirit.

In the same number of the Quarterly Review there is an article upon the "Memoirs of Dr. Burney, arranged from his own Manuscripts, from Family Papers, and from Personal Recollections. By his daughter, Madame D'Arblay." 3 vols. 8vo. 1832. These Memoirs, though professedly those of her father, relate in great part to Madame d'Arblay herself. To judge from this and other notices of them, they are not so entertaining as might have been expected. The style is artificial and verbose; and corresponding to this, there seems to be a want of precision in Madame d'Arblay's narratives and descriptions which detracts from their value. She commenced as a writer at a period when a false taste in composition existed in England, many popular authors, of whom she was one, endeavouring to imitate the balanced clauses and rhetorical pomp of Johnson. The errors of her style are more striking at the present day than formerly, and are, at the same time, exaggerated in her last work. One discovery is announced by the reviewer. Upon the authority of the Parish Register of St. Margaret's Church at Lynn, in which Madame D'Arblay's baptism is recorded as having taken place in July, 1752, he shows that, instead of being at the age of seventeen when her first novel, "Evelina," was published (as he says has commonly been stated), she was really past twenty-five. The fact, it must be confessed, has only its truth to recommend it. The old story is *plus beau que la vérité*.

In the 207th number of Blackwood's Magazine there is a prose dithyrambic, after the fashion of that work, in celebration of a volume of poems by Mr. Motherwell. (Poems, Narrative and Lyrical, by William Motherwell.

12mo. pp. 232. Glasgow. 1832). We have seen also several other notices of this volume. Some of the poems it contains are founded upon the manners and superstitions of the Scandinavian Sea-Kings. Others appeal to humbler sympathies, and in passages bear a certain resemblance to the songs of Burns. Most of those quoted are wild and fantastic. The author possesses some of the requisites of a poet, great freedom and flow of versification and strength of conception and expression, with occasional coarseness and exaggeration. Few, however, of his poems seem adapted to produce a state of feeling in which it would be desirable to indulge, or to present images on which the mind may be inclined to repose. One of the most spirited of those we have seen is entitled "Sigurd's Battle Flag,"—a magic flag which gave victory to the party by which it was displayed, but certain death to the bearer. It opens with the following verses.

"THE BATTLE-FLAG OF SIGURD.

"The eagle hearts of all the North
Have left their stormy strand;
The warriors of the world are forth
To choose another land!
Again, their long keels sheer the wave,
Their broad sheets court the breeze;
Again, the reckless and the brave,
Ride lords of weltering seas.
Nor swifter from the well-bent bow
Can feathered shaft be sped,
Than o'er the ocean's flood of snow
Their snoring galleys tread.
Then lift the can to bearded lip,
And smite each sounding shield,
Wassaille! to every dark-ribbed ship,
To every battle-field!

So proudly the Scalds raise their voices in triumph,
As the Northmen ride, over the broad-bosomed billow.

"Aloft, Sigurdir's battle-flag
Streams onward to the land,
Well may the taint of slaughter lag
On yonder glorious strand.
The waters of the mighty deep,
The wild birds of the sky,
Hear it like vengeance shoreward sweep,
Where moody men must die.
The waves wax wroth beneath our keel—
The clouds above us lower,
They know the battle-sign, and feel
All its resistless power!
Who now uprears Sigurdir's flag,
Nor shuns an early tomb?
Who shoreward through the swelling surge,
Shall bear the scroll of doom?

So shout the Scalds, as the long ships are nearing
The low-lying shores of a beautiful land.

" Silent the Self-devoted stood
 Beside the massive tree ;
 His image mirrored in the flood
 Was terrible to see !
 As leaning on his gleaming axe,
 And gazing on the wave,
 His fearless soul was churning up
 The death-rune of the brave.
 Upheaving then his giant form
 Upon the brown bark's prow,
 And tossing back the yellow storm
 Of hair from his broad brow ;
 The lips of song burst open, and
 The words of fire rushed out,
 And thundering through t. at martial crew
 Pealed Harald's battle shout ; —
 It is Harald the Dauntless that lifteth his great voice,
 As the Northmen roll on with the Doom-written banner."

Then follows in the same tone, Harald's death song. — We give one more specimen which seems like the powerful versification of a delirious dream.

" THE DEMON LADY.

" Again in my chamber !
 Again at my bed !
 With thy smile, sweet as sunshine,
 And hand cold as lead !
 I know thee, I know thee ! —
 Nay, start not, my sweet !
 These golden robes shrank up,
 And showed me thy feet ;
 These golden robes shrank up,
 And taffety thin,
 While out crept the symbols
 Of Death and of Sin !
 Bright, beautiful devil !
 Pass, pass from me now ;
 For the damp dew of death
 Gathers thick on my brow :
 And bind up thy girdle,
 Nor beauties disclose,
 More dazzlingly white
 Than the wreath-drifted snows ;
 And away with thy kisses —
 My heart waxes sick.
 As thy red lips, like worms,
 Travel over my cheek !
 Ha ! press me no more with
 That passionless hand,
 'Tis whiter than milk, or
 The foam on the strand ;
 'Tis softer than down, or
 The silken-leaved flower ;
 But colder than ice thrills
 Its touch at this hour,
 Like the finger of Death
 From cerements unrolled,
 Thy hand on my heart falls
 Dull, clammy, and cold.

Nor bend o'er my pillow —
 Thy raven-black hair
 O'ershadows my brow with
 A deeper despair ;
 These ringlets thick-falling
 Spread fire through my brain,
 And my temples are throbbing
 With madness again.
 The moonlight ! the moonlight !
 The deep-winding bay !
 There are two on that strand,
 And a ship far away !
 In its silence and beauty,
 Its passion and power,
 Love breathed o'er the land,
 Like the soul of a flower ;
 The billows were chiming
 On pale yellow sands,
 And moonshine was gleaming
 On small ivory hands.
 There were bowers by the brook's
 brink,
 And flowers bursting free ;
 There were hot lips to suck forth
 A lost soul from me !
 Now, mountain and meadow,
 Frith, forest, and river,
 Are mingling with shadows —
 Are lost to me ever.
 The sunlight is fading,
 Small birds seek their nest ;
 While happy hearts, flower-like,
 Sink sinless to rest.
 But I ! — 'tis no matter —
 Ay, kiss cheek and chin ;
 Kiss — kiss — thou hast won me,
 Bright, beautiful Sin ! "

In the last, the 22d number of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, the first article, extending to more than fifty pages, is upon the "Memoirs, Correspondence, and Unpublished Works of Diderot"; (see the last number of the *Select Journal*); and upon the edition of his works by Naigeon published at Paris in 22 volumes, 8vo. in 1821. The article is apparently written by our old acquaintance, the reviewer of Goethe in the same journal. It is strange that his abominations should be tolerated in so respectable a work. But this article, it must be confessed, is tame compared with that on Goethe.

The *Monthly Review* for March contains a notice of a work, entitled "*Compte Rendu des Travaux de l'École de Médecine d'Abow Zabel (Egypt). Par Clot Bey.*" "The medical community of London," says the reviewer, "have for the last few months been paying particular attention to a visitor named Clot, a French surgeon who has been placed at the head of the state medical department of Egypt, by Mahomet Ali, the Viceroy of Egypt. The small work whose title we have copied above, presents an account of his connexion with Egypt and its results. M. Clot has been raised to the dignity of Bey by Mahomet Ali."

Of the "*Life of Sir J. E. Smith*," on which we have given an article in this number from *Tait's Magazine*, there is a review in the last number of the *Edinburgh*.

"*The Life of Sir David Baird*," by Theodore Hook, on which we gave an article in our last number (*Select Journal*, Vol. I. P. II. p. 134) has found a severe critic in the *Asiatic Journal*, who impeaches the credit of many of its statements. Four articles upon it have appeared in the numbers for February, March, April, and May. An edition of the *Life* has been published, revised and corrected.

Mr. D'Israëli, jun. the author of "*Vivian Grey*," has published a new work of fiction, entitled "*The Wondrous Tale of Alroy*." We should judge it to be a proof experiment to determine what may pass with the public for fine writing, to which the author has been encouraged by the success of his former productions. A writer in one of the magazines assures us that it is "too achingly brilliant."

We have lately been looking into the "*Legends of the Library at Lilies*, by the Lord and Lady there"; that is, by Lord and Lady Nugent, whose seat called Lilies is in Buckinghamshire, between Aylesbury and Winslow. Lord Nugent, whose peerage is Irish, and who is only brother to the Duke of Buckingham, has been well known for some years as a distinguished whig member of the House of Commons, and more lately as the author of the *Life of Hampden*. "*The Legends*" (2 Vols. 12mo. 1832) consist of a collection of stories, of the same class with those of the *annuals*, but possessing a more than common degree of merit.

Lord Nugent has likewise published "*A Letter to John Murray, Esq. touching an article in the last Quarterly Review, on a book called, 'Some Memorials of Hampden, his Party, and his Times.'*" London, John Murray. 1832. To this Dr. Southey, the author of the article, has replied in "*A Letter to John Murray, Esq. 'touching' Lord Nugent.*" 8vo. pp. 75. 1833.

Mrs. Marcet, the authoress of "Conversations on Chemistry," "Conversations on Political Economy," &c. has published a little work, entitled "John Hopkins's Notions of Political Economy." It is designed for popular circulation in England, and excellently adapted to its purpose. It begins, however, with two fairy tales, which, though good in themselves, present, it must be confessed, some incongruity with the scenes and conversations which follow, of every day, humble life. But Mrs. Marcet is happy in the adaptation of her conversations to her characters, and at the same time in making them the vehicle of useful instruction. She illustrates her principles clearly. The work has been republished, and we are glad to say, neatly and correctly republished, by Messrs. Allen and Ticknor, Boston. "Mrs. Marcet," says a writer in the last "Edinburgh Review," "has less of imagination and of poetry about her than Miss Martineau. But we feel while with her, that we are in the hands of a more judicious reasoner, and a safer guide."

A small but beautifully printed annual, entitled "The Sacred Offering," has been published for the three last years, edited by one of the richly talented family of the Roscoes. We do not recollect to have seen it for sale with the booksellers in this neighbourhood. The work, however, is of no common merit. The volumes contain many pleasing specimens of purely devotional and moral poetry, a kind of poetry in which excellence has rarely been attained. The editor is a lady, and a sweet, delicate, and feminine spirit breathes through the work. We will venture to quote one specimen from the last volume, almost without selection.

"THE BOY'S LAST REQUEST.

"Half raised upon the dying couch, his hand
Drooped on his Mother's bosom, like a bud
Which, broken from its parent stock, adheres
By some attenuate fibre. His thin hand
From 'neath the downy pillow drew a book,
And slowly pressed it to his bloodless lips.
'Mother, dear Mother, see your birth-day gift
Fresh and unsoiled. Yet have I kept your word,
And ere I slept each night, and every morn,
Did read its pages, with my simple prayer,
Until this sickness came.'

He paused ; for breath
Came scantily, and with a toilsome strife ;
'Brother or sister have I none, or else
I'd lay this Bible on their heart, and say
Come read it on my grave, among the flowers.
So you who gave must take it back again,
And love it for my sake.'

'My Son! My Son!'
Whispered the mourner, in that tender tone,
Which woman in her sternest agony
Commands to soothe the pang of those she loves :
'The soul! the soul! to whose charge yield you that?'
'To God who gave it.'— So that gentle soul,
With a slight shudder, and a seraph smile,
Left the pale clay, for its Creator's arms."

A life of the late Mr. Roscoe, by his son, Henry Roscoe, Esq. has been or is just about to be published in England. The sheets have been purchased from the author by Messrs. Russell, Odiorne & Co., Boston; and an American reprint, suitable in its style of execution to the value of the work, is now in the press, to be published by them. Mr. Roscoe was a man as eminent for his virtues as for his high talents and intellectual cultivation. Many Americans who have visited Liverpool, must recollect with gratitude his benevolent attentions, and retain a vivid remembrance of his noble figure and fine countenance, — that form, those manners, and that character, which reminded one of what an “antique Roman” might have been.

We have elsewhere in our number, given a notice of the late Earl Fitzwilliam; the present Earl Fitzwilliam (lately Viscount Milton) of whose ineffectual attempt in parliament to procure a modification of the corn-laws, we have just had an account, published, during the last year, a pamphlet on the subject, entitled, “Address to the Landholders of England, on the Corn-Laws. By Viscount Milton.” An article upon this pamphlet in “The Eclectic Review” commences thus:

“There is no public man of the day to whom the honorable title of patriot more rightfully belongs, than the noble Author of this pamphlet; — no one whose integrity of purpose, entire sincerity, and excellence of intention will be more readily admitted by all parties. His opinions may be deemed too liberal, — on some points extreme, or even dangerous. To his own party, if he can be considered as belonging to any, his straightforwardness, his habit of thinking for himself, with some degree of inflexibility, have sometimes been a little inconvenient. By the Tory party, he is both feared and disliked. But all must acknowledge the virtuous consistency of his character; and few will venture to call in question the patriotic aim of his public conduct. Unlike some champions of liberal principles, who are patriots in the senate, and tyrants in their own territory, Lord Milton is the same man in Yorkshire that he is in the metropolis; and his private conduct is governed by his public opinions.

“His object, in the present appeal, to the land-owners of the country, is to show, that the corn-laws are unjust in principle; — that they have not answered the purpose of protecting the agriculturist; — and that their only result is, ‘to confer the fraction of a benefit upon one, and *that*, the wealthiest class of the nation, and to do unmixed evil to every other class.’ Whether he is right or wrong, no one can say that the Heir of Wentworth is biassed by a regard to his own private interests in advocating this view of the subject.”

The subject of Reform in the English Church, now so earnestly agitated, has produced a multitude of pamphlets. Among them one of the most remarkable is the “Principles of Church Reform.” By Thomas Arnold, D. D., Head Master of Rugby School, and late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. The author thinks it practicable to form a national church comprehending all sects but “the Quakers, the Roman Catholics, and the Unitarians.” “Undoubtedly,” he says, “so long as these sects preserve exactly their present character, it would seem impracticable to comprehend them in any national Christian church; the epithet, “national,” excluding the two former, and the epithet, “Christian,” rendering alike impossible the admission of the latter.”

However the last sentence may strike many of our readers, Dr. Arnold appears an able, and in many respects an enlightened man. There is an interesting review of a volume of Sermons by him in the 25th number of "The British Critic." In these he gives a melancholy account of the religious and moral state of the public schools in England, with which the reviewer fully accords.

A work has lately appeared, entitled, "The Existing Monopoly an inadequate Protection of the Authorized Version of the Scriptures." By Thomas Curtis of Grove House, Islington. 8vo. pp. 115. London. 1833. Mr. Curtis maintains that numerous "intentional and other departures from the Authorized Standard" exist in the copies of the Common Version as printed by the King's Printer and the Universities, to whom the monopoly of printing this Version is given by law in England. An account of his book appears in "The Monthly Review for February." As far as regards the Oxford Bibles it has produced a reply from that University, by Dr. Edward Cardwell, entitled, "Mr. Curtis's Misrepresentations Exposed," first published in "The British Magazine for March, 1833," and since circulated with many of the periodicals. Mr. Curtis's book has likewise caused the delegates of the Oxford press to commence "an exact reprint in Roman letter of the Authorized Version printed in the year 1611, in large black letter, folio." Of this the book of Genesis has appeared. Price 2s. 6d.

It may be mentioned that, there being typographical errors even in the first edition, and variations from it in the earlier editions which soon followed, what is now considered as the standard edition is one, the text of which was corrected by Dr. Blayney, under the direction of the University of Oxford, and published in folio in the year 1769. There is another edition in 4to of the same text, published the same year, which is not so accurate.

The great number of cheap periodicals which appeared in Great Britain during the last year, presents a remarkable literary phenomenon. A list of no less than fifty, most of them sold for a penny, is given in the number of "The Monthly Review," for last November. "We are not quite certain," says the Reviewer, "whether the first on the list, 'Chambers's Edinburgh Journal,' did not exist before the commencement of the present year. But we can state from our own observation, that, perhaps, with the exception of three or four, all the others have sprung up, like so many mushrooms, within the last ten months." The fashion has spread to France, where a new penny journal, entitled, *Le Bon Sens*, was commenced the last year under the auspices of Messrs. Lafitte, Odillon Barrot, and Arago. It has been successfully imitated in this country in "The People's Magazine," published by Messrs. Lilly and Wait, Boston. And we are glad to see that the best of the English periodicals of this class, "The Penny Magazine" is about to be reprinted here.

We have seen the first four numbers of a new work, "The Philological Museum," published at Cambridge, (Eng.) commenced in November, 1831. Three numbers are to appear annually, forming a volume. It is devoted

to philology and classical literature. It appears, from the slight examination which we have been able to give it, to be conducted with but moderate ability. Most of the articles relate to the minutæ of learning.

A series of original novels, entitled, "The Library of Romance," to be published at a much more moderate price than has become common in England, has been commenced under the superintendence of Mr. Leitch Ritchie, whose name is well known to those familiar with the lighter literature of the day. Four volumes have appeared, 1. "The Ghost-Hunter," by Mr. John Banim; 2. "Schinderhannes, the Robber of the Rhine," by Mr. Ritchie himself; 3. "Waltham," by an anonymous writer; a work, we understand, of no merit; and 4. "The Stolen Child," by Mr. Galt, which is not highly praised.

Of Mr. Banim's works we are acquainted only with "The Ghost-Hunter," mentioned above, and the second series of the "Tales of the O'Hara Family." These show him to be a man of genius; though a hasty writer, not leaving himself leisure to perfect his own conceptions. He has, indeed, been compelled to write for bread. He is an Irishman, his scenes are laid in his own country, and he discovers marked national traits of an Irish author. There is great fertility of invention in his tales, and scenes of strong interest. He has much power in describing ungoverned and fierce passions, and characters of utter depravity. His novels, in consequence, are somewhat harsh and repulsive. They are too full of action and excitement. There is a want of proper repose for the feelings. Yet he excels also in describing a certain class of female characters in humble life, of high principle and great resolution, united with tenderness and delicacy. On the whole, we should judge him to have few superiors or equals among modern writers of fiction. His history and present circumstances form a sad story. A few months since he was residing with his family on the Continent of Europe, worn out with literary labor and disease, and compelled to appeal to the compassion of the English public. A letter from him to the editor of the Times, published in that paper, gives a striking picture both of his sufferings and of the vast amount of literary labor which he has accomplished. We sincerely hope that his appeal has not been made in vain.

We extract the following notice of Mr. Worcester's "Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary of the English Language," from "Tait's Edinburgh Magazine," for April. The work has been republished in London.

"If this Dictionary possess, *when completed*, the sterling merit which characterizes the two-page specimen before us, it will go far to supersede most others at present in common use. The plan is comprehensive and well conceived; it professes to give the correct pronunciation of each word according to the present usages of standard society, and at the same time exhibits the conflicting opinions of previous orthoëpists on that ticklish subject of disputation from 'Universal' Bailey downwards. The notations are exceedingly minute and cleverly contrived, and indicate great labor and scrupulous care in their arrangement."

No specimen, as is well known by all who have used this Dictionary, could give too favorable an impression of its completeness and correctness.

In the number of the *Philosophical Magazine* for March, there is an account of a communication containing Observations of Biela's Comet read before the Royal Astronomical Society by Sir J. F. W. Herschell, in which the following remarkable fact is stated: The comet while observed by Sir J. H. "passed directly over a small cluster or knot of minute stars, of the 16th or 17th magnitude, which occupied a space about a minute or two in diameter; and, when on the cluster, it presented the appearance of a nebula resolvable, and partly resolved, into stars, the stars of the cluster being visible through the comet.

"A more striking proof," observes Sir J. H. "could not have been offered of the extreme translucency of the matter of which this comet consists. The most trifling fog would have entirely effaced this group of stars; yet they continued visible through a thickness of the cometic matter, which, calculating from its distance and apparent diameter, must have exceeded 50,000 miles, at least towards its central parts. That any star of the cluster was *centrally* covered is, indeed, more than I can assert; but the general bulk of the comet may certainly be said to have passed centrally over the group."

LIST of late English works not noticed in the preceding part of this number, with references to the periodicals in which accounts of them may be found.

Fauna Boreali-Americana, or the Zoology of the Northern Parts of British America; containing Descriptions of the Objects of Natural History, collected in the late Northern Land Expeditions under the command of Captain Sir J. Franklin of the R. N. By W. Swainson, Esq. F. R. S. and J. Richardson, M. D., F. R. S. &c. Surgeon and Naturalist to the Expeditions. Published under the authority of the Right Honorable the Secretary of State for Colonial Affairs. 8vo. See *Westminster Review*, No. 35.

The Fifth Part of the *Flora Boreali-Americana* has likewise appeared, containing twenty plates, 4to. Price 1£ 1s. It is to be completed in 12 parts; under the superintendence of W. J. Hooker, LL. D., F. R. S. &c.

Entomological Magazine, quarterly, three numbers published; price 3s. 6d. each; highly praised in the *New Monthly Magazine* and *Eclectic Review* for May.

The *Naturalist's Library*, Vol. I. pp. 147. Lizars and Sterling and Kenny. Edinburgh. See *Tait's Magazine*, No. 13.

The Life of Sir Walter Raleigh. By Patrick Frazer Tytler, Esq., F. R. S. and F. S. A. [one of the volumes of the *Edinburgh Cabinet Library*.] See *Tait's Magazine*, No. 13; *New Monthly Mag.* No. 148.

Memorials of the Professional Life and Times of Sir William Penn, Admiral and General of the Fleet during the Interregnum, Admiral and Commissioner of Admiralty and Navy after the Restoration; 1644 to 1670. By Granville Penn, Esq. 2 vols. pp. 580, and 619. 5 plates. See *Gentleman's Magazine* for January; *Monthly Review* for February.

The *British Admirals*; with an Introductory View of the Naval History of England. Vol. I. [*Cabinet Cyclopædia*, Vol. XL.] By Robert Southey, LL. D. 1833.

Memoirs and Letters of Captain Sir William Hoste, Bart. R. N. 2 vols. 8vo. See *Monthly Review* for March; *Metropolitan Magazine*, No. 23; *Literary Gazette*, January 19.

Twenty-five Years in the Rifle Brigade. By the late William Surtees, Quartermaster. Edinburgh. Blackwood. 1833. See *Monthly Review* for March.

The Lives of Eminent Missionaries. By John Carne, Esq. Author of *Letters from the East*. 2 vols. 12mo. London. 1832, 1833. See *New Monthly Magazine*, No. 149; *Literary Gazette*, March 16.

A Biographical History of the Wesley Family, more particularly its earlier Branches. By John Dove [the author of the *Life of Andrew Marvell*], 12mo. pp. 308. See *Monthly Review* for February; *Gentleman's Magazine* for March.

An Account of the Infancy, Religious and Literary Life of Adam Clarke, LL. D., F. A. S. [autobiographical.] Edited by the Rev. J. B. B. Clarke, M. A. London. 1833. See *Monthly Review* for April; *Literary Gazette*, February 2. A second volume has been published.

Piozziana; or Recollections of the late Mrs. Piozzi. With Remarks. By a Friend. 8vo. London. 1833. See *Quarterly Review*, No. 97; *Monthly Review* for April; *New Monthly Magazine*, No. 148; *Tait's Magazine*, No. 13; *Literary Gazette*, March 16.

An Account of the Life, Lectures, and Writings of William Cullen, M. D. Professor of the Practice of Physic in the University of Edinburgh. By John Thompson, M. D., &c. 2 vols. 8vo. See *Monthly Review* for March.

The History of the American Théâtre. By William Dunlap. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1833. See *Monthly Review* for February.

The History of Charlemagne. By G. P. R. James, Esq. pp. 510. 8vo. London. 1832. See *Quarterly Review*, No. 96.

History of the War of Succession in Spain. By Lord Mahon. 8vo. London. 1832. See *Edinburgh Review*, No. 112.

An Appendix to Lord Mahon's War of the Succession in Spain. Comprising further Extracts from General Stanhope's Manuscript Letters. Origin and Services of the Coldstream Guards. By Colonel Mackinnon. 2 vols. 8vo. With numerous Embellishments. London. 1833. See *Monthly Review* for March.

Tours in Upper India, and in Parts of the Himalaya Mountains. By Major Archer [lately Aid-de-Camp to Lord Combermere]. 2 vols. 8vo. 1833. See *Literary Gazette*, March 16, April 20; *Monthly Review* for May.

Records of a Voyage to the Western Coast of Africa in H. M. S. Dryad; and of the Service on that Station for the Suppression of the Slave-Trade in the years 1830, 1831, and 1832. By Peter Leonard, Surgeon, R.N. 12mo. pp. 272, 1833. See *Tait's Magazine*, No. 12; *Literary Gazette* March, 23, 30; *Monthly Review* for May.

Waldonsian Researches, during a Second Visit to the Vaudois of Piedmont. By William Stephen Gilly, M. A., Prebendary of Durham. 8vo. pp. 560. See *British Critic*, No. 35.

The Tyrol. By the Author of *Spain in 1830* [Mr. Inglis]. 2 vols. 12mo. 1833. See *Literary Gazette*, April 6, 13, and May 4. p. 281.

Sketches of Vesuvius, with short Accounts of its principal Eruptions, from the Commencement of the Christian Era to the present Time. By John Auldjo, Esq., F. G. S. &c. 8vo. pp. 93. 17 Plates. London. 1833. See *Eclectic Review* for March.

Six Weeks on the Loire, with a peep into La Vendée. [By a Lady]. Plates. London. 1833. See *Monthly Review* for April; *Literary Gazette*, February 23, March 2.

Fragments of Voyages and Travels. By Captain Basil Hall. Third Series. 3 vols. 12mo. 1833. See *Literary Gazette*, April 27, May 4.

Osservazioni Semi-serie di un Esule sull' Inghilterra. 12mo. Lugano.

1831. *Semi-Serious Observations of an Italian Exile during his residence in England.* By Count Percchio. London. 1832. See *Quarterly Review*, No. 95. *Foreign Quarterly Review*, No. 21.

Transatlantic Sketches; or a Visit to Scenes of Interest in North and South America, and the West Indies. By Captain James Edward Alexander, 42 Royal Highlanders. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1833. See *Literary Gazette*, May 4.

Personal Notes, made during a Tour in Canada and a Portion of the United States, in 1831. By Adam Ferguson. Edinburgh. See *Metropolitan Magazine*, No. 23.

Esquisse Morale et Politique des Etats-Unis de l'Amérique du Nord, par Achille Murat, Citoyen des États-Unis, Colonel honoraire dans l'armée Belge, ci-devant Prince Royal de Deux-Siciles. Paris. 1832. 8vo. See *Foreign Quarterly Review*, No. 21. An English Translation has been published.

Hints for an Improved Translation of the New Testament. By the Rev. James Scholefield, A. M. Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge. 8vo. pp. 98. London. 1832. See *Eclectic Review* for April.

The main Principles of the Creed and Ethics of the Jews, exhibited in Selections from the *Yad Hachazakah* of Maimonides, with a literal English Translation, copious Illustrations from the Talmud, &c. explanatory Notes, an alphabetical Glossary of such Particles and Technical Terms as occur in the Selections, and a Collection of the Abbreviations commonly used in Rabbinical Writings. By Hermann Hedwig Bernard, Teacher of Languages at Cambridge. Cambridge. 1832. pp. 358. See *British Critic*, No. 36.

The Genius of Judaism. [By Mr. D'Israeli, senior.] 8vo. pp. 266. 1833. See *Literary Gazette*, April 13; *Foreign Quarterly Review*, No. 22, pp. 443, 451; *Monthly Review* for May.

Thucydides, with English Notes. By the Rev. S. T. Bloomfield, D. D. F. S. A. 2 vols. 8vo. See *Gentleman's Magazine* for January.

Essays and Orations, read and delivered at the Royal College of Physicians. By Sir Henry Hallford, Bart. M. D., G. C. B. 12mo. 1832. See *Quarterly Review*, No. 97.

The Government of India. By Major-General Sir John Malcolm, G. C. B. &c. 8vo. pp. 540. London. 1833.

Lectures on Poetry and General Literature, delivered at the Royal Institution in 1830, 1831. By James Montgomery. 8vo. 1833.

The Dramatic Works and Poems of James Shirlley, now first collected. With Notes by the late William Gifford, Esq. And additional Notes and some Account of Shirlley and his Writings, by the Rev. Alexander Dyce. 6 vols. 8vo. 1832. See *Quarterly Review*, No. 97.

Faust: a Dramatic Poem, by Goethe. Translated into English Prose, with Remarks on former Translations; and Notes. By the Translator of Savigny's "Of the Vocation of our Age for Legislation and Jurisprudence." 8vo. 1833. See *Edinburgh Review*, No. 115.

Recollections of a Chaperon; [by Mrs. Sullivan;] edited by Lady Dacre. 3 vols. 8vo. 1833. See *Quarterly Review*, No. 97.

Aims and Ends; and Oanagh Lynch. By the Author of Carwell [Mrs. Thomas Sheridan]. 3 vols. 8vo. London. 1833. See *Quarterly Review*, No. 97; *Metropolitan Magazine*, No. 24; *Literary Gazette*, March 9.

Pictures of Private Life. By Sarah Stickney, [a Quaker lady.] See *Tait's Magazine*, No. 13; *Literary Gazette*, March 2; *Eclectic Review* for May.

Deloraine. By the Author of Caleb Williams. 3 vols. 12mo. 1833. See Literary Gazette, February 9.

Polish Tales. By the Authoress of Hungarian Tales [Hon. Mrs. Gore]. 3 vols. 8vo. 1833. See Monthly Review for April; Metropolitan Magazine, No. 24; Literary Gazette, March 23; Tait's Magazine, No. 14.

The Siege of Maynooth, or Romance in Ireland. 2 vols. 12mo. London. See Tait's Magazine, No. 10.

Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of Religion. [By Thomas Moore.] 2 vols. 12mo. 1833. See Literary Gazette, April 20; Monthly Review for May.

The East India Sketch Book; comprising an Account of the present State of Society in Calcutta, Bombay, &c. 2 vols. London. 1832. See Asiatic Journal, No. 36; Monthly Review for February.

The Mahāvansi, the Rājā-Ratnacāri, and the Rājā-Vali, forming the Sacred and Historical Books of Ceylon: also a Collection of Tracts, illustrative of the Doctrines and Literature of Buddhism. Translated from the Singhalese. Edited by Edward Upham, M. R. A. S. and F. S. A. 3 vols. 8vo. 1833. See Literary Gazette, April 27.

In 1829 the French government sent out to the Morea a deputation of *savans* and artists from different classes of the Institute. They remained for a year in the country, travelling through it in all directions, studying and making drawings of its localities, monuments, and ruins, and attending to its geography and geology, and natural history. The result of their labors is to be given in a work entitled "*Expédition scientifique en Morée.*" Nine *livraisons* of the portion relating to the physical sciences, have appeared under the superintendence of Colonel Bory de St. Vincent; and the whole of this part will probably be completed in the course of the present year; forming three thick volumes in 4to, with a folio Atlas of plates and maps. "The work rivals, in its execution the most magnificent of the kind." The parts already published contain views designed by M. Baccuet and admirably lithographed by M. de St. Aulaire, as well as plates of natural history; and this portion of the work will be furnished with a map of the Morea on six sheets, drawn from triangular measurements.

One of the greatest undertakings of its kind is now publishing at Paris with the title of "*Voyage pittoresque et romantique par Ch. Nodier, Taylor et Cailleux.*" It is intended to contain views and descriptions of all the ancient monuments of France, still extant; and to be comprised in 16 volumes in folio, with more than 2000 lithographic prints by the best artists. The portion relating to each province, according to the old division of France, is sold separately. That of Franche-Comté (1 vol. price 500 fr.), that of Normandy (2 vols. 700 fr.), and that of Auvergne (2 vols. 900 fr.) are completed. The text accompanying the plates, it is said, "unites historical truth with the interest of a romance."

Count Alexander de Laborde is likewise proceeding diligently with his work entitled, "*Monumens de la France, classés chronologiquement et considérés sous le Rapport des Faits historiques et de l'Étude des Arts.*" It is to be comprised in forty-five numbers of which thirty-six have appeared. The work is separated into three divisions, "one relating to Roman an-

tiquities, another to Gothic, and the third to those belonging to the period of the revival of the arts in western Europe." "The engravings are of an excellence answering to the character of so great an undertaking."

The "*Iconographie des Contemporains depuis 1789 jusqu'à 1820*," Paris, has lately been completed in fifty numbers large folio. It contains portraits very well lithographed of more than two hundred distinguished individuals, principally French, with fac-similes of their handwriting. The favorable reception of this work has led its publisher to commence another of a similar kind under the title of "*Iconographie Française*," comprehending the Kings, Queens, and distinguished individuals of France before the year 1780. It is to be completed in fifty-five numbers.

The "*Iconographie instructive, ou Collection des Portraits des Personnages célèbres de l'Histoire moderne*, par Jany de Mancy," is also publishing periodically at Paris. The portraits are engraved on steel and accompanied with biographical notices.

The last volume of the "*Encyclopédie moderne, ou Dictionnaire abrégé des Sciences, des Lettres et des Arts*," in twenty-four volumes, appeared the last year at Paris. The first volume was published in 1824. The editor, who is also the publisher, is M. Courtin. The articles are said to be ably written by some of the most distinguished men of France. It is principally occupied in giving the history of the progress of knowledge since the end of the eighteenth century.

There is a long and apparently well written analysis of the following work in the 22d number of the Foreign Quarterly Review.

"*Physiologie Végétale, ou Exposition des Forces et des Fonctions vitales des Végétaux, pour servir de suite à l'Organographie Végétale, et d'Introduction à la Botanique Géographique et Agricole*. Par M. Aug. Pyr. De Candolle, 3 Tom. 8vo. Paris. 1832.

The reviewer says; "Whilst we possess at least a sufficient number of works exclusively devoted to 'descriptive botany,' we can scarcely name one that makes any pretension to a close acquaintance with the more recent discoveries in 'vegetable physiology.'* Mrs. Marcet's little work entitled 'Conversations on Vegetable Physiology,' is, indeed, excellent of its kind, and may be read with advantage and pleasure by every one who wishes to obtain a superficial knowledge of the subject. It professes merely to give an exposition of some of the leading topics of M. De Candolle's lectures, in his annual course at Geneva. We have now, however, the views of De Candolle detailed by himself, and we turn to them in the full expectation of finding ample justice done to his subject. Not that we may expect to learn that all, or indeed that very many physiological questions have been settled by him, beyond the possibility of further cavil; on the contrary, the science is still so far in its infancy, that scarcely any of the most important laws and functions of vitality can be considered

* Whilst preparing this article we have received Professor Lindley's 'Introduction to Botany,' in which the physiology of plants forms the subject of one book. The well-known proficiency of this eminent botanist will satisfy every one that he has here rendered an important service to this science.

as fully understood. His work, however, is most valuable, in presenting us with a clear and explicit detail of the phenomena of vegetation, and a sufficient exposition of the various hypotheses by which different botanists have proposed to account for their existence. It is at once a compilation and a review of nearly every thing at present known on the subject. The work itself forms the second part of a complete 'Course of Botany,' which the author has for several years had it in his view to publish. The first volume of this course appeared in 1813, and a second edition of it in 1819, under the title of 'Théorie Élémentaire de la Botanique.' This was succeeded by two volumes, entitled 'Organographie Végétale,' in 1827. These three volumes completed the first part of the 'Course.' The present three, on 'Physiology,' constitute the whole of the second part; and the author proposes to publish hereafter a third part, containing 'Botanical Geography,' and other departments not yet discussed."

We have seen proposals for publishing the following work by the bookseller, J. S. Merlin:—"Polyglotte Américaine, ou Collection des Grammaires et Vocabulaires des Langues et Dialectes des deux Amériques; publiée par M. Henri Ternaux."

"The vocabularies and grammars" (it is said in the proposals) "of the languages and dialects in America are without doubt among the rarest books and those which it is most difficult to procure. The greater number of these works have been printed in America, and a few copies only have reached Europe. Nearly the whole of the editions of those published elsewhere has been sent to America for the use of the Missions, and most of the volumes have been destroyed. If sometimes an amateur succeeds in obtaining one or two, it is with much trouble and expense; and but few are to be found in the most considerable libraries. The great scarcity of these works, which are notwithstanding so necessary to those engaged in the study of the character of nations and of languages, has led us to believe that a re-impression of them would be favorably received. We have in consequence determined to undertake it without any view to personal advantage, but solely with reference to the interests of science; and shall regard it as a sufficient reward, if we succeed in affording facilities to a study, to which access is at present almost barred. We request all literary men of our own country or foreigners, to point out to us any works, printed or in manuscript, with which they are acquainted in public libraries or in the collections of individuals. We are ourselves about to take a journey to Spain to make the necessary researches in that country. We shall publish successively the following works, some of which are still in manuscript.

"HOLGUIN, Gramatica de la lengua del Inca.

———— Vocabulario.

MOLINA, Arte de la lengua Mexicana.

———— Vocabulario.

Arte de la lengua del rio Napo (*manuscrit*).

Arte de la lengua Xebera (*manuscrit*).

BERTONIO, Arte de la lengua Aymara.

B. DE LUGO, Arte de la lengua Mosca.

FIGUEIRA, Gramatica de la lengua de Brasil.
 FABRICII Dictionarium Groenlandicum.
 MONTOYA, Arte de la lengua Guarani.
 TAPIA ZENTENO, Arte de la lengua Huasteca.
 NEVE Y MOLINA, Arte de la lengua Othomi.
 ZAMBRILLO, Arte de la lengua Totonaca.
 TELLECHEA, Arte de la lengua Tarahumar.
 LARIOS, Arte de la lengua Mame.
 RAYMOND BRETON, Dictionnaire Caraïbe.
 VALDIVIA, Arte e Diccionario de la lengua de Chile.
 G.-D. ST. - BONAVENTURA, Gramatica Maya.
 ANT. DE LOS REYES, Arte de la lengua Mixteca.
 ORTEGA, Vocabulario de la lengua Cora.
 BAGEST's Noten über die Califoernische Sprache.

"To these we shall add all which we may hereafter obtain ; and of those languages upon which no special works exist, we shall collect the vocabularies scattered in different Voyages and Travels."

We are not familiar with this department of learning ; but to the list given by M. Ternaux may be added the following ;

Eliot's Grammar of the Massachusetts Language, edited by Mr. Pickering. — Edwards's Observations on the Mohegan Language. — Historical and Literary Transactions of the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, Vol. I. containing Mr. Heckewelder's Account of the Indians and his correspondence with Mr. Duponceau, on their Languages, 8vo. — Zeisberger's Grammar of the Lenni Lennápe, or Delaware, Language, 4to. — Father Rasle's Dictionary of the Abnaki Language, 4to ; edited by Mr. Pickering, and printed in the Transactions of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. — Assistance might also be derived from the following publications in the Massachusetts language by John Eliot, viz. The Bible. — Several Catechisms. — Psalter. — Singing Psalms. — The Practice of Piety. — Baxter's Call to the Unconverted.

We trust that some competent American scholar will open a correspondence with M. Ternaux, and furnish him with such information as may aid him in his undertaking.

The publication is to be in quarto volumes of about 400 pages each, the price 20 francs to those who subscribe to the whole work, and 30 for a separate volume. The type and paper will be good, as appears by the specimen.

"The *Book of the Hundred-and-One*, published by M. Ladvoeat, which was originally announced to form *eight* volumes, is now at its *eleventh* volume, and is announced to be completed in *fifteen*. But besides this a *continuation* of it is already begun, under the title of '*Les Cent et Une nouvelles Nouvelles des Cent-et-Un*, ornées des 101 vignettes par 101 artistes,' which is to form six or eight vols."

"There is at present an absolute inundation of works of fiction at Paris, even greater than there was of the *fashionable novels* in London two or three years since. It is difficult to conceive where *readers* of them are to be found, much less *purchasers*. Judging of them merely by the titles (which we rarely venture to go beyond), the greater number seem intended to be stimulants to the *blasés* and worn-out mental stomachs of the Parisians. One ingenious caterer, who has administered to them with great success in another line, the Baron de Lamothe Langon, (who has the reputation of being the father of most of the popular *Memoirs* of the last few years, — such as *Madame du Barri*, *Louis XVIII.*, the *Femme du Qualité*,

and many others,) has just commenced the *exploitation* of a new mine for the benefit of the lovers of the striking and the terrible, — a French New-gate Calendar, the very title of which is enough to freeze one's blood, — "Chronique du Crime et de l'Innocence : recueil des Événemens les plus tragiques, Empoisonnemens, Massacres, Assassinats, Parricides et autres Forfaits, commis en France depuis le commencement de la Monarchie jusqu'à nos jours." — *Foreign Quarterly Review*, No. 22.

In the "*Blätter für literarische Unterhaltung*" for last November (p. 1367), the authorship of the "*Mémoires de Madame du Barri*" is ascribed to M. Amédée Pichot, the editor of the "*Revue de Paris*." That worthless book has been translated into English and published (1830, 1831) as four volumes of a collection entitled "Autobiography."

"M. Brunet's *Supplément* to his valuable *Manuel du Libraire* has just gone to press, and is expected to appear at the end of this year. It will form two volumes. Thirteen years have elapsed since the appearance of the last edition of the *Manuel*, which has long been out of print.

The 9th *livraison* (or half volume) of another excellent bibliographical work, worthy to stand on the same shelf with M. Brunet's *Manuel*, — we mean M. Quérard's *La France Littéraire*, is to be published this month. It will complete the letter L. The 10th *livraison* is expected to be ready before the end of this year." — *Foreign Quarterly Review*, No. 22.

"A highly interesting work" has lately been published at Florence entitled "*Fortunatus Siculus, ossia l'avventuroso Ciciliano, di Busone da Gubbio*." Its author was a friend of Dante. It is a romance, written in the year 1311, relating what befell five Sicilian Barons, who, after the massacre of the French at the Sicilian Vespers, left their country and wandered through the world in search of adventures. The notice of historical events is interwoven in the narrative. The manuscript has been preserved in the Laurentian library, and is supposed to be an autograph. The editor is Dr. Nott, Canon of Winchester, the editor of the Poems of Surrey and Wyatt, and formerly engaged in the education of the late Princess Charlotte. He has for some time resided in Italy on account of his health, and has occupied himself in the study of the literature of the country. "He has accompanied the work with valuable historical introductions to the different books, and notes explanatory of its peculiarities of language and its historical references and allusions; and has thrown much light not merely on the immediate subject of his labors, but on the poem of Dante, the '*Novelle Antiche*,' and the history of the times to which the romance relates." — *Blätter für lit. Unterhaltung*.

"M. Plana, the celebrated astronomical professor at Turin, has just published his great work on the Theory of the Moon, in 3 vols. 4to. This work is calculated, in the highest degree, to excite the attention of astronomers." — *Foreign Quarterly Review*, No. 22.

"Died recently, at Rome, Filippo Invernizzi, the editor of Aristophanes. Among his papers were found materials for a new edition of Apollonius Rhodius, for the basis of which he had adopted the text of the edition of Stephens, collated with a hitherto inedited MS. of the Vatican. On this edition he had been engaged for many years, as appears from his correspondence with many foreign Scholars. The whole materials are now in the possession of Petrucci, the bookseller, in Rome." — *Ibid*.

"An Italian version of Niebuhr's History of Rome is publishing at Pavia, and has already begun to undergo the strictures of the learned of that country, which is most interested in the subject of the work. We rather think it will give rise to a voluminous controversy south of the Alps." — *Ibid.*

In May, 1831, M. de Montalivet, then Minister of Public Instruction in France, commissioned the celebrated M. Cousin to proceed to Germany for the special purpose of collecting authentic and complete information respecting the different branches of public instruction in Prussia. This charge was accomplished by M. Cousin, who during the last year published the results of his labors in two 4to volumes, under the title "*Rapport sur l'état de l'Instruction Publique dans quelques Pays de l'Allemagne, et particulièrement en Prusse.*" Paris, de l'imprimerie royale. His attention, it will be perceived, was not confined to Prussia alone. A series of articles on his work (which is highly commended) was begun in the "*Nouvelle Revue Germanique*" for last November. We had thought of giving a translation of them in the *Select Journal*, but they are not written with great ability; and the comparison which runs through them between the German and French institutions for education would not be generally interesting to readers in this country. The work itself of M. Cousin must undoubtedly deserve the attention of those who have the superintendence of our higher seminaries for education.

The publication of the new edition of Stephens's Greek Thesaurus is proceeding at Paris, "*post editionem Anglicam novis additionibus aucta.*" The numbers which have appeared are said fully to answer the expectations which have been raised. The impression, it is stated, is clear and correct. The work is recommended by its cheapness, as it is calculated that the cost will be only about \$70.

The following works have lately appeared, and been noticed in English Journals.

Essai sur la Statistique Morale de la France, avec Cartes. Par A. M. Guerry. Paris. 4to. 1832. See *Westminster Review*, No. 36.

Du Système Pénitenciaire aux États-Unis, et de son Application en France; suivi d'une Appendice sur les Colonies Pénales, et de Notes Statistiques. Par MM. G. de Beaumont et A. de Tocqueville. Paris. 1833. See *Monthly Review* for April and May.

Du Rabinisme, et des Traditions Juives. Par Michel Berr (de Turi-que). Paris. 1832. 8vo. See *Foreign Quarterly Review*, No. 22.

Memorias de la Real Academia de la Historia. Tomo vii. Madrid. See *Atheneum*, No. 271.

Baron Cotta, the famous German bookseller, died the 29th of last December in the 69th year of his age. An account of him may be found in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, No. 22.

The German "*Conversations-Lexicon*" is well known in this country as having served for the basis of the "*Encyclopædia Americana*," a work of

great and deserved popularity, being one of the most convenient books of reference in our language for readers of all classes. Brockhaus, the projector and proprietor of the German work, is now publishing another of a similar kind, intended as a supplement to it, "*Conversations-Lexicon der neuesten Zeit und Literatur*," intended to give the latest information concerning subjects of immediate interest. It is appearing in numbers. The fifth number contains articles from "*Contagium*" to "*Deutsche Literatur in Ausland*." From this, some calculation may be made of the probable size of the whole work. The price of each number on common paper, is eighteen cents; on fine paper, twenty-four; and on vellum paper, forty-five. An edition is printing of 30,000 copies, as stated by the publisher.

Of Gieseler's *History of the Church*, "*Lehrbuch der Kirchengeschichte*," the first volume and the first three parts of the second have passed through three editions; and the fourth part of the second, containing the history of the Reformation, was expected at the last Easter fair at Leipsic. The third volume will contain the history of the Reformation and of the Church to the present time. Of this work we understand that a translation by an American scholar is about to be published by Messrs. Carey & Lea. We hope its reception may be such as to give encouragement to the publication in this country of works of solid learning.

The publication of the first volume of Scholz's *New Testament* was mentioned in our last number. Respecting that of the second, we find the following paragraph in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*.

"The delay that has taken place in the publication of the second volume of Dr. Scholz's *New Testament* has arisen, we are informed, from the reluctance of the Leipsig publisher to proceed with an undertaking so very unpromising in the present stagnant state of literature on the Continent. It having been intimated that, if a sale of 200 copies could be secured in England, the work would be proceeded with forthwith, we are happy to learn that the venerable and truly learned Bishop of Salisbury has undertaken to exert his extensive influence among the clergy of that church, of which he is so great an ornament, to effect that desideratum, and thereby prevent the possibility of a work of such long and arduous research being lost to sacred criticism. We have every confidence that the appeal made by the venerable prelate to his brethren of the Established Church, will not only be successful with them, but that it will be responded to by ministers and scholars of all denominations."

Some copies, we trust, might be disposed of in this country to individuals and public institutions.

In a late number of the "*Allgemeine Zeitung*," there is a notice of the first volume of a posthumous work by Tzschirner, "*Der Fall des Heidenthums*," "*The Fall of Paganism* by Dr. H. G. Tzschirner, Professor of Theology at Leipsic. Edited by C. W. Niedner," who is now Extraordinary Professor of Theology at Leipsic. The work is a history of the struggles and final triumph of Christianity in its contest with Paganism. It had long engaged the attention of the author, and was left by him nearly ready for publication. It is to be comprised in two volumes.

We have not seen the following work, nor any good notice of it, but

observe that it has passed through four editions in a short time, an unusual circumstance in Germany. "Entwicklung des Paulinischen Lehrbegriffes, u. s. f. An Explanation of St. Paul's System of Doctrines; in its relation to the Biblical Doctrine of the New Testament, (in seinem Verhältnisse zur Biblischen Dogmatismus des Neuen Testaments.) An exegetical and doctrinal Essay, by L. Usteri, Rector and Professor at Bern." 8vo. 1 Rthlr. 16 Gr. The title does not promise well, whatever may be the value of the work; nor is it a good augury that the fourth edition is said to be in great part re-written.

In the "Allgemeine Literatur-Zeitung" for August last, there are several articles upon a new History of the Crusades (Geschichte der Kreuzzüge) by Friedrich Wilken. The first volume, 8vo, was published in 1807; the sixth in 1830; a seventh is expected to complete the work. The price of the six is 15 Rthlr. 12 Gr. (about \$11.) The author makes much use of the Oriental writers, and his history is said to exhibit greater labor and thoroughness, than the more popular work of Michaud. The first four volumes of this work, in connexion with "Histoire des Croisades," and the "Bibliothèque des Croisades," by M. Michaud, are reviewed in the 10th number of "The Foreign Quarterly Review." The seventh volume is reviewed in the 60th number of the Vienna "Jahrbücher der Literatur," by the very distinguished Orientalist, M. von Hammer.

The eighth volume of M. von Hammer's "Geschichte des osmanischen Reiches," (History of the Ottoman Empire, chiefly from Manuscripts and Original Authorities not before used,) was published during the last year. It includes the period from 1739 to 1774. There is an article upon it in the Vienna "Jahrbücher," No. 59. The first three volumes were reviewed in "The Foreign Quarterly," No. 7.

The following work is praised in the "Blätter für lit. Unterhaltung," for August, (p. 963,) "Handbuch der Geschichte der abendländischen Literatur und Sprachen, u. s. f. Manual of the History of the Literature and Languages of the West, particularly the Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, French, Dutch, Danish, and Swedish. With Translations of select Passages. By F. W. Genthe; with the Assistance of literary Friends. — Volume I. Manual of the History of Italian Literature." 8vo. Magdeburg. 1832. Price 2 Rthlr.

In the Vienna "Jahrbücher der Literatur," there is an article on Falk's work upon Goethe in connexion with the following, "Goethe's letzte literarische Thatigkeit, u. s. f. The last Literary Labors of Goethe, his Relations to Foreign Countries, and his Departure. By Dr. Karl Wilhelm Müller." 1832. Jena. The article commences with the passage from Schelling's Discourse on Goethe, of which we gave a translation in our last Number, p. 275.

The publication of a new work respecting the Antiquities of Rome has been commenced in Germany: "Beschreibung der Stadt Rom, u. s. f. Description of the City of Rome, by Ernest Platner, Charles Bunsen, Edward Gerhard, and William Rostell, with contributions by B. G. Niebuhr, and a Topographical Description by F. Hoffmann. Illustrated by

Plans, Sketches, and Views, by the Architects Knapp and Stier. With a volume of select Inscriptions and Documents, by E. Gerhard and E. Sarti." The first volume contains about 800 pages 8vo. with a folio of plates. Price 4 Rthlr. 8 Gr. (about \$3.25.)

"A new edition of Cicero's *"Orations against Verres,"* by Zumpt, whose Latin Grammar has been translated into English, is reviewed at much length and with high praise in the *"Allgemeine Literatur-Zeitung,"* July, 1832: "*M. Tullii Ciceronis Verrinarum Libri Septem. Ad fidem codicum MSS. recensuit, et explicavit Car. Timoth. Zumptius.*" pp. XLII. 1102. large 8vo. Berlin. 1831. Price 6 Rthlr. 12 Gr. (about \$4.75.)

A new edition of Aristotle is publishing (or has been published), under the direction of the Royal Academy at Berlin, consisting of four volumes, large 4to. at the price of 24 Rthlr. (about \$18.) The first three volumes have appeared. The two first under the following title: "*Aristoteles Græce. Ex recensione Immanuelis Bekkeri edidit Academia Regia Berolinensis.*" The third volume contains Latin translations of Aristotle's works: "*Aristoteles Latine, interpretibus variis.*" We have not yet seen any account of the publication of the fourth, consisting of extracts from his Greek commentators. We translate the following notice of this important publication.

"At the suggestion of Professor Schleiermacher, the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin, having determined on a new critical edition of Aristotle, judged, that the undertaking could not be usefully accomplished without a much more extensive collection than had hitherto been made of the manuscripts of his works. Professors Immanuel Bekker and Christian Aug. Brandis were entrusted with this labor. They have employed more than three years in the collation of manuscripts in the libraries of Italy, France, and England, and have so divided the labor, that the former has undertaken the entire preparation of the critical apparatus, and the latter has selected from the printed and unpublished Greek commentaries upon Aristotle, whatever might aid in the understanding of that author. As yet, only the part superintended by Bekker has made its appearance: the remaining volume will contain the commentaries. The manuscripts are as yet merely enumerated; but it is implied that a more full account of them will be given hereafter."

The MSS. enumerated are 99; none containing, however, all the works of Aristotle, and many of them but very few.

Editions of Plato.—Several volumes of a new edition of Plato, by Schneider, have appeared, under the following title: "*Platonis Opera Græce. Recensuit et adnotatione criticâ instruxit Car. Ern. Christoph. Schneider, Litt. Ant. Prof. Vratislau.*" Lipsiæ, sumptibus Teubneri et Claudii. 8vo.

"Within the last thirteen years, three critical editions (those of Bekker, Ast, and Stallbaum,) have appeared, of the complete works of Plato. Until that time, only single Dialogues had been carefully and accurately edited. The first and third of these editions contained a considerable and important apparatus of various readings, and the latter also an application of them, founded upon grammatical, exegetical, and philosophical grounds, to the emendation of the text. The question, therefore, may certainly be started, whether there be a necessity for another edition of a similar kind, for which not many new and important helps can be employed. But

it is intended that the merit of the present edition shall consist in a more critical revision of the text. Attention has been paid to the explanation of some passages, but only where it was indispensable to the understanding of the remarks on the text. An "interpretatio uberior et perpetua" has not been aimed at. But in return a more thorough and complete attention has been paid to the criticism of the text; and even the orthography of different words, as well as the punctuation, has not been neglected."

The volumes are well printed with a good, clear type.

Ast has commenced a voluminous commentary on Plato; the first volume of which forms the tenth of his edition of Plato's works, and is also sold separately. "*Asti Annotationes in Platonis Opera*," 8vo, about 640 pages. It contains notes only on the "*Protagoras*" and the "*Phædrus*."

He has lately also reprinted the "*Protagoras*" separately: "*Platonis Protagoras. Denuo recognovit, brevique annotatione instruxit F. Ast.*"

A "*Lexicon Platonicum*" also by him in 3 vols. 8vo. "A '*Lexicon Platonicum*,' by Professor Ast, in 3 vols. 8vo., with the addition of whatever is valuable in the '*Indices Platonici*' of Mitchell, is announced for the Easter Fair."

Stallbaum is likewise publishing, in the "*Bibliotheca Græca Scriptorum Orat. pedestris*," a new edition of Select Dialogues of Plato: "*Platonis Dialogos selectos recensuit et Commentariis in usum Scholarum instruxit G. Stallbaum.*"

Hermann has published a new edition of the "*Hecuba*" of Euripides, of which it is said,

"Thirty years ago, Hermann edited this tragedy with his own notes and those of Porson, and this first edition still retains its value, far as it is surpassed by the new. The former contains much with respect both to the text and the notes, which, in comparison with the new, may give occasion to different reflections and remarks; this presents the fruits of more advanced studies and riper judgment, and is the philological representative of a new generation, as that was of the last."

The eighth volume of Hermann's *Opuscula* has been published: "*Godofredi Hermannii Opuscula.*" Vol. viii. ap. F. Fleischer. Lipsiæ. 8vo. Price 3 Rthlr. These *Opuscula* contain, among other tracts, a reprint of his dissertation upon the Greek particle *ἀν*, revised and enlarged. This originally appeared in the new edition of Stephens's *Greek Thesaurus* by the Valpys. A hundred pounds, it is said, were paid by them to Hermann for the manuscript.

The publication of the following work will interest some of the learned.

Corpus Grammaticorum Latinorum veterum. Collegit, auxit, recensuit ac potiorum lectionis varietatem adjecit Fridericus Lindemannus, Sociorum operâ adjutus. Tomus I. Donatum, Probum, Eutyrium, Arusianum Messium, Maximum Victorinum, Asperum, Phocam continens. Lipsiæ. 1831. pp. 392, in 4to. Tomi II. Pars I. Pauli Diaconi Excerpta et Sexti Pompeii Festi Fragmenta continens. Ibid. 1832. Cum Commentariis Antonii Augustini, Fulvii Ursini, Josephi Scaligeri integris, Aliorum excerptis, quibus notas addidit Fridericus Lindemannus.

"These are the first two parts of the long expected new collection of

Latin grammarians, occasioned by the scarceness and the imperfections of the Collection of Putsche, which appeared 200 years ago. M. Lindemann has selected, as the partner of his labor, in the collation of manuscripts and the collection of various readings, his late pupil *Mr. Friedrich Wilhelm Otto*, who has distinguished himself by his edition of Cicero's Cato Major and the five books De Finibus. The whole collection will be comprised in 15 volumes like the first, and at least two volumes will be published yearly. All the grammatical writings, which are found in the collections of Putsche and Godefroy, will be comprised in this, and all that have been published since those collections, will be added. The Scholiasts and interpreters of Latin authors are for the present excluded."

In addition to those before mentioned, the following works have lately appeared.

Georgii Wilhelmi Freytagii Lexicon Arabico-Latinum, præsertim ex Djeuharii, Firuzabadiique, et aliorum Arabum operibus, adhibitis Golii quoque et aliorum libris, confectum. Tom. I. 1830. Tom. II. Sec. prior. 1832. Price \$15, large paper \$30, vellum paper \$60. "More full and accurate than the Lexicon of Golius; but from its limited extent not admitting the quotation of authorities, nor a detailed explanation of words and idioms." Reviewed in the "Allgemeine Literatur-Zeitung" for last September.

Werke des chinesischen Weisen Khung-fu-Dsii, u. s. f. Works of the Chinese Philosopher, Khung-fu-Dsii (Confusius) and of his Disciples. Now first translated from the original into German, with Notes by Wilhelm Schott. The second Part (completing the work), Berlin. 1832. 8vo. Price, 1 Rthlr.

Alt Französische Grammatik (,) worin die Conjugation vorzugsweise berücksichtigt ist. Nebst einem Anhang von alten Fabliaux et Contes, welche Schiller's Gang nach dem Eisenhammer, Wielands Wasserkufe, Burger's Lied (e) von Treue, Langben's Kirschbaum (e) entsprechen: und einigen Bruchstücken aus dem Roman du Reuart. Von Conrad von Orell, Lehrer in Zürich. Zürich, Orell, Füssli und Comp. 1830. viii u. 420 S. 1 Rthlr. 16 Gr. This work is noticed and commended with qualifications by M. Raynouard in the *Journal des Savans* for October, 1832.

Der Tod Gustav Adolphs, u. s. f. The death of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, in the Battle of Lutzen, 6 Nov. 1632. In Commemoration of the second secular Anniversary. By F. E. F. Philippi, of Lutzen. With a portrait of the King, and a Plan of the Field of Battle. 8vo. 1832. pp. 115. This work contains a full account of the circumstances attending the King's death, derived in part from MS. authorities, not before used, with an examination of the disputed facts concerning it.

Versuch über die Römischer Plebejer, i. e. Essay upon the Roman Plebeians of the earliest Age; an Introduction to a full History of the Tribunes of the People. By Dr. G. Strässer. 8vo. Price about 60 cts. The writer controverts, and, it is said, confutes the hypothesis of Niebuhr, concerning the relation which the Roman Plebeians and Patricians originally bore to each other.

A new English and German Dictionary, by J. L. Hilpert, in two thick quarto volumes. Price, 7 Thlr. 12 Gr. on common paper, and 9 Thlr. on fine paper. It is to be followed by a German and English Dictionary by the same author.

[From the "Blätter für literarische Unterhaltung."]

Summary View of Swedish Literature from the beginning of the year 1829 to the month of July, 1831.

THE journalists of every nation regard their periodical productions as the choicest flowers of their literature; and though we are far from participating in an opinion so flattering to our self-love, we still consider the publications of the day as the expression of the political life of a country, and as deserving, on this account, to be thoroughly studied.

At the beginning of the year 1831, there were published in Sweden, twelve periodical reviews and sixty-nine journals. The "*Argus*" and the "*Evening Gazette*," which are most eagerly sought after, have only about twelve hundred subscribers each. All the other journals have still fewer. The most important reviews are "*Sveta, tidskrift för Vetenskap och Konst*" (*Sveta* or Sweden, Periodical Review of Science and Art). It contains articles written with care, and not less instructive than well written. The principal contributors are Messrs. Wahlenberg, Geijer, Atterbom, Franzén, de Bescow, Palmblad, Agardh, and J. H. Schröder. The "*Theologisk Quartalskrift*," edited by Messrs. Reuterdaahl and Thomander, is wholly devoted to religious discussions; as is also the "*Siaren*" (*Seer*), an inconsiderable journal, which appears monthly at Christianstadt. The "*Juridiskt Archiv*" of Christianstadt, offer little that is interesting, but the Musical Review of Kalmar ("*Lätning uti musikaliska Annon*") is very well written, and manifests much zeal for the progress of art in general. As to the daily journals, they are not, as in France and England, edited by men of the first talent, by writers enjoying a well-deserved reputation; but by civilians of very moderate powers, whom the Saint-Simonians would not place very high upon the ladder of intellect. The offences of the non-periodical press are under the jurisdiction of the civil tribunals, and the guilt of the authors is determined by a jury. As to the journals, they are ruled despotically. The government seizes the presses whenever it thinks proper, and deprives the editors of the means of issuing their sheets. Among the provincial gazettes, the "*Correspondent*" of M. Bruzelius, published at Upsal, deserves honorable mention. The gazettes of the capital give the tone to those of the whole kingdom, an observation which applies to Sweden as well as to France and England. The journals in most repute are the "*Post och Inrikes-Tidningar*," the "*Stockholms-Posten*," established in 1778 by the celebrated Kellgren, but much fallen from its original reputation; and the "*Journalen*," which appeared in 1809. The head of the present opposition is M. d'Ankarswärd, a man distinguished by the regularity of his features, by his lively and impassioned eloquence, by his

melodious voice, and by his impetuous boldness in the Chamber of the Nobles. His opposition is attributed to motives of personal interest, or rather to his wounded self-love. During the events of 1813, 1814, and 1815, he advised the Prince-royal whose aid-de-camp he was, to support the tottering power of Napoleon against the efforts of the Holy Alliance. This counsel led to his disgrace, and since that time he has been one of the opposition. The "*Argus*" has followed, for some years past, a course of systematic opposition, tending to a radical reform of the civil and religious constitution of Sweden. According to this journal, constitutional monarchies are seats of corruption; the republican form of government is the only one on which the views of men should be fixed; unfortunately, it says, the present time is not ripe for a republic.

In the session of 1824, the "*Argus*" praised the conduct of Anders Danielson, who was at the head of the Estates of the peasants; Anders Danielson entreated the nobility to unite with the peasants, in demanding from the King the dismissal of a ministry which was destroying the prosperity of the country, and was on the point of ruining it. Ankarswärd and his associates highly approved the petition of the peasants; but the aristocrats replied, that it was very unbecoming in a peasant, who breakfasted every day upon oysters and champagne, and who kept two or three mistresses, to complain of the misery and corruption of the country; nay more, they insisted that a country in which the agricultural class enjoyed such freedom, was a true *Eldorado*. The complaint of the peasants produced no effect.

The "*Medborgaren*" (Fellow-citizen) made a great noise on its first appearance. It was expected to be a Messiah to the opposition; unfortunately all went off in smoke; its subscribers withdrew day by day, and this journal now only vegetates. The same thing happened to the "*Mimer*," which was also an opposition journal. Its columns offered little that was interesting, and the eulogy upon Robespierre, which its conductors thought proper to insert, gave great offence to the Swedish public.

In 1829, an anti-opposition paper appeared, "*den objudne Gästen*" (the uninvited Guest), edited with much ability by the celebrated Askelöf, former editor of the literary journal, entitled "*The Polyphemus*." For some time the "*objudne Gästen*" has appeared under the name of the "*Svenska Minerva*" (the Swedish Minerva.) In all discussions, political, literary, or religious, it maintains a high superiority over all its rivals. The "*Aftonbladet*" (Evening Gazette) is one of the best edited and most interesting opposition journals. The object of the editor is not so much to direct public opinion as to make money; fortunately for himself, he succeeds in his object. In the midst of the political vortex which draws every thing into itself, only one daily journal raises its voice in support of elegant literature; this is the "*Herindall*," published by Mr. Rydquist, a distinguished writer, of extensive learning and sound judgment. He wishes only to please the literary world, and he avoids with the greatest care whatever may savour of the spirit of a party or a *coterie*. The consequence is, that Mr. Rydquist rarely makes a pompous eulogy upon any work, and

that, when he finds fault, he always accompanies his critical remarks with honied phrases, that he may not wound the feelings of the author of whom he speaks. His paper is at war with the opposition, whose motto is, "He that is not for us is against us."

Sweden also possesses journals entirely devoted to the useful arts, such as the "*Journal för Handel, Hoid och Konst*," (Journal of Commerce, Trades, and Arts): "*Archif för Husshållningen och Naringarna*," (Register of Domestic Economy and Manual Industry), &c.

The theological publications have, in general, no other aim than to instruct the people; they consist of homilies and sermons. The work of Professor Lundwall, entitled "*De Rationalismo Lutheri*," forms an honorable exception to the fact just stated. In the department of jurisprudence we notice the following publications: "*Corpus juris Sveo-Gothorum Antiqui et M. Colonii opera omnia, denuò edidit A. S. Arwidson*." Colonius was professor of law at the university of Abo, and he had thoroughly investigated the science which he taught his pupils. In his old age, he gained the admiration of his fellow-citizens and the esteem of the emperor Alexander, who had become master of Finland by the cession of it to him by Sweden. In philosophy, we will refer to the works of Biberg, preceptor of the son of Gustavus Adolphus, and professor of moral philosophy in the university of Upsal. The third volume of his works has just been published. During his life Biberg would print nothing, for fear of increasing the innumerable mass of books with which libraries are encumbered. His heirs are less timid; if they stop short, it will be rather for want of money than want of courage. Mr. Cederschöld, professor at Lund, has published a system of ethics, under the name of "*Rationel Pligtlara*" (in German, "*Rationelle Pflichtlehre*."). In the month of September, 1830, appeared the Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences for the year 1829. Mr. Berzelius has published the sixth volume of his "*Course of Chemistry*," and Mr. Hisinger the fifth of his "*Geognosy of Sweden*." Sweden is indebted to naturalists for the following works: "*Monographia Pompi-lorum Sueciæ*," by Mr. Dahlbom: "*Monographia Chrysidum*," by the same author; "*Hemipteria Sueciæ*," by Mr. Fallen; "*Monographia Teuthredinidum Sueciæ*," by the same; "*Lichenographia*," by Mr. Fries; "*Manual of Botany*," by Mr. Aghard; "*Skandinavisk Fauna*," by Mr. Nilsson. Medicine is enriched by the "*Anatomisk Handbok för Lakare und Zoologer*"; history, by the "*Scriptores rerum Suecicarum medii ævi*," a collection published by Messrs. Geijer and Schröder; the "*Diplomatarium Suecorum*," by Mr. J. G. Liejegren; the "*Samlingar för Nördens Fornälskare*" (Collections for the Use of the Antiquarians of the North), by Mr. Ljörborg; the "*Handlingar rörande Scandinaviens Historia*" (Documents relative to the History of Scandinavia); "*Konung Carl X. Gustafs Historia*" (History of Charles X. Gustavus, King of Sweden), and "*Svensk Plutark*" (Swedish Plutarch), by M. Lundblad; "*Sveriges Historia för Ungdom*" (History of Sweden for the Young), by Mr. Bruzelius; "*Berrättelser ur Svenska Historien*" (Narrations extracted from the History of Sweden), by Mr. Fryxell; geography, by the "*Handbok i Fysiska och*

Politiska, äldre och nyare Geographien " (Manual of Physical, Political, Ancient, and Modern Geography), by Mr. Palmblad ; "*Utförligt geographiskt Lexicon* " (Detailed Geographical Lexicon), by Mr. Sundler, &c.

[From the same.]

Summary View of Swedish Literature, during the second half of the year 1831.

For the last ten years, say the Swedes, the journals of Europe have paid us but little attention. In general, we have been content that it should be so, seeing that we led a very peaceable life. We have, notwithstanding, been engaged in war, but a war in which nothing has been shed but ink, and pens have taken the place of bayonets and muskets. There are no conspiracies among us ; as to revolutions, we have liked better to read of them than to take part in them. Our lawyers alone have been offended by the apathy of the Swedish people.

At the beginning of the second half of 1831, our journals were supplied with two great sources of interest ; the cholera and the revolution of Poland. The journalists did their best to frighten the people and the government, by the hideous picture of the ravages of the cholera. Thanks to their indefatigable solicitude, we have had *cordons sanitaires*, and ordinances of a hundred articles, to preserve us from the plague, whether absent or present. The universal blockade, prescribed by the ordinance, appeared so ridiculous, so impracticable, that the government revoked this extraordinary measure. As to *cordons sanitaires*, trade has suffered considerably from them, and, in this respect, it would have been much better to have had the cholera near, than at a distance. When it was at Abo, at Hamburg, and in England, the journals did not whisper a syllable of it, and this, because it was no longer the fashion of the day to be alarmed at the Hindoo plague. *

The cause of Poland awakened, as it ought, universal sympathy ; but the liberal journals, wishing to gratify their readers, published no news except such as came by way of Warsaw. Our official journals contained, it is true, the Russian bulletins ; but either they were not read, or were charged with imposture. In a word, it was expected, rather that the Poles would enter St. Petersburg, than that the Russians would enter Warsaw ; thus the capitulation of the latter city came like a thunderbolt upon the majority of readers. I knew one individual whom it threw into a fever of several days' continuance.

Soon after began the war of the journals. In the month of September, a book appeared entitled : "*Om Ministere och Opposition* " (On the Ministry and the Opposition). To tell the truth, the pamphlet took neither one side nor the other, with the exception of the final tirade in which the author entreated the King to throw himself into the arms of his people, and to overthrow the aristocracy. The author wishes the present representation of the four estates, to be abolished, and, in this, he agrees with the

opposition. He sees aristocracy in every thing; aristocracy of birth, of office, even of talent. This system is negative, or would introduce despotism and mobocracy. But the majority of readers do not foresee its consequences. The pamphlet makes a fierce attack upon the opposition of the chamber of nobles, as well as upon that of the journals. The parliamentary opposition, says Mr. Jan Jansson (pseudonymous author of the pamphlet), is composed only of disguised aristocrats, veiling their own interests under the mask of liberty; they are secretly in concert with the government, and their opposition is only a comedy more or less skilfully played. In this Mr. Jan Jansson is decidedly in the wrong; for the members of the opposition are, for the most part, dupes rather than dupers, and they engage in their cause with the best faith possible. It is particularly to the opposition of the periodical press that the author bears a grudge; he treats the journalists as blockheads and idiots. With us, when a writer is seen to attack all parties he is supposed superior to the miserable tricks of his cotemporaries, and is admired, as a transcendent mind. Mr. Jan Jansson, while he deals his blows among the opposition, does not spare the ministry. The *Argus*, a journal which the author has treated gently enough, maintains that he is perfectly right in all he says. The ministerial paper, the *Faderesland*, highly extols the tirade directed against the opposition, while it disparages the attack upon the ministry. Thus Mr. Jan Jansson's book, like an incendiary squib, has set on fire all those who write for, against, or upon, public affairs. In this general affray, the great mass of the public, not knowing to which to give implicit credit, is in a state of no small embarrassment.

It was written in the stars that this half-year should be a disastrous epoch to the Swedish press, as will presently appear. The *Medborgaren*, an opposition paper, offered a prize of fifty ducats for the best dissertation on political economy. The compositions came, but not so the assignment of the prize. It is well known, that throughout Europe, the ultra-liberal are not the ultra-wealthy. The Swedish journalists proved this, by not giving the prize which they had promised. One of the competitors, tired of waiting so long, complained in the *Argus*, threatened the intervention of the tribunals, and finally effected the assignment. The *Medborgaren* lost the greater part of its subscribers in consequence of this affair, and by reason of its predilection for the doctrines of Saint-Simon. Lieutenant-Colonel Hierta, editor of this journal, abjured, so to speak, his Saint-Simonian errors in a recanting article; but, a short time after, an indiscretion on the part of a French journal, *The Globe*, informed us that Mr. Hierta was still a faithful partisan of father Enfantin and company.

Mr. Hierta's younger brother is editor of the *Aftonbladet*, a kind of scandalous chronicle, containing piquant and witty stories, not seldom untrue, about a multitude of persons and various subjects. He has already been frequently summoned before the tribunals to answer for his false assertions. He one day accused of negligence the *cordon sanitaire*, which, he said, had allowed a ship to enter the port of Stockholm, without requiring it to submit to quarantine. The board of health proved before the tribunals

that the imputation was unfounded. At another time, he came near causing an uproar in Stockholm, by asserting, on the authority of some absurd stories, that two of the public fountains had been poisoned. The water of these fountains was analysed, and this statement also proved flagrantly false.

The liberal journals accuse the *Argus* of having become ministerial, in other words, of having adopted, in politics, the just mean (*juste milieu*). In fact, liberalism has lost ground in Sweden, and people are somewhat disgusted with the leaders of the party. — When the Swedish press treats any grave and important subject, the *Aftonbladet* does but skim over the surface; the *Argus* alone embraces it in its full extent, and puts forth new and sometimes luminous ideas.

In literature, properly so called, Tégner has distinguished himself, a poet and prose-writer, full of warmth and imagination, always aiming at a flowery and brilliant style. The dissertations of the Swedish Academy still retain the faults which have so long been charged upon all the academies of Europe, the principal of which is, the constant sacrifice of substance to form. Mr. Fryxell has, however, succeeded in avoiding this fault in his picture of the epoch from 1592 to 1600, in which he exhibits to us the principal personages who then figured in Sweden. The romance, entitled: "Sketches of Daily life" (*Tekningar af Hvardagslivet*), has enjoyed a success hitherto unheard of in the annals of Swedish literature. And it has not wanted imitators. The young poet Ruda, favorably known by his works, has published the little romance of the "Stranger from the North" (*Framlingen fran Norden*). The characters are not sufficiently marked, and the plot wants originality; but the style is full of freshness and ease. The academicien Franzén has written an epic, or rather a historical poem, entitled, "Columbus, or the Discovery of America" (*Columbus, eller Amerikas upptackt*). This subject is not treated in the trite and monotonous style of ancient and modern epics; it is the simple and flowing style of conversation. And can there be a subject more essentially poetical than the life of Christopher Columbus? The work not being yet finished, we suspend our definitive judgment. Mr. Franzén has been lately appointed Bishop of Hörnesand; Sweden possesses, at this moment, four prelate-poets, Wallin, Tégner, Kullberg, and Franzén. Miss Euphrosyne is the author of some poetical pieces of great beauty and simplicity, which have been much admired in Sweden. The school of Byron, and the French romantic school have numerous partisans in that country. Some poets, and among them some of the most distinguished, publish annually, about Christmas, a kind of Almanac of the Muses, entitled "*Winterblommor*" (Flowers of Winter).

CRITICAL NOTICES.

[From "The Quarterly Review, No. 97."]

ART. I. — *The Dramatic Works and Poems of James Shirley, now first collected.* With Notes by the late William Gifford, Esq.; and additional Notes, and some Account of Shirley and his Writings, by the Rev. Alexander Dyce. 6 vols. London, 1832.

SHIRLEY at length takes his place among the poets of England. His collected works are, for the first time, within the reach of the common reader. A few years ago these volumes would have excited more general interest, and stood a chance of more extensive popularity. The admiration of our older dramatists was then at its height. The wonder and delight raised by a vein of poetry so rich and so deep, almost suddenly disclosed, tempted the public mind to imagine that its wealth was inexhaustible, and, in the fresh ardor of enthusiasm, it refused to suspect that much dross might be mingled with the precious metal. The strong excitement, in those days, perpetually administered by modern poetry, kept the popular taste in a state prepared, and wrought up, as it were, to receive with pleasure the force, the passionate vehemence, the splendid imagery of our ancient theatre. Most of the successful poets then living were professed admirers, some avowed imitators, of the Elizabethan dramatists. They seemed to demand, and obtained a favorable hearing for their masters in the art.

If latterly this ardor of the public mind has sunk into comparative apathy, and its curiosity languished into indifference, we are not inclined altogether to ascribe this defection from the objects of brief idolatry to its general inconstancy: — the blame must be borne, at least in an equal share, by the injudicious panegyrists of our older poets. Of these some had but a cold, an antiquarian, or a bibliomaniac passion for these neglected writers; — they loved, not their invention, their poetry, their character, but their rarity; their admiration rose and fell, not with the kindling of their imagination, or the thrilling of their inmost heart, but with the anxiously-watched vibrations of Mr. Sotheby's or Mr. Evans's hammer; their principles of taste were on the margin of a Roxburghe catalogue, — and inestimable *must be* the merit of that drama which was not to be found in the Malone or the Garrick collection. But this was innocent in comparison with the patronage of another class, by which the older dramatists were incumbered. These were a certain race of writers, with little knowledge of the ancient drama, and less discrimination as to its real excellencies, — professed admirers

of poetry, but egregious admirers of themselves,—who seized upon these slumbering worthies, as subjects for showy and epigrammatic essays, in which the public attention was invited, less to the long-neglected genius of the *dead*, than to the profound and original principles of taste developed by the living. Some of them took possession of the ground, as it were, by a pretended right of discovery; and it became an object of competition to force into notice some name, whose merit had been a secret even to the initiated. In the mean time the authority of the more sound and judicious admirers of the old drama, such as the late Mr. Gifford and Mr. Lamb,—(men, perhaps, as opposite in the character of their minds, as two so highly gifted and accomplished could be, but who met upon this common ground),—their ripe and sober judgment was overborne by the louder and more extravagant praises lavished with equal profusion upon the humbler and the better part of this remarkable school. The reaction took place; the public taste, wearied with these incessant demands on its approbation,—unable to admire in the mass, as it was authoritatively required to do, that which, in most cases, is only excellent in particular passages;—neither inclined, nor scarcely permitted, to make the necessary allowance for the difference of manners, or for the irregularities of writers, who, if the most vigorous, amusing, and various, are, unquestionably, the most unequal,—gradually fell off in its encouragement, and left the field to those whose not less fervent, though more discriminating love of our older poetry, maintained its fidelity. These, as they had been earlier, so they were more lasting votaries; as uninfluenced by the excitement, so superior to the capriciousness of popular admiration.

In the mean time great advantages had been derived from the impulse given to the public taste. Excellent editions of the better, and even some of the inferior, of these old poets had been published. Men who, like Mr. Collier and Mr. Dyce, united the patient industry of the antiquarian with a real, yet chastened feeling for the beauties of their authors, have continued to work on with unwearied assiduity, though with less hope of reward from the general interest in their studies. The present edition of Shirley, commenced, and almost finished, as to the collection and the arrangement of the plays, by Mr. Gifford, and now completed by the addition of the poems, and a life, by Mr. Dyce, closes that prolific but brilliant series of our dramatic authors, without which no library, which pretends to comprehend the more valuable body of English poetic literature, can be considered perfect.

Shirley was the “last minstrel” of the early English stage. In him expired what may be properly called the school of Shakspeare. Like our northern poet’s “last of all the bards,” or, as he was called by one of his contemporaries, “the last supporter of the dying scene,” after enjoying some years of fame and popularity, Shirley found himself fallen upon an ungenial time, on days in

which his art could obtain but little audience. Before his career was half run, his occupation was proscribed; and at the Restoration, the lineal descendant of Fletcher and Massinger saw a new art take possession of the stage. He was a stranger among the race of poets who sprung up around him, — he belonged to another age; some of his plays, as well as those of his great masters, Shakspeare and Fletcher, were indeed revived, but the rhyming heroic tragedy, and the profligate comedy of intrigue, were in the ascendant, — and Shirley stood aloof. Conscious, as it were, that he belonged to a departed generation, that he had nothing in common with the popular playwrights of the modern era, he refused to become a pupil in the new, the degenerate school, and thus to form as he might, the link between the romantic and that which called itself the heroic drama. Hence the civil wars draw a complete line of demarcation between two periods of dramatic art.

Even if it had not thus come to a violent end, the Shakspearian drama might have yielded to that more slow and secret principle of change which seems to operate upon taste, as upon every thing else connected with our mortal state; at this period, however, its fate was inevitable. Unless the drama could have taken higher ground, — unless, from an amusement it could have become a political power, — an engine by which one of the conflicting parties could strongly work upon the opinions of men, it could not but become extinct. Even Shakspeare himself, in such days of tumult and fierce collision, would scarcely have commanded a hearing. It needed not the ponderous anathema of Prynne, nor the stern edict of the Puritanical Parliament, to wean the popular taste from that languishing stage, which, for its few last years, was only supported as a faithful adherent of royalty, by the more indolent and careless cavaliers. The public mind was too serious for diversion; a real tragic drama was now darkening over the kingdom, and its still-impending catastrophe held the whole nation in breathless suspense. Characters were developing, in more striking and vivid colors than Shakspeare himself could have drawn; incidents, which had all the strange and stirring novelty of the boldest fiction, with the tremendous force of truth, were coming home to the hearths, to the bosoms of men. What, at such a time, was “the fiction, the dream of passion”?

“What’s Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?”

Who would go to witness the imaginary “Politician” of the dramatist, when he might watch the unravelling of the great plot in either House of Parliament? who listen to the hired actor at the Globe or the Cockpit, when he could see the Pymys and the Hampdens, the Hydes and the Falklands on that spirit-stirring stage? Even the apprentices had more animating work than in the galleries of the theatres, in themselves learning to take a part, by hooting down bishops, or malignants, in the tragedies of the day,

and accelerating the last scene of Strafford, or of Charles.* Even the pulpits would drain away the few lingering votaries from the sock and buskin, not merely by their stern maledictions on the sin of stage-playing, but by ministering themselves still stronger excitement. They dealt more largely, more effectively, in tragic terrors; they were not sparing even in comic buffoonery;—they no longer dwelt, in their high, and solemn, and serene, and unworldly dignity, upon the eternal interests of man;—they appealed to earthly passions;—they addressed themselves to the personal, to the immediate hopes and fears; the eventful present occupied all minds far more than the remote and mysterious future. It was another form in which the same great political drama was developèd, and absorbed all less real, all fictitious interest; men's passions were in too vehement and tumultuous a state during every hour of the day, and at every occupation, whether religious or political, to be purged and softened, according to the advice of the old Greek critic, by the imaginary terror and pity of poetic representations.

The life of Shirley is perversely enough as obscure as that of most of his poetic fraternity. It appears to have been far from unfertile of incidents, but those incidents are unconnected, and unexplained by any knowledge of his private feelings or personal character. His poems, though sufficiently explicit upon his political sentiments, betray little of the workings of his mind, or of his moral temperament. To the meagre and unsatisfactory outline of Anthony Wood, we know that Mr. Gifford despaired of adding any thing of value; and where the diligent research and extensive knowledge of Mr. Dyce are found at fault, we can scarcely hope, unless new and, at present, inaccessible sources of information should be unexpectedly opened, that any thing further will be gleaned to throw light on his personal history. Yet, living at such a period, it would have been singularly interesting to have traced the personal feelings and opinions of a man of genius in his peculiar situation, who, from a clergyman of the Protestant church, became a Roman Catholic; then a popular writer for the stage; who lived on terms of intimate friendship with most of the literary characters of his day, shared in the patronage of Strafford, was a

* Thomas May, himself once no unsuccessful votary of the prohibited stage, but now a fiery partisan of the parliament, whose historian he became, thus addresses Shirley:—

“Although thou want the theatre's applause,
Which now is fitly silenced by the laws,
Since these sad times that civil swords did rage
And make three kingdoms the lamented stage
Of real tragedies.”—

He concludes, in a high strain of compliment, which shows the estimation in which our poet was held in his own day:—

“All Muses are not guiltless; but such strains
As thine deserve, if I may verdict give,
In sober, chaste, and learned times to live.”

personal follower of Newcastle; sank again, in the troublous times, to his old employment of a schoolmaster, and, finally, became a fellow drudge with Ogilby, and with him was exposed to the ignominious immortality of Dryden's satire.

James Shirley was descended from a family of good name, who had ancient manors both in Sussex and Warwickshire. He was born in 1596, in the parish of St. Mary Woolnoth, London. He was educated at Merchant Taylors' School, and went from thence to St. John's College, Oxford. Laud, then the head of that society, and already an ecclesiastical Martinet, is said, though he admired the talents of Shirley, to have considered him disqualified for the clerical profession by — a mole on his cheek. Mr. Dyce quotes a whimsical improvement of this anecdote from "Cibber's Lives of the Poets": —

"Shirley had unfortunately a large mole upon his left cheek, which much disfigured him, and gave him a forbidding appearance. Laud observed very justly, that an audience can scarcely help conceiving a prejudice against a man whose appearance shocks them, and were he to preach with the tongue of an angel, that prejudice could never be surmounted; besides the danger of women with child fixing their eyes on him in the pulpit; and as the imagination of pregnant women has strange influence on the unborn infants, it is somewhat cruel to expose them to the danger, and by these means do them great injury, as one's fortunes, in some measure, depend upon external comeliness."

If these were Laud's motives, other dignitaries of the church were not equally sensitive as to personal appearance, nor so provident of the beauty of unborn generations; for Shirley, having graduated at Catherine Hall, Cambridge, entered into orders, and obtained a living in or near St. Alban's. But "the sweet sin" of poetry had already captivated the imagination, and no doubt interfered with the professional studies of the young divine; he had already ventured on the press: his first work was a poem, called "Echo, or the Unfortunate Lovers." His mind, as was too common in those days of fierce religious strife, became unsettled, and more, of course, under the influence of imagination than of reason, he embraced the Roman Catholic religion, to which he afterwards adhered with fidelity. Of course he had made up his mind to forfeit his benefice, and, for his livelihood, he submitted, for a short time, to the drudgery of teacher to a grammar-school in St. Alban's. But the neighbourhood of the metropolis opened brighter prospects to a man of poetic talent. Perhaps while yet in his humble situation he had made his first attempt on the stage with "Love's Tricks." This comedy, though with little originality or power, yet from its liveliness, and its strokes of satire at some of the follies, the affected language, and ridiculous accomplishments of the day, seems to have met with success, and probably determined at once the future destination of Shirley.

He had protested in his prologue, and at the time, perhaps, in perfect sincerity, —

"This play is "

The first fruits of a muse, that before this
Never saluted audience, nor doth mean
To swear herself a factor for the scene."

But, supposing, no doubt, that at poets', as well as "at lovers' perjuries Jove laughs," his ambition soon soared beyond drilling the accidence into the little boys of St. Alban's:—he chose, if the more precarious, the more pleasant and lucrative employment of ministering to the delight and sharing in the favor of a splendid court and an opulent city. In the downright words of old Wood, he "retired to the metropolis, lived in Gray's Inn, and set up for a play-maker." The halcyon days of the stage were not yet over; the dark times to which we have alluded did not yet even "cast their shadows before." For several years the prolific invention of Shirley poured forth dramas in quick and unfailing succession; he appears to have lived on terms of intimacy with many of his brother poets,—to have been universally esteemed for his gentle manners and amiable disposition; real respect for the blamelessness of his morals may be traced even through the flattering language of commendatory verses. Though his printed plays are by no means free from the vice of the age, coarse and indelicate allusions, yet in his later dramas he is far less offensive, and by the master of the revels, he is quoted as a pattern of "a more beneficial and cleanly way of poetry." "The comedy called *The Young Admiral*, being free from oaths, prophaneness, or obscenity, hath given mee much delight and satisfaction in the readinge, and may serve for a patterne to other poetts, not only for the bettring of maners and language, but for the improvement of the quality, which hath received some brushings of late."* Such is part of an entry in the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, who latterly seems to have turned somewhat of "a precisian."

Shirley was twice married, and had several children, but of the birth or quality of his two wives we know nothing, though Mr. Dyce conjectures that the first was a lady, whom he addresses in many poems, written in the conceited and metaphysical style of the day, under the name of Odelia. "He gained," says Wood,

* Mr. Dyce quotes another curious passage from this document: it appears that the players were apt "to speak more than was set down for them," and to interpolate oaths and other offensive expressions, the blame of which fell upon the innocent licenser of the plays. This led to a delicate question. "The kinge is pleased to take *faith, death, light*, for asseverations, and no oaths,—as to which I doe humbly submit to my master's judgment; but under favour conceive them to be oaths, and enter them here, to declare my opinion and submission." This will remind the reader of a scene in the "*Spiritual Quixote*," or of a still more recent farce enacted in the Committee-room of the House of Commons,—where a part of the great legislative council of this nation were gravely employed in ascertaining from the elderly *Griener*, who, we presume, upon the same principle on which the famous *Barrington* was made a judge in New South Wales, has been selected to watch over the morals of the drama, his opinions on the propriety of calling a woman an angel, and other equally deep points of doctrine!

"not only a considerable livelihood, but also great respect and encouragement from persons of quality, especially from Henrietta Maria, the queen consort, who made him her servant." It appears, however, that he failed in improving the opportunities of advancement which such patronage afforded. "I never," he observes, "affected the ways of flattery; some say, I have lost my preferment by not practising that court sin." His broad and humorous song on the birth of Charles II., considering the adulation usually poured forth on such events, will scarcely impeach his sinlessness on this head.

Probably something of a chivalrous feeling of indignation at the insult supposed to be offered to Henrietta Maria by Prynne in his "*Histriomastix*" embittered the fierce irony with which he dedicated his "*Bird in a Cage*" to the Puritan in prison:—

"The fame of your candour and innocent love to learning, especially to that musical part of humane knowledge, poetry, and in particular that which concerns the stage and scene (yourself, as I hear, having lately written a tragedy*), doth justly challenge from me this dedication. I had an early desire to congratulate your happy retirement; but no poem could tempt me with so fair a circumstance as this in the title, wherein I take some delight to think (not without imitation of yourself, who have ingeniously fancied such elegant and apposite names for your own compositions, as *Health's Sickness*, *The Unloveliness of Lovelocks*, &c.) how aptly I may present you, at this time, with the '*Bird in a Cage*,' a comedy which wanteth, I must confess, much of that ornament, which the stage and action lent it, for it comprehending also another *play or interlude, personated by ladies*, I must refer to your imagination the music, the songs, the dancing, and other varieties, which I know would have pleased you infinitely in the presentment."

The cruel sentence of Prynne, it is well known, was inflicted on account of some real or supposed allusion to the queen as having danced in an interlude at court; and our poet no doubt justified by his loyalty, as well as by the internecine hostility between Puritanism, whose spirit was embodied in Prynne, and the stage, of which Shirley might stand forth as the champion, this merciless tone of exultation in his sufferings.

Shirley was engaged in a more honorable and more public testimony which was borne at this time against the austere opinions of Prynne. He was appointed to write the poetry for the most splendid interlude ever performed at Whitehall, "*The Triumph of Peace*," which, at this "seasonable time," was represented at the expense, and by members, of the Inns of Court. The distinguished names, which were selected to conduct this gorgeous pageant, remind us of the days when

— "The grave Lord Keeper led the brawls,
The seals and maces danced before him;"

while at the same time they carry us on to that darker period, of which the clouds were beginning to gather, and in which these

* The second part of the "*Histriomastix*" was entitled the "*Actor's Tragedie*."

great men, now uniting in festive rejoicings, and alike eager to display their loyalty, were to be arrayed in opposite ranks, and grapple in deadly opposition. For the Middle Temple were chosen Mr. Hyde and Mr. Whitelock; Sir Edward Herbert and Mr. Selden for the Inner Temple; for Lincoln's Inn, Mr. Attorney Noy and Mr. Gerling; Sir John Finch and another for Gray's Inn. The pageant paraded London from Ely House in Holborn to Whitehall. The masque was performed in the Banqueting-house; the decorations were by Inigo Jones, the music by William Lawes and Simon Ives. The sumptuousness of the dresses and decorations may be best estimated by the expense, — the interlude cost £20,000 to the Inns of Court. The following observation of a correspondent of Strafford's, then Lord Deputy in Ireland, is very remarkable, and illustrative of the memorable chapter in Clarendon, in which he expatiates on the prosperity of the nation before the civil wars: — "Oh that they would give over these things, or lay them by for a time, and bend all their endeavours to make the king rich! For it gives me no satisfaction, who am but a looker-on, to see a rich commonwealth, a rich people, and the crown poor. God direct them to remedy this quickly."

When Strafford proceeded to Ireland in 1633, John Ogilby, a name with which that of Shirley was unfortunately associated in later days, went over as posture-master, and teacher of the art of handling the pike and musket in the family of the deputy, from which he rose to be master of the revels to the vice-regal court. The ill-omened friendship of Shirley with this worthy, who from an excellent dancing-master, by one unfortunate caper, was lamed into a miserable poet, had already been formed in London; and in 1637 Shirley went to Ireland on his invitation, to support the Dublin stage by his acknowledged talents in dramatic composition. Several of his plays were first acted in the theatre of the Irish metropolis. It does not appear at what time his spirited stanzas on the "recovery of the Earl of Strafford" were written; whether they were inspired by gratitude for his patronage when in Ireland, or that more general admiration of his character, prevalent among the royalist party.

" My lord, the voice that did your sickness tell,
 Strook like a midnight chime or knell;
 At every sound

I took into my sense a wound,
 Which had no cure till I did hear
 Your health again
 Restor'd and then

There was a balsam pour'd into mine ear.

" But hymns are now requir'd; 'tis time to rise,
 And pay the altar sacrifice:

My heart allows
 No gums, nor amber, but pure vows;

There's fire at breathing of your name,
And do not fear —
I have a tear

Of joy, to curb any immodest flame." &c. — Vol. vi. p. 428.

Shirley resided about two years in Ireland; on his return to London he resumed his occupation, — but that occupation soon came to an end. Those days of fiercer excitement were at hand, — the spirit of Prynne was in the ascendant, and in 1642, the first ordinance for the suppression of stage-plays was issued by the parliament. This ordinance, according to Mr. Collier, was not altogether effective; the players, in more than one instance, defied or attempted to elude the hostile edict. On one occasion, in 1644, Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedy, "King and no King," (whether purposely selected on account of its significant title, is not clear,) was performed at the theatre in Salisbury Court. It was not till 1647, that severer measures were taken. An act then passed, empowering the Lord Mayor and other magistrates to pull down and destroy all theatres; condemning all players to be publicly whipped; confiscating all money received, for the good of the poor; and enforcing a fine of five shillings upon any person present at a dramatic representation. It cannot be wondered that all persons connected with the stage threw themselves into the royal ranks. Shirley followed the fortunes of the brave and chivalrous, but unsteady and eccentric Newcastle,* to whom he had already dedicated one of his plays, the "Traitor," in language, as is generally the case in Shirley's dedications, though highly complimentary, yet remarkably graceful, and even dignified. There occurs, by the way, in one of Shirley's amatory pieces, an allusion to his northern campaign, which has escaped the notice of his biographer. The poem may be quoted as a specimen of the sweet and tender thoughts which the bards of that day, after the example of Donne, were apt to mar by quaint language and whimsical metre —

"That mistress I pronounce but poor in bliss,
That, when her servant parts,
Gives not as much with her last kiss,
As will maintain two hearts
Till both do meet
To taste what else is sweet.

"Cherish that heart, Odelia, that is mine,
And if the north thou fear,
Despatch but from thy southern clime
A sigh, to warm thine here;
But be so kind
To send by the next wind, —
'Tis far,

And many accidents do wait on war." — Vol. vi. p. 408.

* Wood insinuates, that Shirley had no inconsiderable hand in the plays which this singular nobleman afterwards published. Mr. Dyce is inclined to acquit him of this serious charge.

On the discomfiture of Newcastle at Marston Moor, and his unaccountable abandonment of the royal cause, Shirley stole back to London, where, in his obscurity, he obtained the patronage of a man of much higher literary rank than Newcastle, Thomas Stanley, the editor of "*Æschylus*," and author of the "*History of Philosophy*." But his chief maintenance and that of his wife and family depended on his own exertions; he was glad to sink again to his old drudgery of keeping a school in White Friars; the poetic spirit which had so long delighted a polished court and a tasteful age, by the fertility of its invention, the grace and elegance of its dramatic dialogue, now condescended to versify the accident of the Latin Grammar; the successor, if not the rival of Fletcher and Massinger, entered the lists with old John Lily. The author of the "*Traitor*" and the "*Cardinal*" now sang thus —

"In *di*, *do*, *dum*, the Gerunds chime and close:
Um the first Supine, *u* the latter shows."

An amusing chapter in the history of human life might be formed on the great men who have been schoolmasters. We recommend the subject to Mr. D'Israeli. Among monarchs it would descend from Dionysius the tyrant, to the present King of France. (By this juxta-position we would not be thought to disparage the by no means least honorable, perhaps not the least happy, period in the Life of Louis Philippe.) Among men of letters the times of which we write offer us the names of Shirley, and that far greater "blind old schoolmaster," as Milton was denominated by the miserable scorn of his enemies.

The dedication to his very amusing comedy of the "*Sisters*," reprinted with several others at this period, may well be quoted here. It is, in the words of Mr. Gifford, "singularly affecting, as a well expressed and striking picture of the times." — The play is inscribed to the most worthily honored William Paulet, Esquire: —

"Compositions of this nature have heretofore been graced by the acceptance and protection of the greatest nobility (I say not princes); but in this age, when the scene of dramatic poetry is changed into a wilderness, it is hard to find a patron to a legitimate muse. Many that were wont to encourage poems are fallen beneath the proverbial want of the composers, and, by their ruins, are only at leisure to take measure with their eye of what they have been. Some, extinguished with their fortune, have this happiness to be out of capacity of further shipwreck, while their sad remains peep out of the sea, and may serve as naked marks, and caution to other navigators' malignant stars the while. In this unequal condition of the times, give me leave to congratulate my own felicity that hath directed this comedy unto you, who wear your nobleness with more security than titles, and a name that continues bright and impassable among the constellations in our sphere of English honor." — Vol. v. p. 355.

But the fire of Shirley's invention was not yet completely extinguished either by the base use to which he had fallen, or by his chilling association with his old friend Ogilby. It is next to impossible to doubt that it was by the fall, if not by the death of

Charles I., that the mind of the royalist poet was solemnized to the creation of those imperishable stanzas, which first appeared in his *Contention of Ajax and Ulysses*. "Oliver Cromwell is said, on the recital of them, to have been seized with great terror and agitation of mind." This is one of those stories which ought to be true; unfortunately, Zouch, who has published it in his notes on *Walton's Lives*, has given no authority. Frequently as this noble dirge has been quoted, it must not be omitted here:—

"The glories of our mortal state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.
Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still:
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.
The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now,
See, where the victor-victim bleeds:
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb,—
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust."

Vol. vi. pp. 396, 397.

At the Restoration Shirley had his full share in the benefits of the Act of Oblivion, passed, as it was humorously said, in favor of the king's friends. His plays were revived, but he remained toiling in his school, and drudging, in his ill-assorted partnership with Ogilby, in those vast volumes, the translations of Virgil and Homer, which tower in undisturbed dignity on the tallest shelves of our public libraries. The worthy ex-dancing master, it may be observed, had qualified himself for translating Homer by beginning Greek, in the year 1654, under the tuition of a Scotch usher of Shirley's. The fact of this literary co-partnership must be borne in mind, as in some degree accounting for the contemptuous acrimony of the *Macflecknoe*:—

"Heywood and Shirley are but types of thee,
Thou last great prophet of tautology."

And again on the coronation of Shadwell—

"No Persian carpets spread the imperial way,
But scattered limbs of mangled poets lay.

From dusty shops neglected authors come
 Martyrs of pies * * * * *
 Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogilby there lay,
 But loads of Shadwell almost chok'd the way."

The Mezentian martyrdom by which Shirley bound his living self to the dead weight of old Ogilby — was thus all but fatal at the time. According to the general principle by which a poet, during his life, is often noted for his worst work, but is remembered by posterity, if remembered at all, for his best — so Shirley's nobler flights, his dramatic invention, the graceful ease of his dialogue, were cast into the shade by the impenetrable obscurity of those huge folios, in which he was admitted to be an accomplice, and of which the unmitigated dulness could be known to no one better than to Dryden, who himself trod the same ground. Dryden, conscious of Shirley's immeasurable inferiority as a translator, was no doubt blinded by this, as well as by the false taste of his day for rhyming tragedy and profligate comedy, to his own no less undoubted inferiority, as a dramatist, to the last legitimate descendant of Shakspeare.

The death of Shirley was a tragic termination to a life of vicissitude. He and his second wife, Frances, were burnt out of their dwelling, near Fleet Street, in the memorable Fire of London. They fled to St. Giles's, then in *the fields*, and broken down with fright, exposure, and distress of mind at their losses, the unhappy old couple died in one day, and were buried in one grave in the churchyard of that parish.

Few poets have moralized more beautifully on death than Shirley; happy if in that sad hour the sentiment, embodied in the following exquisite verses, soothed and consoled his failing spirit :

—— "I have not lived
 After the rate to fear another world.
 We come from nothing into life, a time
 We measure with a short breath, and that often
 Made tedious too, with our own cares that fill it,
 Which like so many atoms in a sunbeam,
 But crowd and jostle one another. All
 From the adored purple to the haircloth,
 Must centre in a shade, and they that have
 Their virtues to wait on them, bravely mock
 The rugged storms that so much fright them here,
 When their soul 's launch'd by death into a sea
 That's ever calm." — *Honoria and Mammon*, vi. p. 78.

We are tempted to transcribe also the following beautiful lines : —

"Hark ! how chimes the passing bell !
 There's no music to a knell :
 All the other sounds we hear
 Flatter, and but cheat the ear.
 This doth put us still in mind
 That our flesh must be resigned,
 And, a general silence made,
 The world be muffled in a shade.

Orpheus' lute, as poets tell,
Was hut moral of this bell,
And the captive soul was she
Which they call Euridice,
Rescued by our holy groan,
A loud echo to this tone.
He that on his pillow lies
Tear-embalmed before he dies,
Carries, like a sheep, his life
To the sacrificer's knife." — Vol. vi. p. 452.

Shirley, as a dramatist, bears evident indications of being the last of a great, but almost exhausted school. It is the decline, though still the serene and beautiful decline of a glorious day. The royal race submits with tranquil dignity to its deposition, but the sceptre is passing into other hands. His poetic character is by no means so strongly marked as that of most of his predecessors. The distinctive peculiarities of genius were pre-occupied. Of course the ground where Shakspeare had trod was not merely sacred — it was unattainable; and Jonson, — though in his *Comedy of Manners* he was followed by many of the later writers, — in his profound learning, and not less in his full and elaborate delineation of character, stood also alone. Massinger had excelled in vigorous and masculine eloquence, and in a peculiar style of dark moral painting, such as we trace in his *Luke* and his *Sir Giles Overreach*. The infinite variety of Beaumont and Fletcher seemed to leave no character unattempted, no passion unexplored, no situation untried. Among the inferior writers, Ford had stretched the passions on the rack till they almost burst with agony. Webster, the Spagnolet of the old drama, had, in the same manner, overwrought the principle of terror, and thus too often marred the impressiveness of that sombre grandeur in which lies his true strength. Middleton had passages of a kind of homely pathos not easily surpassed. Thus, when Shirley came on the stage, he might seem to succeed to a mine, of which the wealth had been completely exhausted, — a land, of which every nook and corner had been explored and cultivated to its utmost height of productiveness. Every source from which dramatic invention had drawn its materials might seem dried up. The history of every country had been dramatized, — every distinguished personage in ancient or modern times had appeared on the stage, — even the novelists of Italy were well nigh run to their dregs: human nature itself might almost appear to have been worked out, — every shade and modification of character had been variously combined, every incident placed in every possible light. Yet under all these disadvantages Shirley is an original writer: though he perpetually works up materials of the same kind as those of his predecessors, yet his forms are new; though we are constantly reminded of the earlier writers, particularly of Fletcher, his plays are far from servile copies; the manner of composition is the same, yet his lights and shadows are so infinitely varied, that the impression is entirely different. Even his style is his own: far

inferior in force, in variety, in richness to his masters, it has an ease, a grace, sometimes an elegance, essentially his own. As softened and more delicately-pencilled outlines of characters, with which we are familiar, meet us again in the volumes of Shirley, — so his poetry is full of the same images; — yet passing, as it were, through the clear and pellucid medium of his mind, they appear as if they were the new-born creations of his own fancy.

If the character of Shirley's genius is less marked, he has escaped the mannerism of many of his predecessors; if there is no one qualification of the dramatist in which he is pre-eminent in the great school to which he belongs, yet he combines more than most, except the very first writers; and it is impossible not to admire the variety and versatility with which he ranges, if with a less vigorous and decided, yet with an easy and graceful step, through every province of the drama; rarely perhaps exciting any violent or profound emotion, yet rarely failing to awaken and keep alive the curiosity, to amuse and delight the imagination. For, after all, it is the life and activity of Shirley's mind, the fertility of his invention, which is the most extraordinary point in his poetic character. Among all the plays, which nearly fill the volumes before us, there are few in which the interest, however often strange and improbable, is not sustained to the end; few, in which we do not find scenes or speeches of easy and unlabored beauty, which could only be poured forth in such profusion by a true poet.

As a tragic writer, Shirley betrays, perhaps with least disguise, that he is the last of his school. He seems to write for an audience accustomed to sup full of horrors. There is a prodigality of crime, a profuse pouring forth of blood, not altogether in the coarse and "King Cambyzes" manner of the older school, but still crowded together, as if nothing less than such strong stimulants would produce any effect; as if the poet were under the necessity of working up to an established standard of terror, — to equal, if not to surpass, the awful scenes which were in full possession of the public imagination. In his two finest tragedies, "The Traitor" and "The Cardinal," reminiscences more or less distinct of "The Maid's Tragedy" of Fletcher, and the "Duchess of Malfy" of Webster, involuntarily arise. As he would rival the passion and the sombre grandeur, so he seems to have thought it necessary to vie with his fearful models in the blackness of the crimes which he describes and in the lavish expenditure of blood. "The Traitor," unfortunately, turns on a kind of interest in which our older poets delighted, but which is proscribed by the decency of modern manners. In Shirley, as in all the school to which he belongs, there is the same remarkable contrast between the manners and the morals. Excepting in passages of coarse, and it should seem privileged buffoonery, which, especially in the earlier plays, occur far too frequently, and sometimes intrude when they are most out of keeping with the purer character of the scene, — (yet in which, we must remember, the actors are accused of venturing on liber-

ties of which their authors are blameless) — almost all which seems offensive to propriety was *de facto* intended to improve and elevate, rather than to corrupt and degrade, the mind. Virtue ever obtains the mastery over vice, — vice is visited with shame and misery. Those passions and animal propensities of our nature, over the secret workings of which delicacy now draws a veil, which are left unexplored by the most searching moralist in the dark recesses of the heart, are exhibited by these unscrupulous painters in their repulsive nakedness. They will trace lust in its inmost thoughts and impulses, as they would ambition or jealousy. Stern anatomists, and intent only on the progress of their science, that of the moral nature of man, they unblushingly lay open the most hidden mysteries of that nature to the gaze. In fact, on such subjects they spoke language which was common to the age, and sanctioned by writers of a far graver class. Our old divines enlarge with a minuteness and particularity on points of this kind, at which the sensitive propriety of modern manners would stand aghast. There are many passages in the works of Jeremy Taylor, intended for general use, and no doubt for family instruction, which it would be impossible to read aloud; and even our older books of devotion can be used only with the strictest caution.

These observations are made, not to extenuate what is objectionable in the older dramatists, but in strict justice, lest the great distinction between the plays of this earlier period, and those of Charles the Second's time, should be lost sight of. With the former the manners are coarse and indelicate, the morals sound and vigorous; in the latter, manners and morals are alike corrupt and embruted. In one respect the dramatic writers of the older and better age might read a lesson to times, if of more fastidious nicety in expression, by no means endowed with an equally fine moral sensitiveness. Broad and plain-spoken as they are in their description of vice, and true to the worse as to the better parts of our nature, — strangely and violently as they sometimes precipitate their nobler characters to their fall, or extricate their guilty ones from the trammels of sin, — they never mingle and mould up the most incongruous qualities, the best and the worst ingredients of human character, at the same time, in the same individual. They never shadow off the lofty into the base, and dash what is most admirable in the heart and soul of man, with that which is most loathsome, till the judgment is perplexed and confounded. Their lines of demarcation are strong and decided; nor among all their inconsistencies do we find that which was resorted to, with malice prepense against the elemental principles of morality, by the filthier pioneers of anarchy in France, and which we are sorry to see has, in our own time, been often employed to stimulate, if not on purpose to corrupt, the jaded mind of the public, — the selection of the most virtuous and highly-gifted personage for the lowest crime, the meanest ruffian for the sublimest act of virtue. The energetic imagination and fiery verse of a Byron might throw a veil over offen-

ces even of this class : — *He* could make us overlook, for example, the absurdity of representing a Corsair, whose trade was murder, as revolting from that streak of blood on a woman's brow which was the witness and symbol of his own personal salvation, due to the daring of her hand. It is well, on the other hand, for our literary pastry-cooks, who rummage the Newgate Calendar for some vile domestic atrocity, and serve it up frosted over with *Rosa-Matilda* sentiment, under the name of *romance*, — that when people have before them the coxcombr of a Malvolio, graver faults can hardly fix attention.

The "Traitor" of Shirley is the dark Machiavellian minister of an Italian court, one of his favorite characters, but no where drawn with such boldness and vigor as in this striking tragedy. The manner in which he winds to his purposes the passions of the feeble and voluptuous duke, of the fiery and daring Sciarrha, and of the vain Depazzi, is imagined and executed with equal power and skill. We can, however, venture on only one quotation from this play; and that is, to our judgment, in a vein of exquisite sweetness. By the wiles of Lorenzo, Amidea, the sister of Sciarrha, the original of Otway's Chamont, is exposed to the criminal passion of the Duke, and rejected by Pisano, to whom she had been betrothed. The faithless Pisano is on his way to be married to Oriana, when the bridal procession is arrested by Amidea : —

Ami. Not for my sake, but for your own, go back,
Or take some other way — this leads to death ;
My brother —

Pis. What of him?

Ami. Transported with

The fury of revenge for my dishonor,
As he conceives, for 't is against my will,
Hath vow'd to kill you in your nuptial glory.
Alas! I fear his haste; now, good my lord,
Have mercy on yourself; I do not beg
Your pity upon me, I know too well
You cannot love me now, nor would I rob
This virgin of your faith, since you have pleas'd
To throw me from your love: I do not ask
One smile, nor one poor kiss; enrich this maid,
Created for those blessings; but again
I would beseech you, cherish your own life,
Though I be lost for ever.

Alon. It is worth

Your care, my lord, if there be any danger.

Pis. Alas! her grief hath made her wild, poor lady.
I should not love Oriana to go back;
Set forward. — Amidea, you may live
To be a happier bride: Sciarrha is not
So irreligious to profane these rites.

Ami. Will you not then believe me? — Pray persuade him
You are his friends. — Lady, it will concern
You most of all; indeed, I fear you 'll weep
To see him dead, as well as I.

Pis. No more ;
Go forward.

Ami. I have done ; pray be not angry,
That still I wish you well : may heaven divert
All harms that threaten you ; full blessings crown
Your marriage ! I hope there is no sin in this ;
Indeed I cannot choose but pray for you. —
'Tis might have been my wedding-day —

Ori. Good heaven,
I would it were ! my heart can tell, I take
No joy in being his bride, none in your prayers ;
You shall have my consent to have him still ;
I will resign my place, and wait on you,
If you will marry him.

Ami. Pray do not mock me,
But if you do, I can forgive you too.

Ori. Dear Amidea, do not think I mock
Your sorrow ; by these tears, that are not worn
By every virgin on her wedding-day,
I am compell'd to give away myself :
Your hearts were promis'd, but he ne'er had mine.
Am not I wretched too ?

Ami. Alas, poor maid !
We two keep sorrow alive then ; but I prithee,
When thou art married, love him, prithee love him,
For he esteems thee well ; and once a day
Give him a kiss for me ; but do not tell him
'T was my desire ; perhaps 't will fetch a sigh
From him, and I had rather break my heart.
But one word more, and heaven be with you all. —
Since you have led the way, I hope, my lord,
That I am free to marry too ?

Pis. Thou art.

Ami. Let me beseech you then, to be so kind,
After your own solemnities are done,
To grace my wedding ; I shall be married shortly.

Pis. To whom ?

Ami. To one whom you have all heard talk of, —
Your fathers knew him well ; one, who will never
Give cause I should suspect him to forsake me ;
A constant lover, one whose lips, though cold,
Distil chaste kisses : though our bridal bed
Be not adorn'd with roses, 't will be green ;
We shall have virgin laurel, cypress, yew,
To make us garlands ; though no pine do burn,
Our nuptial shall have torches, and our chamber
Shall be cut out of marble, where we'll sleep,
Free from all care for ever : Death, my lord,
I hope, shall be my husband. Now, farewell ;
Although no kiss, accept my parting tear,
And give me leave to wear my willow here."

Vol. ii. pp. 163 — 165.

The "Cardinal" is another tragedy of great power ; dark and impressive ; but too often revolting where it ought to be terrible. The Duchess Rosaura, though obliged to plight her vows to

Columbo, the nephew of the all-powerful cardinal, is still in love with Alvarez. While Columbo is absent with the army, she obtains by artifice a letter releasing her from her vows. Alvarez is murdered by Columbo. He, in his turn, is slain in a duel at her instigation, by Hernando, to whom, in her incipient frenzy, she has promised her hand as his reward, and who accosts his victim in these terrific lines : —

— “ You must account, sir, if that my sword prosper,
Whose point and every edge is made more keen
With young Alvarez’ blood. Does not that sin
Benumb thy arteries, and turn the guilty flowings
To trembling jelly in thy veins? — One little knot
Of phlegm that clogs my stomach, and I’ve done ; —
You have an uncle, called a Cardinal,
Would he were looking now about that heart,
That the same wound might reach you both, and send
Your reeling souls together ! — Now have at you.”

There is great tenderness in some touches of the ensuing madness of the Duchess, — a sort of agony of suppressed and conflicting emotion : —

Her. Dear madam, do not weep.

Duch. You’re very welcome ;
I have done ; I will not shed a tear more
Till I meet Alvarez, then I’ll weep for joy.
He was a fine young gentleman, and sung sweetly ;
An you had heard him but the night before
We were married, you would have sworn he had been
A swan, and sung his own sad epitaph.
But we’ll talk o’ the Cardinal.

Her. Would his death
Might ransom your fair sense ! he should not live
To triumph in the loss. Beshrew my manhood,
But I begin to melt.

Duch. I pray, sir, tell me,
For I can understand, although they say
I have lost my wits ; but they are safe enough,
And I shall have them when the Cardinal dies ;
Who had a letter from his nephew, too,
Since he was slain.

Her. From whence ?

Duch. I know not where he is. But in some bower
Within a garden he is making chaplets,
And means to send me one ; but I’ll not take it ;
I have flowers enough, I thank him, while I live.

Her. But do you love your governor ?

Duch. Yes, but I’ll never marry him ; I am promis’d
Already.

Her. To whom, madam ?

Duch. Do not you
Blush when you ask me that ? must not you be
My husband ? I know why, but that’s a secret.
Indeed, if you believe me, I do love
No man alive so well as you : the Cardinal

Shall never know 't: he 'll kill us both; and yet
 He says he loves me dearly, and has promis'd
 To make me well again; but I 'm afraid,
 One time or other, he will give me poison.

Her. Prevent him, madam, and take nothing from him.

Duch. Why, do you think 't will hurt me?

Her. It will kill you,

Duch. I shall but die, and meet my dear-lov'd lord,
 Whom, when I have kiss'd, I 'll come again and work
 A bracelet of my hair for you to carry him,
 When you are going to heaven; the poesy shall
 Be my own name, in little tears, that I
 Will weep next winter, which congeal'd i' the frost,
 Will show like seed-pearl. You 'll deliver it?
 I know he 'll love, and wear it for my sake.

Her. She is quite lost,

Duch. Pray, give me, sir, your pardon:
 I know I talk not wisely: but if you had
 The burthen of my sorrow, you would miss
 Sometimes your better reason. Now I 'm well."

Vol. v. pp. 341, 342.

Shirley is still more successful in a kind of romantic tragi-comedy, crowded in general with incident and adventure, often wild and extravagant, but always full of life and amusement; sometimes, as in the diverting play of the "Sisters," the comic part greatly predominating; sometimes, as in the "Young Admiral," the interest being serious and tragic, but the catastrophe without bloodshed. It is not easy to give a fair notion of these pieces, by extracting single speeches or even scenes. It is the general effect of the whole drama, with all its intricacies of plot, however inconsistent, its rapid succession of perilous or diverting situations, however strangely brought about, and its varieties of character, — it is the animation, the excitement of the dramatized romance, — for such, as in a former article we attempted to explain, are all the plays of this school, — which constitutes their chief excellence.

The "Brothers" is another drama of the same class, though less raised above the level of common life. In this play, the bustle and intricacy of a Spanish plot is mingled up with scenes of a kind of quiet pathos, in which Shirley, apt to overstrain the more violent passions, is often inimitably happy. There is something exquisitely touching in the following scene. Nothing is labored, — nothing forced. The truth, — the simplicity of nature is perfectly preserved, while a hue of poetic fancy is thrown over the whole dialogue. Its very tranquillity is affecting, and a deep emotion is produced by the absence of all the effort to produce emotion. Fernando, the elder son of Don Ramirez, is in love with Felisarda, the poor daughter of Theodoro, and the humble companion of Jacinta. Ramirez is supposed to have died in a fit of passion at the disobedience of Fernando, in refusing to pay his court to the rich heiress Jacinta, of whom his brother Francisco is enamoured. With his dying breath he disinherits Fernando, who is reduced to the most abject poverty.

Fel. Why should I
Give any entertainment to my fears?
Suspensions are but like the shape of clouds,
And idle forms i' the air, we make to fright us.
I will admit no jealous thought to wound
Fernando's truth, but with that cheerfulness,
My own first clear intents to honor him
Can arm me with, expect to meet his faith
As noble as he promis'd. — Ha! 'tis he.

Enter FERNANDO.

My poor heart trembles like a timorous leaf,
Which the wind shakes upon his sickly stalk,
And frights into a palsy.

Fer. Felisarda!

Fel. Shall I want fortitude to bid him welcome? — [*Aside.*
Sir, if you think there is a heart alive
That can be grateful, and with humble thought
And prayers reward your piety, despise not
The offer of it here; you have not cast
Your bounty on a rock; while the seeds thrive
Where you did place your charity, my joy
May seem ill dress'd to come like sorrow thus,
But you may see through every tear, and find
My eyes meant innocence, and your hearty welcome.

Fer. Who did prepare thee, Felisarda, thus
To entertain me weeping? Sure our souls
Meet and converse, and we not know't; there is
Such beauty in that watery circle, I
Am fearful to come near, and breathe a kiss
Upon thy cheek, lest I pollute that crystal;
And yet I must salute thee, and I dare,
With one warm sigh, meet and dry up this sorrow.

Fel. I shall forget all misery; for when
I look upon the world, and race of men,
I find them proud, and all so unacquainted
With pity to such miserable things
As poverty hath made us, that I must
Conclude you sent from heaven.

Fer. Oh, do not flatter
Thyself, poor Felisarda; I am mortal;
The life I bear about me is not mine,
But borrow'd to come to thee once again,
And, ere I go, to clear how much I love thee; —
But first, I have a story to deliver,
A tale will make thee sad, but I must tell it, —
There is one dead that lov'd thee not.

Fel. One dead
That lov'd me not? this carries, sir, in nature
No killing sound; I shall be sad to know
I did deserve an enemy, or he want
A charity at death.

Fer. Thy cruel enemy,
And my best friend, hath took eternal leave,
And's gone — to heaven, I hope; excuse my tears,
It is a tribute I must pay his memory,
For I did love my father.

Fel. Ha! your father?

Fer. Yes, Felisarda, he is gone, that in
The morning promis'd many years; but death
Hath in few hours made him as stiff, as all
The winds of winter had thrown cold upon him,
And whisper'd him to marble.

Fel. Now trust me,
My heart weeps for him; but I understand
Not how I was concern'd in his displeasure;
And in such height as you profess.

Fer. He did
Command me, on his blessing, to forsake thee.
Was't not a cruel precept, to enforce
The soul, and curse his son for honest love?

Fel. This is a wound indeed.

Fer. But not so mortal;
For his last breath was balsam pour'd upon it,
By which he did reverse his malediction;
And I, that groan'd beneath the weight of that
Anathema, sunk almost to despair,
Where night and heavy shades hung round about me,
Found myself rising like the morning star
To view the world.

Fel. Never, I hope, to be
Eclipse'd again.

Fer. This was a welcome blessing.

Fel. Heaven had a care of both: my joys are mighty.
Vouchsafe me, sir, your pardon, if I blush,
And say I love, but rather than the peace
That should preserve your bosom suffer for
My sake, 't were better I were dead.

Fer. No, live,
And live for ever happy, thou deserved'st it.
It is Fernando doth make haste to sleep
In his forgotten dust.

Fel. Those accents did
Not sound so cheerfully.

Fer. Dost love me?

Fel. Sir?

Fer. Do not, I prithee, do not; I am lost,
Alas! I am no more Fernando, there
Is nothing but the empty name of him
That did betray thee; place a guard about
Thy heart betime, I am not worth this sweetness.

Fel. Did not Fernando speak all this? alas,
He knew that I was poor before, and needed not
Despise me now for that.

Fer. Desert me, goodness,
When I upbraid thy wants. 'T is I am poor,
For I have not a stock in all the world
Of so much dust, as would contrive one narrow
Cabin to shroud a worm; my dying father
Hath given away my birthright to Francisco;
I'm disinherited, thrown out of all,
But the small earth I borrow, thus to walk on;
And having nothing left, I come to kiss thee,

And take my everlasting leave of thee too.
Farewell ! this will persuade thee to consent
To my eternal absence.

Fel. I must beseech you stay a little, sir,
And clear my faith. Hath your displeased father
Depriv'd you then of all, and made Francisco
The lord of your inheritance, without hope
To be repair'd in fortune ?

Fer. 'Tis sad truth.

Fel. This is a happiness I did not look for.

Fer. A happiness !

Fel. Yes, sir, a happiness.

Fer. Can Felisarda take delight to hear
What hath undone her servant ?

Fel. Heaven avert it.

But 'tis not worth my grief to be assured
That this will bring me nearer now to him
Whom I must honor of the world ; and 'tis
My pride, if you exceed me not in fortune,
That I can boast my heart, as high, and rich,
With noble flame, and every way your equal ;
And if you be as poor as I, Fernando,
I can deserve you now, and love you more
Than when your expectation carried all
The pride and blossoms of the spring upon it.

Fer. Those shadows will not feed more than your fancies :
Two poverties will keep but a thin table ;
And while we dream of this high nourishment,
We do but starve more gloriously.

Fel. 'Tis ease

And wealth first taught us art to surfeit by :
Nature is wise, not costly, and will spread
A table for us in the wilderness ;
And the kind earth keep us alive and healthful,
With what her bosom doth invite us to ;
The brooks, not there suspected, as the wine
That sometimes princes quaff, are all transparent,
And with their pretty murmurs call to taste them.
In every tree a chorister to sing
Health to our loves ; our lives shall there be free
As the first knowledge was from sin, and all
Our dreams as innocent.

Fer. Oh, Felisarda !

If thou didst own less virtue I might prove
Unkind, and marry thee : but being so rich
In goodness, it becomes me not to bring
One that is poor in every worth, to waste
So excellent a dower : be free, and meet
One that hath wealth to cherish it — I shall
Undo thee quite ; but pray for me, as I,
That thou mayst change for a more happy bridegroom ;
I dare as soon be guilty of my death,
As make thee miserable by expecting me.
Farewell ! and do not wrong my soul, to think
That any storm could separate us two,
But that I have no fortune now to serve thee.

Fel. This will be no exception, sir, I hope,
When we are both dead, yet our bodies may
Be cold, and strangers in the winding-sheet,
We shall be married when our spirits meet."

Vol. i. pp. 246 — 252.

Scenes like this are interspersed throughout the whole of the intermediate compositions which form nearly two-thirds of Shirley's dramas. They bear considerable resemblance to some of Calderon's plays, those which are not in his more serious vein, but more elevated and poetical than those *Capo y Espada* comedies, from which the later English comic writers borrowed so largely. There is the same disregard of probability (this, however, the animation and activity of the scene scarcely allow us time to detect, or inclination to criticize) — the same love of disguises, princesses in the garb of pages, princes who turn out to be changelings, and humbler characters who turn out to be princes, everybody in love, and everybody in love with the wrong person, — until, by some unexpected *dénouement*, they all fall into harmonious and well-assorted couples, and a general marriage winds up the whole piece. Like the great Spanish dramatist, Shirley delights in throwing his leading characters into the most embarrassing situations, — their constancy is exposed to the rudest trials; sometimes he has caught the high chivalrous tone of self-devotion, the sort of voluntary martyrdom of love which will surrender its object, either at the call of some more commanding duty, or for the greater glory and happiness of its mistress. We would direct particular attention to "The Grateful Servant."

There is still another class of drama in which Shirley is extremely successful, though here, likewise, the skill of the author is rather shown in the general conduct of his piece, than in the striking execution of single parts. It is a poetic comedy of English and domestic manners, mingled with serious, sometimes with pathetic scenes. To this class belong "The Lady of Pleasure," "Hyde Park," the whimsical play of "Love in a Maze," "The Constant Maid," "The Gamester," "The Example," and one or two others. Shirley's comic, like his tragic powers, are rather fertile and various than rich and original; he is easy and playful rather than broad and vigorous. Of course, even his more serious and tragic plays are relieved, according to the invariable practice of his school, by the humors of the clown or buffoon. In some of the romantic tragic-comedies, as in "The Sisters," a play which we cannot but think might succeed on the modern stage, the main interest is altogether comic; and even in this last class, the comedy of Manners, occur many of those passages of gentle and quiet sweetness, which are characteristic of Shirley. As a satirical painter of manners, as a playful castigator of the fashions, the follies, the humors of the day, he is to Jonson what, in his serious efforts, he is to Fletcher. In all such pictures the very excellence, in some degree, endangers the lasting popularity; the more accu-

rately the resemblance of the poet's own times is drawn, the more alien it is to the habits and feelings of modern days ; in precise proportion that such pieces are valuable to the antiquarian, they are obsolete and unintelligible to the common reader. Much, therefore, of the zest and raciness of the following scene must, of course, be lost ; it is from "The Lady of Pleasure," a play which, but for one wanton and unnecessary blemish, might be quoted almost throughout as a very curious and lively description of fashionable manners in the days of Charles I. Aretina, the wife of Sir Thomas Bornwell, is the Lady Townley, or the Lady Teazle, of an older date : —

Steward. Be patient, Madam ; you may have your pleasure.

Lady Bornwell. 'Tis that I came to town for. I would not Endure again the country conversation, To be the lady of six shires ! The men, So near the primitive making, they retain A sense of nothing but the earth ; their brains, And barren heads standing as much in want Of ploughing as their ground. To hear a fellow Make himself merry and his horse, with whistling *Sellingier's Round* ! To observe with what solemnity They keep their wakes, and throw for pewter candlesticks, How they become the morris, with whose bells They ring all in to Whitsun-ales ; and sweat, Through twenty scarfs and napkins, till the hobby-horse Tire, and the Maid Marian, dissolv'd to a jelly, Be kept for spoon meat !

Stew. These, with your pardon, are no argument To make the country life appear so hateful ; At least to your particular, who enjoy'd A blessing in that calm, would you be pleas'd To think so, and the pleasure of a kingdom ; While your own will commanded what should move Delights, your husband's love and power join'd To give your life more harmony. You liv'd there Secure, and innocent, beloved of all ; Prais'd for your hospitality, and pray'd for : You might be envied ; but malice knew Not where you dwelt. I would not prophesy, But leave to your own apprehension, What may succeed your change.

Lady B. You do imagine, No doubt, you have talk'd wisely, and confuted London past all defence. Your master should Do well to send you back into the country, With title of superintendent-bailiff.

Stew. How, Madam !

Enter Sir THOMAS BORNWELL.

Born. How now ? What's the matter ?

Stew. Nothing, Sir.

Born. Angry, sweetheart ?

Lady B. I am angry with myself, To be so miserably restrain'd in things,

Wherein it doth concern your love and honor
To see me satisfied.

Born. In what, Aretina,
Dost thou accuse me? Have I not obey'd
All thy desires? against mine own opinion
Quitted the country, and removed the hope
Of our return, by sale of that fair lordship
We lived in? changed a calm and retired life
For this wild town, compos'd of noise and charge?

Lady B. What charge, more than is necessary for
A lady of my birth and education?

Born. Your charge of gaudy furniture, and pictures
Of this Italian master, and that Dutchman;
Your mighty looking-glasses, like artillery,
Brought home on engines; the superfluous plate,
Antique and novel; vanities of tires;
Four-score pound suppers for my lord your kinsman,
Banquets for t'other lady aunt, and cousins,
And perfumes that exceed all: train of servants,
To stifle us at home, and show abroad
More motley than the French or the Venetian,
About your coach; whose rude postillion
Must pester every narrow lane, till passengers
And tradesmen curse your choking up their stalls;
And common cries pursue your ladyship,
For hindering of their market.

Lady B. Have you done, sir?

B. I could accuse the gayety of your wardrobe,
And prodigal embroideries, under which
Rich satins, plushes, cloth of silver, dare
Not share their own complexions; your jewels,
Able to burn out the spectators' eyes,
And show like bonfires on you by the tapers:
I could urge something more.

Lady B. Pray do, I like
Your homily of thrift.

Born. I could wish, madam,
You would not game so much.

Lady B. A gamester too!

Born. But are not come to that acquaintance yet;
Should teach you skill enough to raise your profit.
You look not through the subtilty of cards,
And mysteries of dice; nor can you save
Charge with the box, buy petticoats and pearls,
And keep your family by the precious income;
Nor do I wish you should: my poorest servant
Shall not upbraid my tables, nor his hire,
Purchas'd beneath my honor. You make play
Not a pastime but a tyranny, and vex
Yourself and my estate by it.

Lady B. Good! proceed.

Born. Another game you have, which consumes more
Your fame than purse; your revels in the night,
Your meetings call'd *THE BALL*, to which repair,
As to the court of pleasure, all your gallants,
And ladies, thither bound by a subpoena

Of Venus, and small Cupid's high displeasure ;
 'T is but the Family of Love translated
 Into more costly sin !

Lady B. Have you concluded ?

Born. I have done ; and howsoever

My language may appear to you, it carries

No other than my fair and just intent

To your delights, without curb to their modest

And noble freedom." — Vol. iv. pp. 5 – 10.

We conclude with a few observations on this "editio princeps" of Shirley. The plays, as we have before observed, were collected, arranged, and edited by the late Mr. Gifford ; and his was a task of no light labor, — for never had unhappy author suffered so much from careless and ignorant printers as Shirley. Some errors of the press, which have either crept into this edition or have remained uncorrected, show that the keen eye of that most accurate scholar was somewhat bedimmed before his work was concluded ; but the fame of Shirley is deeply indebted to the collector of his dramas. Many passages of poetry, which had been crowded into halt and disjointed prose, have been brought back, as near as possible, to their original harmonious flow : in some places, the sense, which might have appeared irrevocably lost, by the dislocation of sentences and the transposition of lines, has been restored by conjectural emendations, both bold and felicitous ; in others, where words or lines have been lost, the hiatus is marked, and the reader is spared much unprofitable waste of time, in endeavouring to elucidate the meaning of vocables which might seem cast at random from the types.* No one, in short, who has not attempted to acquaint himself with the beauties of Shirley's drama, through the old quartos, can appreciate the luxury of reading them in the clearer letter, and more genuine text of the present edition. Mr. Dyce has performed his humbler task as editor of the poems, with his accustomed ability ; and, on the whole, it is no fault of the edition, if justice be not at length fairly done to the merit of Shirley. One of his cotemporary poets ventured to prophesy, —

"That ages yet to come shall hear and see,
 When dead, thy works a living elegy."

For the first time, in the nineteenth century, this elegy has been removed from the obscure and inaccessible quarter where it had long mouldered unseen ; it has been transcribed in legible characters ; and fully asserts the claim of this last of our Elizabethan dramatists, to be admitted to a high place among the second class of the poetical hierarchy of England.

* In the fine and eloquent tragedy of "Chabot," the obscurity of Chapman's manner, the hardness of which his contemporaries called his "full and heightened style," is greatly increased by the incorrectness of the press. This play, as bearing the name of Shirley in its title-page, conjoined with that of Chapman, ought not to have been omitted : yet it is very difficult to assign any part of it to Shirley ; even the comic scenes are more in Chapman's close and pregnant manner than in the light and airy style of Shirley.

[From "The Gentleman's Magazine, for April, 1833."]

ART. II. — CÆDMON'S *Metrical Paraphrase of Parts of the Holy Scriptures, in Anglo-Saxon; with an English Translation, Notes, and a Verbal Index.* By BENJAMIN THORPE, Esq., F. S. A. Published by the Society of Antiquaries. 8vo.

ALTHOUGH at a period when the most sluggish apathy seemed to have overwhelmed Europe respecting the knowledge and intellectual cultivation of the people whose tongue we speak, and under whose laws we live, a few laborious Englishmen were striving to call back the feelings of the Teutonic nations to a reverential survey of the past, it cannot be denied that, the impulse once given, we contentedly suffered ourselves to be oustripped, in every direction, by our Continental brethren. We had made a great stride, and were either too timid or too self-satisfied to continue the effort; in every respect a misfortune, since the materials, the wealthy stores we had to work upon, rendered us eminently capable, by a proper developement of the Anglo-Saxon language, of assisting the labors of German and Scandinavian scholars, — men who, though far our superiors in industry and philological acumen, possess no such wide field for the exertion of those prime qualities. It is far from our wish to undervalue the earlier Saxonists of England; they had a new path to fray for themselves, and brought abundant zeal to the task. In comparison with their successors, even to the present day, they were a mighty race; but they neither did nor could possess that spirit of cautious philology which would render them sure guides in a new study. Hickes overshot his own mark, and no less did Junius, who, himself a foreigner, and far better acquainted with the ancient languages of Denmark and Germany than of England, might still have added worthy increase to our knowledge had his plans been more moderate, more commensurate to the space over which it was lawful for him to extend his rule. The Elstobs and Rawlinson appear to have possessed, as far as it went, sound and useful knowledge; but for the host of the Barringtons, Gibsons, and Thwaiteses, the sooner their systems and their editions are forgotten the better. Want of critical knowledge by which to test the value of MSS., in some cases want of industry to make use of the better material, when a worse might be more readily come by, have rendered every edition of a Saxon work printed in England hitherto, useless, or worse than useless, deceptive. It is strange, and not matter of pride or pleasure to Englishmen, that a Dane and a German should have put us in the right road; that Rask and Grimm, without even an opportunity of seeing Anglo-Saxon MSS. should, from their knowledge of the tongue, have corrected the faulty printed works, and that the MSS. should nearly always confirm their readings; that Schmidt should give a better edition of the Anglo-Saxon Laws than Wilkins or

Lambard, merely by bettering their blunders ; that Grundtwig should append to his Danish paraphrase of Beowulf page after page of conjectural emendations, which are after all the real forms found in the manuscript. But so it is ; and we have nothing left but to hope that henceforward our countrymen will be content to step a little out of their own narrow circle, and to make use of the lights which others have afforded.

The gentleman to whom, under the auspices of the Society of Antiquaries, we owe the paraphrase of Cædmon, is one who has studied in this sound school of northern philologists, and his work is consequently beyond comparison the best edition of a Saxon author that has ever issued from the press in England. The opportunity of canvassing its merits and demerits, is not to be passed over ; for, as there appears at present a sort of zeal for the reproduction of our old records, so valuable to the philosopher, the historian, and the philologist, it is well that it should be known what may and what may not be looked for at the hands of those to whom the task of editing them is committed.

Most of those who will read these remarks, are familiar with the subject and nature of the work ; some of them may perhaps have attempted to read the metrical version of the Old Testament in Junius's edition, and with Lye's Dictionary ; to either class of persons we seriously recommend the perusal of Mr. Thorpe's book ; it will give them new lights upon the subject. A profound and extensive knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon poetic language, which is very distinct from that of the Gospels and Homilies and Histories, has enabled the Editor to make an excellent text out of one of the worst and most carelessly written of all the Saxon MSS. ; while his ear, well-tuned to the harmony of Saxon rhythm, separates line from line, as far as we have observed, with unerring accuracy. But these great merits in themselves, are crowned by an accurate translation, the difficulty of which can only be appreciated by those who have attempted similar labors. We do not always agree with the learned Editor ; but in the very few passages wherein we at present feel inclined to differ from him, it must be admitted that great difficulty exists ; these have received deep consideration at his hands, and therefore it is not improbable that maturer study may compel us to give him the bucklers. It would serve no useful purpose to enter here upon a detailed examination of this poem ; and the following extract will probably convey a clearer notion of its merits, than any long-drawn eulogium :

" There had not here as yet,
 save cavern shade,
 aught been ;
 but this wide abyss
 stood deep and dim,
 strange to its Lord,
 idle and useless ;
 on which looked with his eyes
 the King firm of mind,

and beheld those places
 void of joys ;
 saw the dark cloud
 lower in eternal night,
 swart under heaven,
 dark and waste,
 until this worldly creation
 through the word existed
 of the Glory-king.

" Here first shaped
 the Lord eternal
 chief of all creatures,
 heaven and earth ;
 the firmament upreared,
 and this spacious land
 established
 by his strong powers,
 the Lord Almighty.
 The earth as yet was
 not green with grass ;
 ocean cover'd
 swart in eternal night,
 far and wide,
 the dusky ways.
 Then was the glory-bright
 spirit of heaven's Guardian
 borne over the deep,
 with utmost speed :
 the Creator of angels bade,
 the Lord of life,
 light to come forth
 over the spacious deep.

Quickly was fulfilled
 the high King's behest,
 for him was holy light
 over the waste,
 as the Maker bade.

" Then sundered
 the Lord of triumphs
 over the ocean-flood
 light from darkness,
 shade from brightness,
 then gave names to both,
 the Lord of life.
 Light was first
 through the Lord's word
 named day ;
 beauteous bright creation !
 Well pleased
 the Lord at the beginning,
 the procreative time.

" The first day saw
 the dark shade
 swart prevailing
 over the wide abyss." — p. 7.

Among the other excellences for which we have to return thanks to Mr. Thorpe, is a copious Verbal Index, which future lexicographers will congratulate themselves on possessing. In the absence of any thing like a respectable Saxon dictionary, this is highly valuable. We have but one quarrel with the Antiquarian Society in this matter ; viz. that they have retained the mis-called Saxon character in this book. It has been so long thoroughly known that this was not Saxon ; that, with the exception of *p* and *g*, it was merely a monkish variation of the Latin type ; above all, that it did not even resemble the writing of the best MSS. ; that it was to be hoped that in England the good example set by continental editors would be followed. The curious may consult Rask's *Anglo-Saxon Grammar*, p. 1 ; Grimm's *Deutsche Grammatik*, I. 4 ; Zahn's *Ulfilas Vorrede*, p. 22 ; for further information ; and above all observe the method practised by the editors of the quarto *Edda*, by Graff in his *Otfried and Diutisca*, by Hoffman in his *Deutsche Fundgruben* and *Willeram*, by Lachmann in his *Nibelungen Lied*, and by Schmeller in his *Heljand* ; in short, by all Continental scholars whose opinions deserve attention. It is much to be hoped that the very successful start which they have made, will induce the Society to continue their useful labors ; the *Codex Exoniensis* ought not to remain in manuscript ; nor are the old religious songs and homilies of the Anglo-Saxons deserving of the neglect with which they have been treated ; above all, it seems wonderful that the Works of that truly mighty prince, Alfred the Great, should never have been collected. For history, for the study of language, and for theology, they are of unmeasured value.

[Compiled.]

ART. III. — *Sketches in Greece and Turkey ; with the Present Condition and Future Prospects of the Turkish Empire.* Svo. pp. 226. Lond. 1833. Ridgway.

THE author of this work is the most recent traveller, who has given an account of Greece. In the spring of 1832, after passing through Albania, and paying the usual tributary malediction to the memory of Ali Pacha, the author crosses the Gulf of Arta, to Vonitza. He was now in the Greek territory. The town at which he arrived was at the time commanded by General Pisa, a noble Neapolitan exile, who behaved to the travellers (for our author was accompanied by a friend) with as much hospitality as his own forlorn circumstances would permit. The head-quarters of the general consisted of a single room, with a roof but no ceiling; two windows without glass; a fire-hearth with a fire, the smoke of which had no other exit from the room than through the door. The apartment was furnished with one deal table and two benches; and in a corner were two boards, on which were a deer-skin and a blanket, forming the general's bed. The unhappy exile, whose wretched destiny is here illustrated, is not unknown in England. In 1821 he joined the revolution of Naples, and was one of those who were afterwards sent into banishment. He came to England, remained here for three years, and, tired of an inactive life, he entered the Greek service, and distinguished himself in several actions, particularly at the siege of Athens. The only reward, however, which he received for his services, was the perilous post of governor of the fortress of Vonitza, where, between hunger and malaria, and the Roumeliote faction, it is only surprising that the poor general did not sink long ago. The faction just mentioned had given him repeatedly to understand, that they were determined to dispose of him as soon as they had the opportunity, and one night, by accident, as he was making his rounds, he found one of his sentinels negotiating with two of the enemy upon the terms which the former was to take for betraying the fortress. Our author afterwards found out that had the Roumeliotes succeeded, they intended to have boiled him to death in oil.

Leaving Vonitza, the travellers proceeded over Acarnania, paying a visit to the site of the renowned Missalonghi. After shedding a few tears at the tomb of the brave Marco Botzari, they went to Patras. From this place they were kindly sent on to Lepanto, by Prince Wrede, a Bavarian nobleman in the service of Greece, who also gave them letters to General Giavella, who resided not far from that town. The latter was at the time generalissimo of Western Greece, under the Capodistrian government. Our author speaks of him in the following terms :

"Giavella is one of the most interesting characters which have been elicited by the excitement of the revolution. A Suliote by birth and son to the brave hero and heroine who so long defended their mountain strongholds against the celebrated Albanese tyrant, he inherits the indomitable spirit and uncalculating bravery of his country and his parents. He is now about forty years of age, low in stature, but remarkably well made; his black hair flows down upon his shoulders after the manner of his tribe, and his dark eye and handsome features have an habitual expression of gayety and liveliness which is very pleasing, mingled with a something which bespeaks great occasional excitability. Brave to excess, noble, kind-hearted, and indefatigable, he has always been one of the most influential and important leaders in the Greek cause, and is a general favorite with his countrymen. Even those most opposed to him in politics, I have heard speak of him with tenderness and respect. He has distinguished himself on many occasions, especially at the battle near Navarino, where he and Constantine Botzari fought side by side, long after their followers had been driven from the field by the superior tactics of the Egyptians. But it is his noble defence of Missalonghi which has brought him the most enduring fame. We heard many of the particulars from his own lips. After sustaining a ten months' siege, and seeing all their hopes of relief destroyed one by one, the garrison, after suffering terribly from famine, came to the heroic resolution of cutting their way through the Turkish army. Favored by a dark night, they divided into three detachments, and left the ruined walls they had so long and so gallantly defended. The first division, with Giavella at its head, forced its way with little loss; the second also escaped, though it suffered dreadfully in the struggle; but the third, encumbered with the women and children, was forced back into the town, and the Turks entering it along with them, they were all cut to pieces; and when I visited the place, their whitened skulls were lying in a heap near the ramparts where they fell.

"In vain their bones unburied lie —
All earth becomes their monument."

After half an hour's conversation with Giavella, chiefly on European politics and the expected arrival of the young king, we made known our object in visiting him, and requested leave to proceed to Lepanto, promising at the same time to return before nightfall." — pp. 51 – 53.

After spending a few days at Athens, the author and his companion made the tour of Attica. This province, in its physical and moral condition, presented no exception to the general wretchedness which he had experienced in every other part of Greece that he had visited.

Having returned to Athens the author sailed across the Gulf of Salamis and landed at a village, called Pidavro, the successor of the famous Epidaurus. This place is situated on the north coast of that province of the Morea which was anciently called Argolis.

It lies "in the recess of a small creek, which stretches about half a mile inland. It is hemmed in by hills of considerable altitude; and from the softness of the landscape, and the deep quiet and retirement of the scene, is neither dissimilar nor altogether unequal to the lovely harbour of Poros, which lies a little to the south on the same coast. Like many other towns in Greece, associated with equally classical and sacred recollections, Epidaurus is but a mockery of its name. It consists of a few miserable fish-

ing-huts, and one or two houses somewhat more substantially built; that is, with a few stones intermingled with the mud of which they are constructed. The population may amount to twenty or thirty families, subsisting chiefly by fishing, aided by the produce of the little land which it may be worth their while to cultivate. I was surprised to find that this was so insignificant in quantity: for I imagined that in so remote and sequestered a spot, they might have more chance of enjoying the produce of their industry than in those towns and villages which are situated nearer to the seat of government."

Here, however, whilst the party were eating their breakfast, and in expectation of obtaining horses which would convey their baggage to Nauplia, whither they intended to go, a messenger, in breathless haste, rushed into their presence, announcing that the Albanese were coming to pillage the place. The Albanese are a sort of irregular soldiers, subsisting entirely on plunder. All Greece is indeed overrun by similar bands. The body which made the irruption now spoken of is described by the author, who says, that a more squalid, ferocious, ruffian-looking set of men he never beheld.

"They were," he continues, "filthy in the extreme; their dress was torn and ragged, and their countenances denoted long-endured famine and hardships. They all carried two enormous pistols and a yataghan in their belts and a long gun over their shoulders. They saw at once that they had no resistance to encounter, so set about their errand vigorously, seizing every thing in the way of food or ammunition that they could lay their hands on. The people, subdued to the cowardice of silent indignation, stood quietly by, watching the seizure of their stores, without venturing even a remonstrance. I was equally disgusted with the dastardly endurance of the one party, and the brutal oppression of the other. The brigands, after rifling every house, except the one in which we had established ourselves, began to feast upon their spoil. They were soon intoxicated, and their brutality then became unbridled. Their conduct was that of utter barbarians. They insulted all the women who had been foolish enough to remain in the village, and the men did not dare to interfere. I could bear the scene no longer, and strolled away towards one of the remoter houses, when a loud scream arrested my attention, and a young woman, with a babe in her arms, rushed out of the door, pursued by one of the Albanese. My indignation had before wanted but little to make it overflow; so, looking this way and that way, like Moses when he slew the Egyptian, I rushed after the inebriated ruffian, and brought him to the ground by a blow with the butt end of my carbine. He fell with great violence, and lay for some minutes insensible. I took his pistols and yataghan, and threw them into a marsh close by, and then went up to the poor woman, who was terrified to death, and led her to a thicket of thorn trees, where she was not likely to be discovered. Here we remained till nightfall, when we ventured from our hiding-place, and found that the Albanese had retired, and were probably gone to repeat the same scene at some other village. The next morning we procured three horses for our baggage, and proceeded to Nauplia on foot, passing two other bands of brigands on our way, with one of whom we narrowly escaped a fatal quarrel. These blood-hounds swarm in every part of Greece, and till they are utterly extirpated, there will be neither security nor peace. It is to be hoped that this will be one of the first measures of the new government."

Maina is a promontory situated at the southern extremity of the Morea. The inhabitants of this place boast of their descent from the ancient Spartans, and have been always anxious to act up to the character of that celebrated people. They never submitted to the Turkish yoke ; and by retiring to their fastnesses, their rocks and caves, defied the power of the Sultan from generation to generation. At last they obtained a sort of tacit independence, the terms of which were, that no Turk should reside amongst them, that they should pay a moderate tribute, and that the individual to govern them should be a chieftain of their own, to be appointed, however, by the Porte, or by the Capitan Pacha.

Formerly the Mainotes were plunderers by land and pirates by sea.

A melancholy history is connected with Maina, that of the family of George Mavromichaelis.

This man was the head of a large and influential race, and was governor of Maina. He raised the popular standard as soon as the revolution broke out ; and the zeal with which he and his relations supported the cause of the people, may be judged of when we state, that nine of his near kindred, sons, brothers, and cousins, perished in the struggle. The country remembered the services of the family, and, when Capodistrias was made president, and a senate was called, old Mavromichaelis and his son George were elected members. The former and Capodistrias were by no means good friends, for Mavromichaelis did not think that he was treated with the consideration which he deserved, and Capodistrias, unfortunately for himself, was led to indulge the ambition of pulling down the feudal power of the country, and for this purpose sought occasions of humiliating all those who were characterized by a spirit of independence. Such being the state of the relation between the two parties, it happened that old Mavromichaelis, being at Nauplia during the sitting of the senate, wished to visit his property in Maina ; and as it was one of the regulations of the Greek constitution that no senator should absent himself from the seat of government without the president's permission, he accordingly demanded leave to go. The application was refused ; the old Mainote became indignant, and took the road without leave ; he was arrested, and thrown into a dungeon in the lofty fortress of Palamede, which commands the town. Here the old man was immured for several months, during which petitions and remonstrances showered in on all sides to the president, imploring him to release Mavromichaelis ; but his wicked genius prevailed, and young George, the son of the old man, himself a senator, in a desperate moment assassinated Capodistrias. George was one of the finest and most promising youths that Greece could boast of : he was condemned to be shot, and underwent the execution with the noblest fortitude. The wretched father was afterwards released, and sent back in a Russian brig. Our author accompanied the old man back, and gives a most heart-rending picture of his sorrow for the loss of his son.

In a grove not far from his castle, Mavromichaelis has erected a small and simple tomb-stone to the memory of his faithful son. Near this grave the desolate father wanders the livelong day, like a ghost lingering round the scene of its departed pleasures.

Greece, on the death of Capodistrias, was a scene of increased confusion. The brother of the assassinated chief was appointed president by one faction, which was soon overwhelmed by another, called the Roumeliotes. The second Capodistrias vacated, and of the chiefs who supported him, and who were obliged likewise to retire from the government, Colocotroni was amongst the most eminent. When our author, in May, 1832, proceeded to the Morea, he found that Colocotroni had returned to his home in that quarter, and he resolved to visit even the very den of this celebrated highwayman.

It was on a lovely evening that, after having left Tripolitza, and having entered the valley of Megalopolis, they beheld its western extremity, closed up by the craggy rock of Cariténa, on whose summit stands the castle of Colocotroni. The following is an account of the reception of the party :

"The house in which Colocotroni lived was situated a little lower than the fort. It was new, small, and roughly built, but somewhat more substantial than the generality of Greek houses. It was situated on the very edge of a precipice more than 50 feet in height ; and on a projecting platform of rock beside it, the old klepht was seated to receive us. He rose as we approached, and greeted us with a dignified politeness, amounting almost to hauteur. I have seldom seen a more striking figure: he was a perfect Hercules in form and stature, and considerably above the middle size. He was rather shabbily dressed in the pictresque costume of the country, with white kilts and a grey jacket ; he carried a staff in his hand, of which he made considerable use in walking ; and he wore in his belt a handsome four-barrelled pistol of English manufacture. His countenance was singular and impressive, — all his features were strongly marked ; — his forehead, broad and high, was furrowed with wrinkles, that spoke less of age than of toil and passion, — his long grey locks, escaping from the scanty red cap which he wore on the crown of his head, flowed in ample ringlets down his shoulders ; and, as I watched him narrowly as he sat on the divan beside me, I thought I could read in his dark, sunken, fiery eye, the impress of the violent, if not the bad, passions, grown habitual by long indulgence, and continued to a period of life when temperament could no longer be admitted as an excuse.

"He immediately conducted us into his house, the best room of which was assigned for our accommodation. The bare wood walls were hung with arms of various descriptions, among which Colocotroni's sabre held a conspicuous situation. The old warrior sat down beside us on the divan, his son took a seat at a little distance, and the lower part of the room was filled with his followers, — all fine, active-looking men, armed and accoutred after the manner of their country, and some of them remarkably handsome." — pp. 106 — 108.

The conversation turned on politics ; and what struck the English visitors most strongly was, the perfect ease with which the host always spoke of himself as a klepht or robber of the first distinc-

tion. When the hour of repose arrived the party separated; but our author remembering that he was now in the very heart of Arcadia, the true Arcadia of the Muses, he could not yield his mind to the claims of the dull goddess, but sallying forth, he walked out on a rocky terrace, from which, by the pure splendor of the moon, he beheld the glorious country around him, the snowy summits of Mount Taÿgetus being dimly descried in the distance, while the venerable Alpheus, renowned in song, roared below in its rocky bed. He had been there scarcely a few minutes, when he saw a tall figure leaning on the parapet of the rock: he approached — it proved to be Colocotroni. They entered into conversation, and the latter did not hesitate to disclose the particulars of his personal history.

Colocotroni was the son of obscure and indigent parents, and in the society in which they were placed it was thought that the most honorable thing a young man could do was to turn robber. He began his depredations on the Turks, and soon extended them to the wealthy Greeks, but particularly the primates, who were disliked by the people, on account of the good terms on which they always kept with the Turks. He was generally, he said, successful in his freebooting enterprises, but was never cruel. He declared that he had never shed blood up to his twentieth year, and that the exceptionable deeds which he might have afterwards committed were all justified by the wrongs inflicted on him. When five-and-twenty he amassed a treasure, which he had in a cave near the castle, and was at the head of a band of young companions which was the terror of Arcadia. Here he would have remained were it not that one night one of his followers, who was a bosom friend of his, was shot by three Turks. Colocotroni, by great dexterity and strength, contrived to kill each of these Turks with his own hand; he fled, took refuge in the Ionian Isles, and served there successively under the Russian, French, and English commanders. The prospect of a revolution in Greece, fifteen years ago, called him home; and he was the first, after Ipsilanti, to raise the standard of revolt. Colocotroni, in detailing his history to the stranger, was frank and energetic; but ended his account by declaring that his present situation was the most unhappy in the world, as he was uncheered by one single hope for the future, or one pleasing reflection on the past.

Amongst the clever portraits of the Greek chiefs given by our author, we shall, in addition to that of Colocotroni, select a few others of those most known to the British public.

Mavrocordato was a Fanariote or a Greek, living in Constantinople. When he joined the revolution in Greece he was looked upon as a stranger:

“His figure (says the author, who saw him) is short, thick-set, and clumsy; and a habit of stooping which he has contracted increases these natural defects. His features are by no means handsome, rather the contrary; his rough black hair flows down over his shoulders; his mustachios

are grown out of all moderation ; his full shaggy eyebrows give effect to a glance of uncommon penetration ; and his whole countenance is indicative of great vivacity and acute perception. His manners are polite, but not easy ; and his conversation, in which he displays much of the cautious self-possession of the accomplished diplomatist, is lively, clear, and pointed, with an occasional slight tinge of sarcasm. In my first interview with him, he avoided every thing like serious discussion on the state of Greece, and was apparently disposed to feel his way ; but subsequently he became more communicative, and I was much struck with the shrewdness and sound judgment displayed in his remarks. He is the only one among his countrymen with any thing of the powers or the knowledge of a statesman ; and, indeed, he possesses a versatility of talent which fits him for almost every situation. — pp. 179, 180.

Demetrius Ipsilanti, another Fanariote, is brother of Alexander, the first to raise the standard of revolt in Greece. Demetrius was only twenty-four years of age when the revolt occurred, but he joined it, and was one of its most active leaders :

“ His personal appearance,” observes the author, “ is most extraordinary. When I saw him in the spring of 1832, he could not have been above thirty-five years of age, but his looks were those of a man of sixty. Considerably below the middle size, with a head entirely destitute of hair, and presenting the exact similitude of a mis-shapen skull ; with limbs shrunk and emaciated to a degree I have never witnessed even in the last stage of a consumption ; with a constant cough, and a voice feeble and nearly inarticulate ;—you might almost fancy him the resuscitated skeleton of one of the three hundred who perished at Thermopylæ. But, laboring to this extent under every imaginable personal disadvantage, he is a memorable proof how completely man may rise superior to all bodily infirmities, and how powerfully a determined spirit can invigorate a feeble frame. Demetrius Ipsilanti is a soldier of the most brilliant reputation.” — p. 181.

It would appear as if Demetrius, feeling that he was not destined for a protracted existence, resolved to devote the small interval of life enjoyed by him to the good of his country : hence was it that in every task of danger, in every expedition of which the most fatal results were expected, Ipsilanti was always foremost by his own choice.

Miaulis is described as being above sixty years of age. He is a Hydriote, and a valiant seaman. He is a strong, tall, well-made man, with thin gray hair, and a countenance expressive of the greatest honesty, benevolence, and good-nature. From the commencement of the struggle, there has not been a single act of Miaulis's conduct which could be said to be inconsistent for a moment with the most perfect model of a true patriot.

During the author's residence in Greece, Mavrocordato was at the head of the party opposed in arms to the younger Capodistrias. After a first visit to him our author returned to head-quarters, and says :

“ Mavrocordato, I found, had left, half an hour before my arrival, with the last division of the army which was destined to march on Argos and Nauplia, and to hang Augustin Copodistrias, if he stayed for such a fate.

Two other chiefs of eminence, however, still remained. Rufos, a Moreote of considerable wealth and influence, and Constantine Botzari, brother of the celebrated Marco, and a worthy successor of his fame. They received us with great politeness; and their secretary, Euetathius Simof, who was attached to Rufos, and a follower of his fortune, showed us particular attention. This gentleman was a character worth studying, and we frequently met him afterwards. His countenance was noble and expressive; his eye dark and piercing; his voice was low, and very sweet; his manners regularly mild and gentle, but cautious, subtle, and insinuating. In short, he was ominently a Greek,—a Hebrew of the Hebrews,—just the sort of man you would be very sorry to have for an enemy, yet could scarcely feel secure of as a friend. We entered into a long conversation on the state of Grecian politics. He detailed to us, with a confidence which equally surprised and delighted us, their plans for the campaign; and informed us that the greater part of their army, under the command of Grivas, had already reached the Isthmus of Corinth, and expected to be received at Argos with open arms. ‘If Monsieur Augustin Capodistrias,’ said he, ‘is wise enough to decamp, the change of government may be peaceably effected; but if not, there will be bloody work, and we shall certainly hang that infernal man, as he is universally called (*quest’ uomo infernale, come lo chiamiamo tutti*).’ The cause of the detestation which they bore towards this ‘infernal man,’ I found to be his having somewhat unconstitutionally, put to death George Mavromichaelis for the murder of the late president. I ventured humbly to represent, that Augustin might surely be excused for executing the murderer of his own brother, even if the sentence were not exactly according to the strict forms of law; that he scarcely deserved condign punishment for so small an offence; and that it was scarcely justifiable to bring the horrors of civil war upon their country, merely to overturn a government which must be superseded in a few months at farthest by the arrival of Prince Otho. But, as might be expected, my reasonings had little weight with these wild and passionate warriors. They repeated, that Augustin Capodistrias was an ‘infernal man’ (this seemed to be the cognomen by which he was generally known), that he had violated the constitution, and that on no consideration would they permit him to retain, even for a week, an authority which he knew not how to wield.”

Of the present state of Greece the author gives a most sad picture. The population of the country has been variously estimated at from little more than five hundred thousand to two millions: the author thinks “that it cannot exceed six hundred thousand at the present moment; though, as soon as the new government is firmly seated on the throne, and some tolerable prospect of stability and security held out, the immigration will be immense from all quarters, especially from Thessaly and Albania; and it may reasonably be expected that, in a very few years, regenerated Greece will double its population by this means alone.” But

“The state of Greece at present is melancholy and wretched beyond the power of fancy to exaggerate. With the single exception of Napoli di Romania, the actual seat of government, every town and village on the mainland,—I do not speak hyperbolically,—is in ruins; Athens, Corinth, and Tripolitza, are almost utterly swept away. In many cities the people supply the place of their ruined habitations with temporary hovels of straw or mud, refusing to build more solid dwellings till they have some security

that their labor will not be thrown away. Others live in tents of the rudest construction, while many have no better shelter than the walnut or the fig-tree. Few, if any, of the chiefs are able to support their followers; and since the death of Capodistrias, the soldiers have had no pay, because the government has no revenue. Pillage therefore is their only resource; they wrest from the miserable peasants the little they possess; the cultivation of the ground has in consequence nearly ceased; and all are now reduced to the most meagre and scanty subsistence. And a little bread, — when they are fortunate enough to procure it, — an onion, a few olives, and occasionally even the softer part of the thistle, form the daily nourishment of this impoverished and exhausted people. Add to this, that the country is at the mercy of a needy and ferocious soldiery, who exercise on the unresisting peasantry every species of outrage, license, and rapacity, — and the picture is painfully complete. I speak of nothing I have not seen. There is no temptation to exaggerate, and the condition of Greece admits of no exaggeration.”

Afterwards, when the author visits what once was Corinth, he describes its desolation more particularly : —

“In our anxiety to procure horses for conveying our baggage to the town, which is situated about three miles inland, my companion and I landed, and pursued our way to Corinth over fields and marshes whitened with the bones and skulls of the horses and men who had fallen in the revolutionary war. I never beheld a more desolate and gloomy spectacle than the town presented on our first arrival. We trod for many hundred yards over an undistinguishable heap of ruins, here and there ennobled by an ancient capital or the fragment of a granite column, intermingled with the meaner remains of yesterday. When we entered the interior of the town, the scene was nearly similar; there was nowhere any sign of human existence; here and there a wet and solitary dog prowled about the deserted streets, and was in no way disturbed at our approach; the houses were all barricadoed, and the wooden windows closely shut; and the rain was drizzling down as darkly and despairingly as on a November Sunday in London. We thought we had arrived at some city of the dead. At length three men, armed to the teeth, put their heads out of a window as we passed, and asked our business. We replied that we were English officers, bearing despatches for the resident at Napoli, and wished to be conducted to the governor; at the same time inquiring the meaning of the total desolation which reigned around us. They informed us that the Roumeliotes, with Grivas at their head, had the previous day crossed the isthmus, where they had been met by the troops of Capodistrias, — that after two hours’ fighting, in which, as it appeared, little damage had been done, the latter had been totally defeated, — that the Roumeliotes had pursued them into Corinth, and, between the two, the town had been completely sacked; that all the inhabitants had fled into the citadel with as many of their effects as they could carry away; and, finally, that the Roumeliotes had marched upon Argos and taken it, and would immediately proceed to invest Nauplia. We requested our informants to conduct us to the governor, who, with the rest of the Corinthians, was in the Acrocorinthos. We toiled up this vast and precipitous rock, without any leisure to admire the grandeur of its situation, or the singularity of its form. We found it, as we expected, ill-garrisoned, and worse fortified, and crowded to excess, — women and girls, old men and infants, cattle, poultry, firewood, and articles of clothing, scattered about in all directions; the whole forming a scene of most picturesque confusion.”

The condition of Athens is only a little less fallen.

"On entering the gate of Athens, the scene which presents itself is extraordinary and painful. The flimsy walls of the modern town include within their extensive circuit one vast heap of mean and undistinguished ruins. Scarcely a tenth of the houses remain standing. Athens was the scene of one of the most terrible and prolonged conflicts in the revolutionary war, when the Greeks were besieged in the Acropolis by the Turks, who had possession of the town. This was utterly destroyed between the fire of the besieged and their assailants; in the Acropolis the Erectheum was greatly injured; and the entrance to the Parthenon is even now choked up with the cannon-balls and broken shells which were thrown into it during the siege. So complete is the desolation which was then produced, that though, under the Turks, Athens contained about five thousand inhabitants, it cannot now muster above three hundred at the utmost."

Again alluding to the lawless conduct of the chiefs, which has tended so much to depopulate the land, the author relates the following :

"In the revolutionary war, the lofty and commanding fortress of Palamede, which overhangs Nauplia, remained in the possession of the Turks some time after the town below had been wrested from them. Grivas, with a chosen band of followers, surprised it one night by a bold and well-conducted assault, and threw the Turks headlong from the battlements. Instead, however, of delivering the fortress into the hands of the government, or holding it under them, he retained it for his own purposes, and defended it equally against Turk and Greek. Whenever it happened that he was in want of money, — an exigency of almost daily occurrence, he pointed the cannon of the fort upon the town, and sent down word that, unless an adequate number of dollars were returned by the messenger, he should immediately commence firing. The character of the man was well known, and the dollars were regularly sent. Nearly the same trick is playing now in every part of Greece. The needy chiefs each seize the castle or fort which lies most within their reach, and refuse to surrender it to the officers appointed by government, alleging that they are keeping it for Prince Otho. In this way Giavella has lately taken possession of Patras. While the chiefs are occupied in these irregular pastimes, it must not be imagined that the soldiery are idle. On the contrary, they profit by, and improve upon, the lesson which is read them. They receive no pay from government, for government has not a piastre in its coffers; and as an authority which does not pay its troops can never control them, they give themselves up to every species of military license. They pillage, they ravish, they murder; and there is scarcely a single one of all the abhorred crimes and cruelties of war, of which Greece is not at this moment the theatre and the victim."

An essay on the present state of Turkey concludes the volume, and with a short extract from it we conclude our review.

"Much has been said of the character and the innovations of Mahmoud; but I think neither the one nor the other has been correctly appreciated. Mahmoud is persevering, vigorous, and decided, as his suppression of the Janissaries amply testifies. But he is rapacious, severe, and sanguinary, and the terror of all his wealthy and powerful subjects. He contrives, like all the Ottoman emperors, to squeeze out every far-

thing of superfluous wealth from all public officers, though for this purpose he adopts a rather different plan from his predecessors. When a pacha returns from his government, or a general from a successful war, instead of decapitating them, and then confiscating their property, he orders them to build some public edifice, such as a mosque, an arsenal, or a cannon-foundry, by which the capital is embellished and enriched, and the luckless officer impoverished. When this is done, he sends him forth on some other predatory expedition, and again compels him to disgorge his spoil on his return. Mahmoud is both feared and hated throughout his whole empire: feared for his ferocity, and hated for his innovations. He bow-strings the pachas with wonderful intrepidity; debases the coin to one-sixteenth of its former value; offends the dearest prejudices of the people by abolishing the national costume, which was regarded with a sort of superstitious veneration, and by selling, by public auction, the wives of his two predecessors; and lastly, notwithstanding the Mahometan prohibition of wine, he drinks champagne with almost Christian avidity. In all matters of policy he is fatally obstinate, and will never seek his safety or consult his dignity by timely concession, but requires every thing to be *forced* upon him, or, like the Tartar mentioned by De Tott, '*insists* upon being beaten.' If the final struggle for existence should come upon Turkey during the reign of the present Sultan, we must not expect an *unbought* victory. Mahmoud will die game.

"On the whole, it appears evident that the Ottoman empire is fast approaching the term of its existence; and the tardy and feeble efforts which have of late been made, are utterly inadequate to renovate a state of such advanced decrepitude. The signs of the times are fearfully portentous, and the Sultan seems to read their meaning. His splendid new palace is built on the Asiatic shore; and, by a curious coincidence, the spot on which it is erected is called 'the Valley of the Cross.' The empire is fast falling to pieces in every direction. Greece, one of its fairest portions, is already swept away, — Bosnia gets up an almost annual rebellion, which every year becomes more difficult to quell, — Albania has long been watching an opportunity to assure its independence, — and now the Pacha of Egypt has openly thrown off his allegiance, and Syria is already in his hands. I cannot for a moment doubt that his final success will be the signal for the total dismemberment of the Ottoman dominions; an event which it will be impossible to regret. A wiser and more auspicious government will, it may be hoped, succeed. That vast extent of favored and fertile territory, which has so long been withered up under the blight of despotism, when relieved from the nightmare of oppression, will rapidly develope its rich and manifold resources; population will spring forward in the race of increase with an elasticity unknown for ages; the wealth and happiness of Europe and the Levant will be augmented by a vast and varied commerce, of which no human eye can see the extent or termination; and smiling provinces, and a happy people, will succeed to that 'barbarous anarchic despotism,' (to quote the language of a master-spirit) 'beneath which the finest countries in the most genial climates in the world, are wasted by *peace* more than any others have been wasted by *war*, — where arts are unknown, — where manufactures languish, — where science is extinguished, — where agriculture decays, — where the human race itself seems to melt away, and perish under the eye of the observer.'"

[From "The Foreign Quarterly Review, No. 22."]

ART. IV. — *Briefe aus Paris, zur Erläuterung der Geschichte des sechzehnten und siebzehnten Jahrhunderts.* Von FRIEDRICH VON RAUMER.

(Letters from Paris, illustrative of the History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. By FREDERIC VON RAUMER.) 2 vols. 12mo. Leipzig. 1831.

WE have already introduced Raumer to our readers, and can have no need to recall to their recollection his instructive and interesting "History of the Hohenstauffen Emperors," and the period, so important to Europe, during which they reigned. Upon this second occasion of bringing him before the British public, afforded by the present publication, it may be desirable to preface our account of it, with some few details respecting the author.

Friedrich von Raumer is of noble birth; his father was employed in the civil service of Prussia; and the son, after acquiring distinction at the university of Berlin, held several successive appointments in the public service, in which he acquitted himself so satisfactorily, that the Prime Minister Hardenberg received him, not only into his office, but into his own house, there, by daily intercourse, the better to fit him for the discharge of the more important functions of the financial administration: Raumer soon perceived that the high official duties, the path to which seemed opening to him, must engross the energies, mental and physical, of the whole man; and unwilling to abandon his favorite historical pursuits, he requested of his patron and of his sovereign a professor's chair at a Prussian university, instead of one of those exalted posts, for the attainment of which the one half of mankind is ready to tear the other half to pieces. The request was reluctantly granted. In 1811, at the age of thirty, he began his professorial career in the chair of History, at Breslau; in 1819 he was called to Berlin to occupy that of Political Science, which we believe he still holds; enjoying amongst his learned brethren, as well as in the larger circles of the capital, the high celebrity he has acquired as an historian.

This reputation, far from lulling our author to sleep under the shade of his laurels, has, it should seem, stimulated him to further activity. He has long been meditating a History of Europe during the last three centuries, and preparing for his task with the extraordinary industry and judgment for which he is so distinguished. The materials, we understand, are now collected and sifted; the first three volumes are written, and in their progress through the press, whilst the remainder are proceeding as fast as the writer's, we fear, rather delicate health will allow; and we trust it may not be very long ere we have the satisfaction of offering some account of this work to the British public.

The "Letters illustrative of the History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries" consist wholly of that portion of the materials for the history of those centuries which the author collected from MSS. at Paris, — perhaps we might say, of so much of the very large appendix to his forthcoming work. Of a publication so novel in kind, it seems necessary to relate the origin as given us by — we know not whether to say — the author or the editor. Raumer visited Paris in 1830 for the express purpose of exploring the MSS. in the *Bibliothèque du Roi*, in search, as well of additional matter for the history of the Hohenstauffens, as of original matter for the new history he was then meditating. And although during his visit the revolution of July occurred, concerning which this indefatigable writer has published another series of letters, descriptive of the events which then took place, he did not the less devote the allotted time to the MSS., fairly dividing his hours, as he tells us, "between the past and the present." In the library he revelled amidst MSS. nearly unknown to preceding historians; and such of his extracts from these as he deemed most interesting, he determined forthwith to publish. The difficulty lay in the "how"; and we must explain his views in his own words. The letters are addressed to the celebrated Ludwig Tieck, in the first of which he says:

"The detached and insulated extracts were neither capable of being wrought into a connected historical work, nor could I (save at great length, and a disproportionate expense of time,) annex the requisite fillings up and elucidations. In consequence, I adopted the idea of parcelling out my stock into a series of letters, which, indeed, scarcely half deserve that name, but offer other advantages and conveniences. As, for instance, that I may begin and end according to the quantity of matter, and, by writing to you, can address myself to a reader whose accurate knowledge of history will enable him, without further explanation, to understand and arrange everything in its proper connexion with what is already known. At all events, you will see, in my thus dedicating these letters to you, a proof of old and faithful friendship — although none such be needed!"

* * * * *

"As I have, for the most part, closely followed the MSS., even to the sacrifice of a flowing style, I have, to spare room, only added the words of the original language in cases of importance and difficulty.

The materials thus appropriated, and consisting chiefly of extracts from the correspondence of French and a few Italian diplomats at different courts, are divided and arranged according to both Geography and Chronology. The first letter, already cited, serves both as a preface and a dedication. The following ten relate to German affairs, including Denmark. The next ten are allotted to Spain; then two to the United Provinces, twenty-four to France, three to Italy, twenty-six to England, and seven to miscellaneous subjects. Of such a heterogeneous mass of matter, to give any thing like an analysis or abstract is manifestly out of the question. The most superficial reader of history must be suffi-

ciently aware of what subjects the extracts refer to, from the knowledge of the period they embrace, to wit, the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, including the great religious wars in Germany and the Netherlands, the grandeur and decline of Spain, the rise of the United Provinces, France from Francis I. to Cardinal Richelieu, and England from Henry VIII. to Charles II. Of the collective character of the extracts, it will be enough to say that they are, for the most part, exceedingly curious. Many are of general interest, as throwing new light upon points long involved in obscurity, or made darker by controversy, or as affording instructive and entertaining illustrations of the known characters of historical personages; whilst others will, it must be owned, appear indifferent to all but the especial historical student. The only way in which we can give our readers a correct and fair notion of these volumes, is to select some one of the most interesting points that Raumer has investigated, and, alternately translating and abstracting, lay before them what he has thereupon brought to light. The first that presents itself, is the fate of Don Carlos, son of Philip II. of Spain.

As we are not writing to Ludwig Tieck, we doubt it may be expected of us to add some little of the explanation he did not require, and we shall, therefore, begin by briefly stating what is known, and what has been conjectured, concerning the unfortunate Spanish prince. The certain facts respecting him are merely these: that when he had barely attained the age of thirteen, a marriage was arranged between him, and Elizabeth de Valois, daughter of Henry II. of France; that a few months afterwards, Mary of England dying, Philip II., who had then scarcely seen two and thirty summers, took the French princess to himself as his third wife; that during the Netherlands insurrection Carlos fell under his father's displeasure or suspicion, was imprisoned, deprived of arms, and watched with great apparent apprehension of his committing suicide; and that in this captivity he died.

Philip II. was, perhaps, the very *beau idéal* of intolerant bigotry. In the eyes of contemporary Protestants, he was a sort of *avatar* of the embodied spirit of cruelty and persecution; whilst even to moderate Catholics his intolerance was repugnant, and to all Europe, setting religious considerations aside, his vast possessions, his seemingly boundless power, and his grasping ambition, rendered him an object of dread. Any action of such a monarch that could be regarded under two aspects, was not likely to be contemplated under the most favorable by foreign historians; and Don Carlos's fate has been conceived and related accordingly. Protestant writers have generally represented the prince as an enthusiast for liberal opinions in religion and politics, who opposed the baneful influence of the Duke of Alva, wished to be appointed Viceroy of the Low Countries, in order to befriend the oppressed Netherlanders, and was, therefore, either put to death by his father's express command, or by him delivered over to the Inquisition, to

be dealt with, according to the tender mercies of that tribunal, as a heretic. French writers, detesting Philip as an enemy to France, but not as yet impassioned for such notions as the Protestants imputed to Carlos, sought a more romantic cause for his misfortunes. They represent him as ardently enamoured (at thirteen!) of his stolen bride, and persevering in his hopeless passion after she had become his stepmother, — as tenderly, though innocently, beloved in return by the French Princess, both before and after her marriage, — and as abhorred and murdered by his father, through the outrageous jealousy of a suspicious old man (of forty!) with a young wife; which jealousy further prompted Philip a few weeks later to poison his unhappy queen.* This last version of the story, as the most pathetic, has been generally adopted by poets and novelists, and the two combined have afforded to Alfieri, and to Schiller, the subject of their splendid tragedies of "Filippo II.," and "Don Karlos." Spanish historians, on the other hand, depict Don Carlos as deformed in person, vicious in disposition, and weak, if not disordered, in intellect. They ascribe his imprisonment to the double, but thoroughly paternal motive of restraining and of correcting his follies and excesses; and state that he died of a malady, brought on, intentionally or unintentionally, by alternations of immoderate abstinence and as immoderate intemperance.

Can it be necessary that we should here pause to comment upon these contradictory statements? Need we direct the reader's attention to the plain, straight-forward probability of the Spanish accounts? Accounts too, given by men who, if they had no access to Philip's cabinet, to his conferences with his most trusted counsellors, or to that more secret cabinet, the recesses of his own mind, where alone his most important resolutions were taken, were yet thoroughly, often personally, acquainted with the character and conduct of Don Carlos; and public report, be it remembered, is generally indulgent to heirs. Need we compare these accounts with the private or the public romance of Philip's enemies? A few words upon the subject may, however, be allowed us. That a prince, esteemed at his father's court half-witted, or half-mad, should have thought himself capable of ruling and tranquillizing an insurgent province, is certainly very possible; but who would be at the trouble of seeking any other motive for the royal father's refusal to intrust such a son with such a charge, except the natural one, of his real unfitness for it, and the certain evils that unfitness must produce to that province? For, be it observed, Philip, however tyrannical, seems to have been honest in his bigotry. He appears to have really believed that he was doing his best to save his subjects' souls, by inflicting tortures on their bodies; and he repeatedly prayed for grace and fortitude to prefer the loss of his

* It should be stated, that the Prince of Orange, in his Apology, distinctly charges Philip with the murder of his wife as well as of his son.

realms to power obtained by reigning over heretics or misbelievers. As to the love-tale, the supposititious ardent and lasting passion of a school-boy for a princess whom he had never even seen, is too absurd even to laugh at; and, with regard to the fair bride herself, we suspect that there are few princesses, who, placed in her situation and permitted to choose for themselves, would not prefer a reigning king, in the prime of manhood, to a boy-heir, who could not in the course of nature expect to ascend the throne in less than thirty or forty years. But without further discussion, let us now turn to Raumer, and see what additional light is thrown upon this mysterious transaction, or rather how far the plain Spanish statement is confirmed by his extracts from the letters addressed by the French ambassadors at Philip's court to the brother and the mother of the young queen.

The first extract he gives, is, however, from another source. It is taken from a relation by the Venetian Badoero, written in 1557, when Carlos was only twelve years old, and gives an account of him from which either a lofty or a savage character, perhaps a mixture of the two, might have been prognosticated. He says, amongst other things, that he had an *animo fiero*, which Raumer, to our surprise, renders *stolzer Sinn*, or proud spirit; proud is undoubtedly one meaning of *fiero*, but fierce is another, and considering that the instances adduced are the young prince's liking to see hares roasted alive, and his biting off the head of a lizard that had bitten his finger, there is, to our mind, little doubt as to the sense in which Badoero used the word. Charles V. is herein represented as much pleased with his grandson; and so he might well be, though it is certain that he was perfectly aware of his faults, and charged Philip not to let the Netherlanders see him until he should be better behaved.

In 1561, Guibert, the French ambassador, announces to Catherine of Medicis the hopeless state of the prince's health. In November of the same year we find him, still far from well, sent to study at Alcalá, with Don Juan of Austria, and the Prince of Parma; and learn, still from Guibert, that the Queen of Bohemia had written to Queen Isabel, as, in compliance with Spanish custom, we must henceforward call Elizabeth de Valois, to propose a marriage between her daughter, the Archduchess Anne, and the Prince of Spain; a proposal which Isabel did not encourage, because she wished to unite her step-son to her own sister. At Alcalá, Carlos, who had now, in May, 1562, completed his seventeenth year, and whose passions of all sorts were alike unbridled, in stealing out by some unfrequented way to visit the pretty daughter of a gardener, fell down stairs and dangerously injured his head. His life was long despaired of; St. Sulpice, a new French ambassador, writes on the 10th of May that he is to be trepanned; and some Spanish historians relate that Philip effected his cure miraculously, through the personal intervention of a peculiarly holy image of the Blessed Virgin. It should seem that the cure scarcely ex-

tended to the mind ; for Raumer finds in a letter, dated January, 1565, consequently when the prince was twenty, and addressed by Hopper to Cardinal Granvelle, (almost the whole of whose correspondence is extant,) the following curious expression.

"There is nothing to be made of Don Carlos. He believes all that is said to him; and were he even told that he was dead, he would believe it."

Having thus shown the opinion early entertained of Carlos, Raumer turns to Isabel, one main point of the inquiry being the probability or improbability of any thing like an illicit attachment between the queen and her step-son.

"In February, 1562, Guibert writes to Queen Catherine ; 'King Philip continues to love his consort more and more. If others say to the contrary, that is all bugbears (*épouvantaux à chenevières*) and lies ; rather the consideration and influence of your daughter have tripled in the last three months, and her husband appears serene and contented.' * * * In June, 1564, St. Sulpice writes, 'the Queen of Spain is good and handsome, and not less joyous and satisfied at her lord's return, than she was troubled at his journey and long absence.' * * *. In August, 1565, he writes to Catherine : 'The king and queen received each other (after her journey to Bayonne) as affectionately as can be imagined, and each tried which could show the other most honor. At Sepulveda they inhabited one house, ay one very small room, and remained together there till five o'clock in the afternoon of the next day. Then they travelled five leagues together, and reached Segovia the day following. Prince Carlos rode three leagues to meet them, approached the queen on foot, and labored (*travaille*) to take her hand and kiss it ; nor did she neglect to return his salutation.

"I can assure you, madam, that the queen your daughter lives in the greatest contentment in the world, through the perfect kindness which the king her husband more and more shows her. He daily makes confidential communications to her, and is so friendly in his behaviour, that nothing more can be desired. Moreover, the king has received such favorable reports of her virtuous conduct during the whole journey, and is so satisfied therewith, that he always loves, esteems, and honors her."

Then come accounts of the queen's wish to marry Don Carlos to a French princess, of a relapse of the prince's malady, and of the king's anxiety concerning his health, both corporal and mental. After all this, St. Sulpice, in September, 1565, relates a conversation between Isabel and Carlos, than which, assuredly, nothing can be less like love on either side. He says :

"The king and queen repaired to a country-house, whither the prince came after his recovery. As he was one day driving out with the queen and her ladies in the park, in a carriage drawn by oxen, he remained a long time silent, when the queen asked him, where he was with his thoughts ? He answered, More than 200 miles hence. And where is that, so far off ? asked the queen further. The prince rejoined, I was thinking of my cousin." [Meaning, probably, the archduchess, his marriage with whom was in negotiation.]

Having thus shown that Isabel was reasonably happy with Philip, as happy, probably, as most queens, and that her step-son

neither made love to her, nor was jealously excluded from her society, Raumer proceeds to the more eventful period of Carlos's history. On the 19th of January, 1568, another French ambassador, Fourquevaux, writes thus :

"The 14th instant, the king sent orders to all the churches and cloisters in this town, commanding that at all masses, and all canonical hours, prayers should be offered up, imploring God to grant him counsel and inspiration relative to a plan which he broods in his heart. This has given all the curious at court something to talk about, and I am not quite certain whether it refers to the prince. True it is, however, that long before his journey to the Escorial, the king had not spoken to him, great discontents prevailed between them, and the prince could not conceal the rancor he nourished in his heart against his father. Far from it, he indiscreetly said, 'Amongst five persons to whom I bear most ill will, the king is, after Ruy Gomez, the first.' To the charge of this last he lays whatever thwarts his wishes.

"It is well known that at Christmas he did not receive the communion, or obtain any share in the jubilee, because he would not renounce his hatred and forgive, wherefore his confessor would not give him absolution. Hereupon he applied to other theologians, but received the same answer. There are even people who say, that he meant to do his father an ill turn. But however that be, the king went last night into the prince's room, found a loaded pistol in the bed, and committed him to the charge of Ruy Gomez, the Duke of Feria, the Prior Antonio, and Don Lope Quichada, with express orders that he should speak to no living soul, save in their sight and hearing.

"I understand further, that Don Juan of Austria, has absented himself since Saturday, and know not whether he shuns the king or the prince. But he was with the former at the Escorial till the preceding Saturday, and after the return went as usual to him, in company with the prince. The king took no notice of the latter, but spoke very kindly to the former. Now, perhaps, it was jealousy, or mistrust lest Don Juan might have betrayed his secrets, so seized the prince, that he insulted him as they left the king: perhaps he was influenced by other motives; suffice it, since that evening Don Juan is not seen, and the whole court talks of nothing but the prince's arrest."

The next despatch, dated the 5th of February, contains Philip's account of the transaction to Fourquevaux. This must of course be considered as a partial statement, but is nevertheless important, both as showing the light in which the king wished to place his conduct, and because the ambassador, writing confidentially to his own sovereign, neither expresses nor insinuates the slightest distrust of the account. Philip said that the prince was deranged; that he had long hoped time would restore his intellects; but that now, despairing of his recovery, he felt it would be the ruin of his realms and subjects to bequeath them to the rule of Don Carlos, and had, therefore, resolved to place him under restraint. The envoy then proceeds to tell what he hears, from other quarters, of the freak that had finally determined the prince's arrest. Speaking of Don Juan's visit to the Escorial, Fourquevaux relates :

"Carlos became so jealous and dissatisfied, that on the evening of the 17th of January, when the king returned with Juan,* he contrived to lure the latter to a retired part of his residence, passing through eleven doors, which he shut behind him. At length, reaching the appointed place, he would have shot Juan with a pistol, which the latter wrested from him, and betook him to the king. Philip came to no determination at the moment; nay, the next day, when I had an audience, he appeared to me of as cheerful countenance as usual, although he was already resolved to lay hand on his son that night, and no longer to endure or conceal his follies and more than youthful excesses. The last, as before said, was to kill Don Juan, either with his own hand, or by causing Lcava,† one of his attendants, who was hidden behind some tapestry, to shoot him, but Heaven withheld the Duke from entering that room.

* * * * *

"The king took away his papers, and as Carlos is wont to write down all his thoughts, Philip has thus learnt to know the 10,000 fantastical and extravagant dreams that float in his brain. But he had never thought of attempting any thing against the lives of the king and queen, as was the current tale at court.

* * * * *

"It is intended to proceed legally against the prince, and declare him incapable of ascending the throne; whereby, with God's help, the children of the queen shall hereafter reign. But how great soever the advantage she derives from the prince's degradation, she is wise enough to show no joy thereat, but to submit herself wholly to the will of the king her lord, till he forbade her weeping. She wept two days over her step-son's misfortunes."

Whether the queen had wept two days before Philip forbade her tears, or persevered in weeping two days despite his prohibition, is not quite clear; but we think it incontrovertibly certain that the French minister attributed her tears, either to pure kindness of heart or to hereditary dissimulation. We do not indeed, mean to say, that had he considered them as indications of a guilty attachment, he would have disinterestedly informed the queen mother of France, that her royal daughter required advice better to disguise her criminal sentiments, leniently as Catherine dealt with such frailties, but we do think he would have written in a different tone; and we further think, that, had there existed any court tittle-tattle, either as to such an amour, or as to any jealousy on the part of the king (then a man of about forty), he would probably have said something of the handle which the queen's very virtues gave to the malice of her enemies. No such idea appears to have passed through the brain of the envoy; who in his next despatch, of the 18th of February, thus proceeds with his account of Carlos.

"The prince is still confined to his room, and watched. He eats very little, and unwillingly, and sleeps almost none, which can nowise serve to

* Does this contradict the former statement? And if it does, are we to suppose that the ambassador had since obtained better information, or that he writes court gossip?

† Probably Llava. — *Editor*.

amend his understanding. He grows visibly thin and dries up, and his eyes are deep sunk in his head. They give him nourishing soups, and capon broths (*presses de chapon*;) in which amber, or other strengthening things are dissolved, that he may not quite lose his strength and decay."

In letters written during March and April, Fourquevaulx narrates some acts of folly or madness on the part of Carlos; an offer of his grandmother, the queen-dowager of Portugal, to come and nurse him, which Philip had civilly declined; and some endeavours on the part of the different Spanish states to investigate the cause of the heir-apparent's captivity, which Philip had checked, whereupon he observes:

"This, sire, is because the king, through his wisdom, has brought things to that pass, that nobody in this realm dares to scrutinize his actions, or resist his commands; but every one, willingly or unwillingly, obeys him, and all, if they love him not really, yet seem to do so."

On the 18th of May, Fourquevaulx reports that Carlos has been allowed to take the sacrament, and that hopes are thence entertained of his restored sanity, and early release, adding —

"Notwithstanding these rumors, sire, I have learned from one who knows whatever is going forward, and more of the prince's concerns than most who talk of them, that the communion was allowed by the theologians in order to refute the opinion of many who fancy the prince belongs to the sect of Sacramentarians, whilst in truth he mortally hates them. Those theologians said further, that the communion may be administered to insane persons during lucid intervals; and this was done by the prince. But in truth no hope exists that he ever should become rational, or capable of the succession, for his understanding grows daily weaker, and his release is not to be counted on."

Some details of interference by the Emperor in behalf of Carlos, rejected by Philip, close Fourquevaulx's account of the unhappy prince, born to be the heir of realms on which, according to Spanish boast, the sun never set; for unluckily the letter announcing his death is missing. Its loss Raumer had not leisure to investigate, but argues, that no conclusion should be drawn thence against Philip, both because any crimination of him would be contrary to the general tenor of Fourquevaulx's communications, and because the French court has never shown such an inclination to favor Philip as could sanction the idea of a letter having been suppressed on account of its inculcating him. Moreover his subsequent despatches agree in tone with the preceding. We have an extract from one a week later, viz. the 1st of August, in which he says —

"Yesterday I presented my compliments of condolence to the queen upon the loss of her step-son, to her and hers a very profitable loss. She wishes that a most especial compliment of condolence should be sent. The mourning and funeral solemnities are conducted as though Carlos had been king."

Raumer next gives us extracts from Philip's own account to his officers of state and foreign ambassadors of his son's death and his parental regrets,—from an anonymous Italian, who explicitly charges Carlos with insanity and treasonable designs,—and from the narrative of Antonio Perez at Paris, which last is apparently the source of all the tales of Philip's jealousy and Carlos's generous sympathy for the Netherlanders. This narrative, Raumer holds to be, self-evidently, of no authority; and again, it may, perhaps, not be amiss if we so far explain what he assumes as known, as to say that Antonio Perez, ex-secretary of state and love-confidant to Philip (in which last office he is said to have proved false, and to have rivalled his master in the good graces of the princess of Eboli), had been by that master tyrannically persecuted, had escaped from Spain, and was living under the protection of Philip's personal enemy, Henry IV. To this generous monarch he probably imputed sentiments base as his own, and therefore, when at his court he concocted the libellous narrative in question, he might imagine that he should best promote his future interests by abundantly indulging his revengeful desire of blackening his quondam sovereign's character.

Raumer concludes his production of documents relative to this subject with despatches concerning the end of Queen Isabel, who died two months after her step-son in premature child-bed. He first extracts the details of her supposed poisoning from an anonymous relation, immediately following, in the collection of MSS., the relation of Carlos's fate by Perez, and which he ascribes to that ill-used, and therefore ill-disposed Spaniard. He then takes from Fourquevaulx an account of her pregnancy and its accidents, and gives two letters of the 3d of October, one to Charles IX. merely announcing the queen's death; the other addressed to the queen-mother, and far more detailed. Herein Fourquevaulx says that Isabel's health had been materially deranged by medicines administered when she was erroneously supposed pregnant; the consequence of which was extraordinary suffering when a real pregnancy ensued, ending in the untimely birth of a daughter, and her own almost immediate death. He adds —

“The king, her husband, had visited her in the morning, before dawn, when she spoke very sensibly and very Christianly, and took a last leave of him, so that never princess showed herself better and holier. She commended to him their daughters, your majesties' friendship, peace, her household, together with other words which deserved admiration, and must have torn the heart of a good husband, such as was the king. He answered with like constancy, promised to fulfill all her requests, and added, that he did not believe her end to be so near. He then returned to his apartment, as I am assured, very sad and anxious.”

All the ceremonies of religion had been gone through in the night, before the king's visit to his dying wife: after he had left her, the ambassador, who had hurried to the palace on hearing of her danger, was admitted to her chamber, and received her last

remembrances to her own family, and her assurances not only of her resignation to her early death, but

"that no happiness on earth had ever afforded her such contentment as the prospect of going to her Creator. * * * She died so easily that we cannot point out the moment of her yielding up her spirit; yet once more she opened her eyes, clear and bright, and it seemed as they would have given me some charge, at least they were fixed upon me."

In her answer to this letter, Catherine asks for additional details in a way that might look as if, judging of others by herself, she imagined her daughter might have had foul play; but Fourquevaux had nothing to add to his former report: and the Cardinal de Guise, who bore to Spain the sympathetic regrets of the royal mother and brother of the deceased queen, thus writes on the 6th of February, 1569.

"King Philip answered to my compliment of condolence, that he had found no better means of consolation than that which your majesties had employed, namely, the recollection of the simple and excellent life of his consort, and of her very Christian and happy end. All her servants, ladies, and maidens, knew how dearly he had always loved her, and how kindly he had treated her; and the extraordinary sorrow he felt for her loss bore thereto an equally public testimony. Hereupon he praised her qualities and virtues in all ways, and said, were he to choose him a wife, he should wish to find such an one."

Raumer thus concludes his letter upon Carlos and Isabel: —

"If I compare all the documents here produced with the narrations and investigations already known, I see ample matter for a long critical disquisition. But as the object of all these letters is merely to lay open unknown sources of information, leaving to others, or reserving for another opportunity, the use to be thereof made, suffice it here to adduce the following positions, as proved or susceptible of proof:

"1. Carlos was, from the first, infirm in body and ill-disposed in mind. This last evil was, by the violence of his passions, aggravated even to madness, although periods of reason and repentance intervened.

"2. In moments of violent passion the hatred which he undeniably cherished against his father, may have brought forth thoughts and expressions tending towards his death. It is nevertheless hard to say how far purpose, reflection, and the power of combination can be herein assumed.

"3. Carlos was at all events incapable of governing, and sufficient grounds existed for keeping him under strict watchfulness.

"4. He and the queen died natural deaths, and never did the slightest affair of the heart occur between them."* *

Having thus exhibited, as fairly and briefly as we could, the nature of the historical matter collected by Raumer, and his mode of using it in the present singular publication, we shall deal less

* The same view of the question has been taken by the biographer of Don Carlos in the "Biographie Universelle," and by the authors of the recent "Histories of Spain," published in Dr. Lardner's "Cyclopædia," and the "Library for the Diffusion of Knowledge."

ceremoniously with the remainder of the two volumes, merely selecting here and there extracts either illustrative of character or in themselves curious. The first two shall relate to the massacre of St. Bartholomew, or, as the Germans more picturesquely term it, the "Blood-wedding." St. Goar, the French ambassador in Spain, in a letter dated the 12th of September, 1572, gives Catherine of Medicis the following account of Philip II.'s behaviour on receiving the news of this frightful event : —

"On the evening of the 7th, King Philip, by a courier of Don Diego's, received the tidings of St. Bartholomew's night. Hereupon, contrary to his nature and wont, he has shown as much or more joy than at all the good fortune or success he has ever met with. He assembled his whole court, and said that he now saw your majesty was his good brother. The next day I had an audience of the king, when he (who never uses to laugh) began to laugh displaying the highest delight and the greatest satisfaction * * * He extolled the resolution in itself, and the long dissimulation of so great an undertaking, saying that the whole world could hardly conceive how you could, so exactly at the right time, contrary to all appearance and the hopes of so many excellent, peace-loving persons, effect your purpose, at a moment when the one party was nearly extinct from fear of an unsuccessful war, and the other was already preparing to satisfy their ambition and insolence. But God had chosen your majesty as a defender and bulwark against the misery about to break in through the means of so many tyrants, who had conspired against the honor and the laws of kings.

"Philip further ordered ecclesiastical processions and Te-Deums; he even commanded all the bishops, each in his own diocese, to hold such processions and thanksgivings, to the especial honor of the King of France. He has everywhere distinctly expressed his opinion of the transaction, and testified his displeasure towards those who sought to persuade him that the whole had happened unpremeditatedly, and not through deliberation."

This may suffice to show the depth, — the inconceivable excess, of Philip's intolerant bigotry. The other document is yet more horribly curious. It is a letter written by Charles IX. during the massacre of his unresisting subjects upon St. Bartholomew's day. It is dated the 24th of August, 1572, and addressed to his ambassador at Rome; and his majesty, as Raumer tells us,

"after much insignificant matter, says, — 'By your despatches of the 29th of July and 2d of August, I see that his Holiness is determined, only upon the conditions already proposed, to grant the dispensation for the marriage of the King and Queen of Navarre, and that Chavigny will hardly be able to procure a better or more favorable answer. Wherefore, considering how much the peace and welfare of my kingdom depended upon this marriage, did I, upon good advice, resolve to complete it last Monday. All my subjects have testified the greatest joy and contentment thereat, as I inform his Holiness through your nephew M. de Brancville. You must therefore suddenly, and before his Holiness learns the motive of M. de Brancville's journey, request an audience, present him, watch over the interests of my service, and especially see to possess his Holiness of my straightforward and upright views. At the end of your last letter you tell me that his Holiness will give my cousin, the Cardinal of Ferrara, an explanation

touching the benefices that have fallen vacant at Rome: with respect to this, I trust to your usual care. By the way (*au demeurant*), I may tell you, that last Friday, as the admiral went home from the Louvre, he was shot at from a window by some hitherto unknown nobleman or soldier, and wounded in the arm; and this last night it has happened that the members of the House of Guise, together with more noblemen and gentlemen, (upon certain information that the friends of the admiral held them to be the authors of his wound, and meant to revenge him,) put themselves in motion against that faction. Thereupon a great tumult ensued, the guard at the admiral's house was overpowered, and he himself, with many of his party and religion, killed. Moreover, in several other parts of the town, people have been massacred, as M. de Branville will tell you more circumstantially. And so I hope the Holy Father Pope, considering the reasons your nephew lays before him, will make no further difficulty in granting me the dispensation, or absolution, which is all I have to write to you just now."

And this was written by the king who, upon that by-gone night, had given the word to begin the massacre; who had seated himself at an open window of his palace, not merely the better to hear the shrieks and groans of his butchered subjects, but to take deliberate aim at such as the murderers drove within reach of his post, like game at a French hunting party, or a modern English *battue*! *

Of the extracts concerning England, the most important relate to James I., of whom Raumer entertains the worst possible opinion, and in whose vices and misgovernment he sees the origin of Charles's difficulties and misfortunes. But an analysis of his views upon this part of English history will find a more appropriate place, when his history of the last three centuries shall be before us. The despatches from the French ambassador in Scotland, during Mary's reign, are curious, but throw little light upon the disputed points in her life. Her own correspondence, during her captivity, with the French ambassadors at Elizabeth's court, shows the constant system of intrigue carried on by her and them, as well with conspirators as with some of the English ministers, if they do not positively implicate either Scottish queen or Gallic diplomatists in plots for Elizabeth's assassination. But none of these, detached from the rest, would be very interesting, and we shall therefore select for insertion a letter from Mary to the Duke de Guise, written after her condemnation, — in which it is remarkable that she seems to think more of herself as a Guise, than as a Stuart, hereditary Queen of Scotland; one from Elizabeth to Henry IV. of France; and a challenge from the English ambassa-

* Those who adopt Dr. Lingard's opinion that the massacre of St. Bartholomew was unpremeditated, at least by Charles IX., may perhaps think this letter corroborative of their views. For our own part, besides the proof in St. Goar's despatch of such not being the light in which the affair was represented by His Most Christian Majesty to Philip, we must confess that the careless cold bloodedness of this account, would, to us, be still more inconceivable upon this, than upon the more received supposition.

dor in France to the Duke of Guise. In November, 1586, Mary thus writes.

"My good Cousin! — I bid you, whom I best love on earth, farewell, since, in virtue of an unjust sentence, I am about to die, in such fashion as, God be praised, none of our family, and still less of my station, ever did before. Do you thank God thereof, for upon this earth I was useless to his and the church's cause; but hope that death shall prove my steadfastness in the faith, and my willingness to die for the maintenance and restoration of the Catholic church in this unhappy island. And although never yet executioner dipt his hand in our blood, be not you, my friend, ashamed for this; for the judgment of heretics and church enemies, who have no right over me, a free queen, is honorable before God, and profitable to the children of the church. Did I belong to the former, this blow should not light upon me. All of our house have been persecuted by that sect, as your good father, together with whom I hope to be received into mercy by the just Judge.

"I commend to you my poor servants, and the payment of my debts, and entreat a pious foundation for my soul, not at your cost, but after the manner that you will hear from my disconsolate servants, the witnesses of my last tragedy. May God bless you, your wife, children, brothers, and cousins, and above all, our head, my good brother and cousin, and all his! The blessing of God, and that which I would bestow upon my children, be upon yours, whom I no less commend to God than my son, the unhappy and deceived!

* * * * *

"God give you grace to endure through life in the service of the church! Never may this honor depart from our family, but men, like women, be ever ready (setting aside all other worldly considerations) to shed their blood for the upholding of the faith! As for me, I hold myself, on father's and mother's side, born to make the offering of my blood, and I have no purpose to degenerate. Jesus, who was crucified for us, and all holy martyrs, make us by their intercession worthy freely to offer up our bodies for his honor. *Fotheringay, Thursday, 24th Nov.*

"They have taken away my canopy, thinking to degrade me. Since then, my warden came, and proffered to write about it to the queen; that having been done not by her order, but upon advice of certain counsellors. I showed them on that canopy, instead of my arms, my Saviour's cross. You will hear the whole matter. Since then they have been gentler.

"Your affectionate Cousin and perfect Friend,

"MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND, DOWAGER QUEEN OF FRANCE."

Elizabeth's letter to Henry has no date, and though evidently written during the civil war, its remonstrances are too vague to afford us any means of ascertaining the occasion that called them forth. Here it is. Raumer says the French is difficult to translate; we wish he had given it us in the original, suspecting, as we do, that he must have occasionally mistaken the sense.

"My very dear Brother! — The learned have debated whether the sight or the hearing merit the preference. Had I been present at the disputation, and the examples been such as now lie before me, I should have declared for the sight. So should I have seen the commissioners who had greeted you, not have heard their evil tidings, which report you exposed to the dangers of a battle.

* * * * *

"Should God in his mercy grant you the victory, this is (I swear to you) more than your negligence (*nonchalance*) deserves. How are you so ill-advised as to believe that the best *Liguist* could conceive anything more advantageous to his party than that gain of time upon which their whole weal depends, but which robs you of all you aim at? * * * You are too slow to do yourself good; you like better to hazard something than to bring it to an end. But each should be done in its due season. Neither had I ever ventured to write thus to you, did I not see herein a help against anger. But your ambassador hath too much trust in my power to overcome your passions, and in this hope hath prayed me to express to you forthwith my displeasure at the far too great patience you show towards your enemies. I hope you may have a little left for your friend. Did not mine age count upon excuse of my boldness, I had not run into so many words; but persons of my sex prate more than the wise. Pardon my faults and follow my counsels, that proceed from a heart which ceases not to pray God that his hand may everywhere lead you to victory."

The challenge is headed by Raumer, "Ompson, English ambassador in Paris to Henry Duke of Guise, May, 1588." Now, to the best of our recollection, in the year 1588 Sir Edward Stafford was still English ambassador to the court of Henry III., and by what combined efforts of French orthoëpy, orthography, and calligraphy, Stafford can have been transformed into Ompson, we are utterly unable to conjecture. The achievement is, however, we doubt not, altogether a French achievement; though we must confess our surprise that a German, of Raumer's research, knowledge, and general accuracy, should not have perceived and corrected the blunder. And upon this occasion we cannot forbear remarking, that, to judge from his treatment of English names and titles, England should seem to have engaged less of our author's attention than most other countries. To give two or three instances taken at random, he calls Beale, the clerk of the council, Lord Beale; Lady Arabella Stuart, the next heir to the crown after James I. and his children, Miss Arabella Stuart; and Sir Thomas Overbury, Sir Overbury. Such mistakes are certainly of no great consequence, but it is the business of him who undertakes to write of a country to be exact in his knowledge of it; and we take this opportunity of pointing out these trifling errors, convinced that should our pages meet the historian's eye, he will be obliged to us for the hint. We now return to the challenge.

"At the residence of the Duke of Mayenne you spoke aloud, in a senseless and impudent fashion, of my queen, whose honor, amongst loyal and virtuous men, never was called in question, and which to defend, with word and blade, I am here. I say to you, you have shamelessly lied, and will lie, whensoever you attack the honor of that princess, who is the most excellent upon earth, and concerning whom least of all may he judge who is a traitor, false to his king and country, as you are. Therefore do I challenge you, with what weapons you will, on foot or on horseback. Also, you may not believe that I am not your equal, for I am of an English family as great and as noble as yours.* Appoint me time and place

* When it is recollected that the Duke of Guise was of the family of the German sovereign princes of Lorraine, it will be evident that such a boast would

where I may repeat mine accusation and defiance. If you have only a little courage, you may not endure it; and if you should endure it, I will everywhere proclaim you the most dastardly slanderer and the greatest coward in France. I wait your answer."

This letter is followed by another, dated the 31st of May, 1588.

"My Lord of Guise! — You have already received two challenges, but as you play the deaf and dumb, I herewith send you the third, and if I receive no answer to this, I shall publish the whole."

We now turn to the miscellaneous matter in these volumes, consisting of extracts relative to the finances, military regulations, ceremonies, entertainments, &c. of those times, and of descriptions of Germany, Denmark, and England, by Italians, at different epochs. From the more miscellaneous extracts we shall select what has, perhaps unreasonably, tickled our fancy, namely, an account of the eatables daily supplied for the use of Leonora, Queen of France, during a visit she paid to her brother Charles V. at Brussels, in the year 1544, and then conclude with some of the Italian portraitures of northern countries.

"Queen Leonora received daily for her mouth (omitting vegetables, soups, pastry, and the like), 128 lbs. of beef, 2½ sheep, 1 calf, 2 swine, 2 fat capons, 18 fowls, 4 partridges, 2 woodcocks, 2 pheasants, 2 hares, 24 quails or turtle-doves."

Perhaps the reader will conclude, as we did whilst reading the list, that this was an ample provision for her majesty's whole household? Not at all: it was her private bill of fare, for here follows the allowance of her train.

"For the kitchen of the *suite* were daily supplied 2 oxen, 18 sheep, 3 calves, 12 swine, 60 capons, 48 fowls and pigeons, and 40 head of game."

Surely the perquisites of some of the royal household must have been more than candle-ends and cheese-parings. But there were no Joseph Humes in those days!

We shall now give part of a description of Denmark during the thirty years' war, in 1627, by Torquato Pecchio, secretary to Torquato Conti, who then held possession of the kingdom for the emperor. We know not whether the simple credulity of the writer will, in the reader's estimation, much impair his credibility when he speaks of things only strange. For ourselves, we must confess, that so implicit a believer amongst the educated and skeptical Italians of the seventeenth century appears to us a phenomenon nearly as astonishing as any of the marvels related by the worthy secretary. But to his relation. He says —

"In Denmark are many villages, not indeed walled, but each having its own church and its own clergyman. When one of these dies, his widow

have been nonsense from a Mr. Ompson, or a Mr. anything like Ompson, however becoming a Stafford, who could trace his descent from Saxon kings.

marries another clergyman, who cannot, however, enter upon his predecessor's cure without the royal approbation. Such nomination or confirmation is necessary for all ecclesiastics and bishops. Now, in the king's absence, General Conti should grant them, but having no taste for the business, he has made it over to a colonel of artillery. The whole country is very populous, and all seem to be well off; for besides being magnificently clad on holidays, not a peasant is found so poor that he has not silver spoons and a silver cup. They know how to make their wooden, straw-thatched houses so strong and well, and this too without using a single iron nail, that they last long, and are impenetrable to wind and rain.

"The uncommonly handsome churches have, for the most part, five naves, and excellent steeples and bells. Many of the towns lie on the sea-coast, are well built, paved, furnished with squares and fountains, and strongly fortified. Some highways are reserved to the king and him who pays a certain sum of money.

"The nobility are of such a size that I believe St. Christopher must have been a Dane. The people are generally handsome, fair, of good capacity, and addicted to science. There is an ecclesiastic who understands how, of water, to make wine, of which I myself have drunk. He will come to Rome, turn Catholic, and pay his respects to your Eminence.

"There are in Denmark, superstitious enchanterz, or conjurors, who dress themselves in the most unaccountable guise, as the annexed drawings will show. Most of these have, however, fled with the king.

* * * * *

"The inhabitants are Lutherans, and speak a language that is not quite German, but mixed. When they speak, it sounds as if they were weeping. In the islands lying in the ocean a language is spoken that nobody understands. (Probably a dialect retaining more of the original old Norse, such as is, we believe, still spoken on the Faroe islands.) For want of wood they burn dung, and a certain earth taken from the morasses, which they cut in the shape of bricks, and call *turta*. (This of course means turf, but we know not the word. The Danish name for turf is *toerv*.) Their food is cooked in a large kettle, into which they toss all different sorts of things, as flesh, fish, eggs, and the like. In the same way they prepare cheese, which, even when rotten, breeds no maggots.

"Men and women wear fur next the skin, and only over that put on shirts and clothes. The wooden shoes are most workmanly made; women's clothes reach only to the knee.

"The horses are wilder than in other countries, and live almost always in the open air.

"In peace-time, people travel post in carriages, (query, carts,) which, for the sake of greater lightness, have no iron about them. On coming to a morass they are quickly taken to pieces, and afterwards put together again.

"In Zealand there is a river with a bridge over it, and on one side is seen a cavern. Every body may pass freely, but so soon as any one sets foot upon the bridge, who is plotting against the king, or aspiring to sovereignty, a monstrous noise is heard in the cavern as though an army were drawing near, and the bridge breaks down. This has been seen and heard; it has happened, and still happens. (The good secretary should have explained, whether the bridge has to be rebuilt at the public expense after every such exploit or explosion of loyalty, or reinstates itself, as we think a bridge of such discriminating powers ought to do.)

* * * * *

"All the inhabitants of this country commit one irremissible sin, namely, they eat calves, and other young animals. The soldiers, who have no consciences, were so pleased with this custom, that it was necessary to prohibit the slaughter of calves.

"When bride and bridegroom marry, both run to a goal, where a bundle of straw has been set up. Whichever arrives first obtains the command at home, the man becomes the wife, the woman the husband. The straw is made into a cushion, upon which the young couple kneel at church.

"When any body dies, they do not weep and lament, but laugh, eat, drink, and dance about the corpse, and lay valuables and other things in the grave, in proportion to their rank and fortune."

Enough, and perhaps more than enough, of the Italian military secretary's Danish wonders. We turn to the Florentine Ubaldini's soberer, though some eighty years earlier, description of England. It is dated A. D. 1551, and, after giving an account of the excessive state and ceremoniousness of Edward the Sixth's court, which he however observes was much relaxed since Henry the Eighth's time, Ubaldini thus proceeds:—

"The English generally spend their incomes. They eat often, and sit as many as two, three, four hours at table, not so much to eat all the time, as agreeably to entertain the ladies, without whom no banquet is given. They are disinclined to exertion, and sow so little, that the produce scarcely suffices to support life; wherefore they eat little bread, but so much the more flesh, which they have of every kind, and perfectly good. Cakes, made with milk, and cheese are everywhere prepared; for innumerable herds feed, day and night, in the most fruitful pastures. There are no wolves, but exceeding plenty of deer, swine, and other game. There is a great deal of hunting and hospitality.

"The women do not yield in beauty, agreeableness, dress, and good morals to the Siennese, or the most esteemed in Italy. The lords keep uncommonly numerous households.

* * * * *

"The people are, upon the whole, rather tall, but the nobility, in good part, small, which comes of their frequently marrying rich maidens under age. Men and women have a white skin; to preserve, or improve this natural color, the latter are bled two or three times a year, instead of painting like Italian ladies.

"The men are naturally obstinate, so that if one is obliged to contradict them, he must not at once butt against them (*urtarli*), but gradually allege his reasons, which they then, through their good parts, readily comprehend. Many to whom this English nature was unknown have dealt very disadvantageously with so suspicious a nation.

"The meaner inhabitants of the towns, and part of the country people, are ill disposed towards strangers, and believe that no realm upon earth is good for any thing, except their own; but they are set right as to such foolish notions by those who have more understanding and experience. Meanwhile it is, on this account, not advisable for a foreigner to travel about the country; because it is usual to begin by inquiring whether Englishmen are well or ill received in his native land. (We might hence argue that foreigners did not meet with ill usage, save when it was in some sort justified as a measure of retaliation.) But if he have a royal passport, he is not only well received everywhere, but forwarded

with the horses allotted to court business, or in case of need he may demand them from the owners.

"Very different in this respect is the nature of the great. For there is not a lord in the land who would not gladly have foreign servants and nobles about him, paying them good salaries. The king himself has many Italians and Spaniards, of divers professions, in his service. These are on good terms with the courtiers, who gladly learn Italian and French, (for this last purpose Frenchmen might have been more useful than Spaniards,) and eagerly pursue knowledge. He who is wealthy lets sons and daughters study, and learn Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; for since that storm of heresy burst upon the country, it is held useful to read the Holy Scriptures in the original tongues. Poorer persons, who cannot educate their children so learnedly, yet will not appear ignorant, or quite strange to the refinement of the world; therefore are they seen, on Sundays and holidays, well, ay, better dressed than fits their condition. (An odd, but even to the present day not unusual mode of concealing ignorance.) Men and women mostly wear fine black cloth, with silken well-wrought ribbons and trimmings, and so, following the profuse turn of the nobility, do they honor city and court.

"Noble ladies are easily distinguished from inferior women, inasmuch as those wear a hat (*ciupperone*), after the French fashion, these a cap or head-dress (*acconciatura*), of fur or of white linen, according to their station and English custom.

"Their wedding customs differ not from those of other countries, but they marry young, and moreover a second or third time; nay, sometimes have married persons engaged themselves provisionally to another husband, or another wife, in case their actual partner should die."

We regret to end, leaving on the reader's mind such an unfavorable impression of his countrymen and women, as these prospective nuptial engagements, — the remains, probably, if true, of Henry the Eighth's matrimonial operations, — may make; but we find nothing worth adding about England, and have not room for more extracts on other subjects: we must, therefore, here take leave, we trust, not for long, of Friedrich von Raumer.

We must not, however, in these autograph-loving days, neglect to mention, that the volumes are enriched with seventy-five autographs of historical personages of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

[Abridged from Tait's Magazine, No. 12.]

ART. V. — *Records of a Voyage to the Western Coast of Africa, in his Majesty's Ship Dryad, and of the Service on that Station for the Suppression of the Slave Trade, in the Years 1830, 1831, 1832.* By P. LEONARD, Surgeon R. N. small 8vo. Edinburgh. 1833.

OUR attention has been attracted to the present state of the Slave Trade by this highly meritorious volume, drawn up from actual observation; in which the traffic, not of past times, but as it exists,

in defiance of all our Treaties and Acts of Parliament, at the present moment, is depicted. This simple record of facts is worth volumes of eloquence. In September, 1830, the writer, Mr. Leonard, sailed from England for the Western Coast of Africa in the Dryad frigate, commanded by Captain Hayes, who had been appointed to the African station for suppressing the Slave Trade. The early objects seen by the voyager are described with liveliness and force; but, to us, these are of minor importance; and the first event demanding notice is the Dryad meeting, near Sierra Leone, the brig Plumper, which had just examined a vessel under French colors, with 300 slaves on board, bound for Guadaloupe. And, now, mark the efficiency of our treaties to suppress the Slave Trade: neither British ships, nor those of any other power are permitted the right of search in French vessels; the French prevention squadron shows no great zeal in the service; and, accordingly, this slave ship, like many others, sailing at one time under the white flag, but now under the *tricolor*, could not lawfully be detained, and so proceeded in peace to the end of her voyage. The colors of France, and fictitious French papers, are continually employed by the Spanish and Portuguese slave-dealers to give impunity to their nefarious speculations. It is also stated by our author to be the general opinion in Sierra Leone, that the French Government has never yet sincerely wished to destroy the traffic.* Before the Dryad arrived on the coast, there had been several rather desperate actions between British vessels and slavers; the crews of the latter, from the nature of their engagement, having every motive to defend their ships to the last extremity. The basis of the agreement is exactly the old Buccaneer principle, — *No prey, no pay*. Mr. Leonard says, —

“They defend themselves to the utmost, as they receive no part of their wages, which is from thirty to sixty dollars a month, according to the rank they hold, until their live cargo is safely disembarked at the destined port; when they have a certain number of dollars additional, according to the number of slaves landed alive; and in the event of capture, they forfeit every thing.”

There is injustice in passing, in total silence, those parts of the Voyage which show the author's descriptive powers to advantage;

[* Those of our readers who have not observed the following notice, which we extract from a late newspaper, will be gratified to have their attention called to it in connexion with the statements in the text.

In the session of the French Chamber of Deputies, 10th of June, General Lafayette took occasion to complain of the continuance of the *slave trade*, even under the protection of the tri-color flag.

“The Minister of the Marine replied, that since 1830, not a single instance had existed of the French flag having covered the slave trade; but Spanish and Portuguese vessels, engaged in the slave trade, had disguised themselves under French colors, in order to avail themselves of the exemption enjoyed by French vessels from the search of English men of war; but this would not again occur, as, with the express object of putting an end to the slave trade, a new convention had been made between France and England, for the mutual right of search in certain seas.”

END.]

and which, with many readers, will form the main attraction of his work; but we must be contented with indicating, that general readers will find much to gratify them in this volume. This premised, we proceed:—

There are many individuals who imagine, we cannot tell upon what grounds, that since the abolition of the trade by a solemn act of the British Legislature, not only is the condition of the slaves in our West India islands much ameliorated, but our acts for suppressing the trade, and our treaties with Spain, Portugal, and France, if they have not entirely done away with slave-dealing, have softened its attendant miseries. Such persons we invite to a perusal of this volume; but we may select one or two instances. In the spring of 1831, the *Black Joke*, a tender belonging to the *Dryad*, fell in with the *Marinerito*, a large Spanish slave-brig, carrying five twenty-pounders, with a crew of seventy-two men, and a cargo of four hundred and ninety-six slaves,—a fortune to the whole crew, could it have been safely conveyed to the islands. After a gallant action, which is described by Mr. Leonard with great animation, the Spaniard was captured. Among her wounded crew were found several Englishmen. We think more of her cargo. Those who have often shuddered at the horrors of the middle passage, have small cause of congratulation, save that the scenes of diabolical cruelty are transferred to the ships of our Christian allies:—

“Immediately after the vessel was secured, the living were found sitting on the heads and bodies of the dead and the dying below. Witnessing their distress, the captors poured a large quantity of water into a tub for them to drink out of; but, being unused to such generosity, they merely imagined that their usual scanty daily allowance of half a pint per man was about to be served out; and when given to understand that they might take as much of it, and as often, as they felt inclined, they seemed astonished, and rushed in a body, with headlong eagerness, to dip their parched and feverish tongues into the refreshing liquid. Their heads became wedged in the tub, and were with some difficulty got out,—not until several were nearly suffocated in its contents. The drops that fell on the deck were lapped and sucked up with a most frightful eagerness. Jugs were also obtained, and the water handed round to them; and in their precipitation and anxiety to obtain relief from the burning thirst which gnawed their vitals, they madly bit the vessels with their teeth, and champed them into atoms. Then, to see the look of gratification,—the breathless unwillingness to part with the vessel, from which, by their glistening eyes, they seemed to have drawn such exquisite enjoyment! Only half satisfied, they clung to it, though empty, as if it were more dear to them, and had afforded them more of earthly bliss, than all the nearest and dearest ties of kindred and affection. It was a picture of such utter misery from a natural want, more distressing than any one can conceive, who has not witnessed the horrors attendant on the slave trade on the coast of Africa, or who has not felt, for many hours, the cravings of a burning thirst under a tropical sun. On their way ashore to this island from the prize,—their thirst still unquenched,—they lapped the salt water from the boat’s side. The sea to them was new, until they tasted all its bitterness; they, no doubt, looked upon it as one of their own expansive fresh-

water streams, in which they were wont to bathe, or drink with unrestrained freedom and enjoyment. Before they were landed, many of the Africans already liberated at this settlement went on board to see them, and found among them several of their friends and relations. The meeting, as may be supposed, was, for the moment, one of pleasure, but soon changed into pain and grief. Can there be in Britain, — the happy and the free, — an individual with a heart in his bosom, who will, after this, advocate slavery? A single fact like this overthrows all the plausible sophistry which such an individual may make use of to obtain partisans, besides those who, like himself, are interested in its support. Such converts to the creed of the right of property in human flesh are much mislead. They have only shown to them the bright side of the picture, — the comparatively happy (yet truly wretched!) condition of the slaves in our West India colonies. They know nothing of the withering horrors daily taking place on the coast of this desolated and unhappy land, from which between sixty and eighty thousand of its poor unoffending children are forcibly abstracted annually, — cruelly torn from home, friends, and kindred, — from all that can alone make a life of wretchedness tolerable. The Spanish crew, with the exception of a few sent up in the prize to Sierra Leone, were kept prisoners for some time at Fernando Po, but were afterwards sent in the Atholl to the island of Anobona, where they were landed and turned adrift."

Some months later Mr. Leonard mentions another exploit of the Black Joke, which we may notice here. The reasoning he raises upon this event is perfectly conclusive.

"The Black Joke, while cruising in the Bight of Benin, fell in with and captured, on the 20th of July, the Spanish schooner, Potosi, of ninety-eight tons, twenty-six men, and *one hundred and ninety-one slaves on board*, bound from Lagos to Havanna; and, on the 10th of September, the two tenders, in company, chased into the river Bonny, and captured the Spanish brigs, Rapido and Regulo, — the former of one hundred and seventy-five tons, eight large guns, fifty-six men, and *two hundred and four slaves*; the latter, one hundred and forty seven tons, (both Spanish admeasurements) five large guns, fifty men, and two slaves: both bound to Cuba. Connected with the capture of these vessels, a circumstance of the most horrid and revolting nature occurred, the relation of which will afford an additional instance of the cruelty and apathy of those who carry on the slave trade, — of the imperfection of the laws enacted for its suppression, as well as of the additional inhumanity entailed upon it by ourselves, as a consequence of the very imperfection of these laws. Both vessels were discovered at the entrance of the Bonny, having just sailed from thence; and, when chased by the tenders, put back, made all sail up the river, and ran on shore. During the chase, they were seen from our vessels to throw their slaves overboard, by twos, shackled together by the ankles, and left in this manner to sink or swim, as they best could! Men, women, and young children, were seen, in great numbers, struggling in the water, by every one on board of the two tenders; and, dreadful to relate, upwards of a hundred and fifty of these wretched creatures perished in this way, without there being a hand to help them; for they had all disappeared before the tenders reached the spot, excepting two, who were fortunately saved by our boats from the element with which they were struggling. Several managed, with difficulty, as may be supposed, to swim on shore, and many were thrown into large canoes, and in that manner landed, and escaped death; but the multitude of dead bodies cast

upon the beach, during the succeeding fortnight, painfully demonstrated that the account given to us, by the natives on the banks of the Bonny, of the extent of the massacre, had been far from exaggerated. The individuals whose lives had been saved by the boats, were two fine intelligent young men, riveted together by the ankles in the manner described. Both of them when recovered, pointed to the Rapido as the vessel from which they were thrown into the water. On boarding this vessel, no slave was found; but her remorseless crew having been seen from both tenders busily engaged in their work of destruction, and as the two poor blacks, who endeavoured to express gratitude for their rescue by every means in their power, asserted, with horror and alarm depicted in every feature, that this was the vessel from which they were thrown, she was taken possession of. On board the Regulo *only two hundred and four slaves were found remaining, of about four hundred and fifty.* All of those on board of her were branded with the letter T on the right shoulder. Had the commander of the Black Joke (which had been cruising off the river Bonny for a long period), who knew that those vessels were lying there, ready to take slaves on board, been permitted to use every means in his power to suppress the slave trade, he could and would have gone up the river with his vessel, and destroyed them with the greatest ease; and thereby prevented the merciless cruelty which subsequently took place. But no! He dared not; because he was liable in heavy penalties, had he even *detained* a Spaniard, without having slaves *actually on board.* These inhuman scoundrels are fully aware of this; and it was this very legal impediment to the capture of Spanish vessels which induced them to throw their miserable captives into the river; so that, no slave being found when boarded by the tenders, they and their vessels might be suffered to escape. But they could not effect their nefarious design completely, for our tenders were close at their heels, and they were detected in their crime, and consequently detained. As, however, there were no slaves *actually found on board of the Rapido*, and as the members of the Court of Mixed Commission at Sierra Leone usually adhere to the *letter*, instead of the *spirit*, of the law and the treaties having for their object the suppression of the slave trade, — although the fact of her having slaves, *bonâ fide*, on board, and having thrown them out in the murderous manner described, was witnessed by some hundreds of persons, — it is questioned by many here, on a consideration of the circumstances attending the trial of cases somewhat similar, whether this court, from whose verdict there is no appeal, will condemn her or not. It is quite certain, whether this may be the case or not, that there will be no punishment inflicted upon the perpetrators of so great a crime. Thus, as I have already said, the half-measures we are obliged to adopt for the suppression of this merciless traffic, adds incalculably to its inhumanity. Here we see that, in a futile attempt to save their vessels from capture, these remorseless speculators in blood sacrificed more than a hundred and fifty lives. Had we let them alone, the dreadful event would not have taken place."

One more instance we give of the atrocities inseparable from the trade in slaves.

"A negro female slave, on board the schooner captured by the brig Plumper, had," in the language of Mr. Leonard, "with a purity of heart that would have done honor to the most refined and exalted state of human society, long and indignantly repulsed the disgusting advances of the master of the schooner, until, at last, the iniquitous wretch, finding himself foiled in his execrable attempts on her person, became furious with disappointment, and murdered his unfortunate and unoffending victim with the

most savage cruelty; the details of which are too horrible to be conceived, far less described! And yet these inhuman miscreants, in the event of their vessel being captured, are generally allowed to go unpunished. We cannot, or at all events we do not, punish them: that is left for the laws of their own country, and they are consequently suffered to escape.

"This is but one instance of the numerous unheard of horrors entailed on the native Africans by the Slave Trade, as it is at present carried on. I shall relate another which also occurred very recently. His Majesty's ship *Medina*, cruising off the river Gallinas, descried a suspicious sail, and sent a boat to examine her, the officer of which found her to be fitted for the reception of slaves, but without any on board, and consequently allowed her to proceed on her course. It was discovered some time afterwards, by one of the men belonging to the vessel, that she had a female slave on board when the *Medina* made her appearance, and knowing that, if found, this single slave would condemn the vessel, the master (*horresco referens*) lashed the wretched creature to an anchor, and ordered it to be thrown overboard! This is an instance of the additional inhumanity indirectly entailed on the slave trade by the benevolent exertions of England. Had our Government been able to obtain from Spain, by the firmness and determination of her remonstrances, permission to seize all vessels under her flag fitted for the reception of slaves, this vessel could by no means have escaped, and no object could have been gained by the atrocious murder. As it is, our treaty with Spain limits us to the seizure of vessels with slaves *actually on board*; and this single slave, if found by the *Medina*, would have made the vessel a legal capture; to prevent which the poor creature was cruelly sacrificed, — the life of a slave being considered by these wretches as no better than that of a dog, or one of the brute creation."

The author's speculations on the civilization of Africa are ingenious, and breathe a good spirit; but the recent discoveries throw all previous conceptions into the back ground, and we now await the issue of the first promising attempt yet made for the improvement of a country with which our intercourse has hitherto been unmarked by much advantage. We, however, entirely subscribe to the opinion of Mr. Leonard, that, till the Slave Trade is effectually annihilated, no progress can be made in civilization; and to this the obstacles he enumerates are indeed formidable; nor can it be questioned that the limited right of interference Britain has acquired, though it may prevent the slavery of numerous individuals, really aggravates the evils of the traffic. In the month of October, 1830, the *Black Joke* boarded no fewer than five French vessels, with *one thousand six hundred and twenty-one* slaves on board, from the river Bonny alone; and, in the following month, there were ten French vessels lying in the Calebar river ready to take slaves on board, the French preventive squadron giving them no molestation. And this must go on till Britain obtains from France the right of search. Our boasted "excellent understanding" with the new French government has hitherto produced no advantage to the Africans. Were this power once granted, and the right of search of vessels under Portuguese colors extended to the southward of the equator, Mr. Leonard thinks the expectation of suppression feasible.

"Were there," he says, "no obstacles to the suppression of the slave trade, — were every vessel, of whatever nation, found fitted out for, or engaged in it, liable to capture, — were our squadron on the coast, small as it is, ordered to go on in the glorious work of emancipation, without fear of risk by legal processes and diplomatic squabbles, and entirely unhampered, — were the simple unfettered order, 'Suppress the slave trade,' issued by government to the officer commanding our ships of war here, — there is not the slightest doubt that the trade on this part of the coast would be immediately and permanently put an end to. Not a single vessel could escape us. While it is otherwise, all our exertions are mere farce, — a perfect mockery of emancipation. We liberate a few of those embarked in Spanish vessels, while tens of thousands are embarked, and the vessels allowed insolently to pass us unmolested, under the infamous shelter of the French flag to the northward of the equator, and the Portuguese flag to the southward. Upwards of *sixty thousand* slaves, it is calculated, are annually exported from Africa. In 1826, we emancipated only *two thousand five hundred and sixty-seven*; in 1827, two thousand eight hundred and sixty-one; in 1828, three thousand nine hundred and twenty-four; and in 1829, five thousand three hundred and fifty were liberated, being a year of uncommon success, which arose from the great number of Brazilian vessels running prior to the operation of the convention of 1826, which made the trade under the Brazilian flag piracy. Since then, no vessel has appeared under that flag on the coast. In 1830 the number consequently again fell off; and in the present year little or nothing can be done. Almost every vessel laden with slaves is under the French flag, and the people on board, confident of being privileged, literally laugh at us as they pass, and often favor the escape of vessels under another flag liable to capture, by leading us a dance after them. But, besides the many other impediments to the complete suppression of the Slave Trade, while the captains of his Majesty's ships are liable to heavy damages for the detention of vessels with *slaves on board* which are subsequently, by a decision of the Courts of Mixed Commission, declared, in accordance with the treaties, to be *illegally detained*, which not unfrequently happens, there must be *much hesitation* in the minds of these men concerning the detention of vessels whose cases are at all doubtful; and those illegally employed have, no doubt, often been allowed to escape in consequence of the heavy expenses which may be incurred should they not be condemned. It is therefore evident, that all attempts at suppressing the slave trade under the present system is a mere farce; that all our expenditure for that purpose is fruitlessly, nay, in many instances, injuriously, employed."

The service which this book performs to suffering humanity, stamps it, in our esteem, with the highest value; but it has secondary merits, which, in another work, would be considered primary.

[Abridged from "The Eclectic Review for May, 1833."]

ART. VI. — *Whychcotte of St. John's; or the Court, the Camp, the Quarter-deck, and the Cloister.* 2 volumes, 12mo. London, 1833.

UNDER a title which looks too much like a bookseller's puff to lead us to expect much that is substantial in the work itself, these volumes contain a collection of very clever and entertaining original papers. In the getting up of the volumes, there is, indeed, a palpable air of book-making; and the publication has altogether the appearance of a catch-penny. We must say too, that we cannot entirely applaud the taste displayed in the concoction of the materials. The liberty that is taken with living characters, is scarcely allowable; although the writer may plead in extenuation, that his portraits are generally those of the panegyrist, not of the satirist. We know not what Professor Smythe will say at having his lectures and conversations surreptitiously reported.* We wish that it might provoke him to publish in self-defence. Whatever fault, however, we may find with the author or supposed *rédacteur* of these Whychcotte papers, on these or other grounds, we cannot refuse to do him the justice of admitting, that we have been much amused with his biographical sketches, not a little interested by his stories and anecdotes, and often well pleased with the good sense of his graver observations. We should suspect him to be an indolent man of talent, capable of producing far better things. He has evidently (notwithstanding his choice of a publisher) received his education and formed his opinions in the Tory school; and his partialities bespeak him to be a real Cantab. We honor his courageous frankness in lauding Bishops Marsh and Phillpotts, the two least popular prelates on the bench, although we cannot sympathize in his admiration either of the Author of the *Seventy-three Questions*, or of 'the active and acute political bishop,' 'the Clerical Chesterfield' — and Proteus. As we do not share in the writer's partialities and opinions, he will consider himself, we hope, the more honored by our good opinion.

An 'introductory memoir,' by no means the least engaging part of the work, but very slenderly related to the subsequent papers, describes the character of Aylmer Whychcotte, of whom his tutor argued but too prophetically: 'He has talent enough for any thing; he will attain nothing.' The portrait is evidently from the life, and conveys an instructive lesson. But alas! wrongheadedness is, in most instances, incurable. The next paper introduces us to the Cambridge Professor of Modern History.

[* Professor Smythe has as yet, we believe, been known as an author only by a volume of very pleasing poems in the highly-finished style of past days, entitled "*English Lyrics*." EDD.]

"Whether it be the peculiar beauty of his style, or the noble, and generous, and elevated sentiments which his Lectures embody, — or the feeling with which they are uttered, — or the singular felicity with which he sustains the unflagging interest and attention of his youthful auditory, — or to all these circumstances combined, — certain it is, that no professor ever conciliated or retained, in a higher degree, the affectionate regard of those who, year after year, have attended his Lectures.

'For him, even the idle will rise an hour earlier, rather than lose the lecture. For him, the gay, rather than forego the fund of information that awaits them, will desert their late breakfast party, or decline it altogether.

'He is precisely that sort of lecturer to influence the auditory he addresses. His object is, invariably and unweariedly, to inspire them with elevated sentiments and enlarged views, — to lead them to regard with distrust, men of sweeping measures and daring experiments, — to teach them to look for the security of a country in the lenity and justice of its administration, — to think all vain but affection and honor, — the simplest and cheapest pleasures, the truest and most precious, — to impress on them, that virtue herself is becoming, and the pursuit of truth rational, — and that generosity of sentiment is the only mental acquirement which is either to be wished for or admired.

'Rarely does a lecture close without containing in it some reference to man's higher destiny and the magnificent visions of Christian hope; apart from which his existence is a riddle, and his trials unmeaning.

'One is at this instant present to me. — He had been lecturing on the Flight to Varennes: and, in alluding to the various accounts which had been given of that unfortunate enterprise, took occasion to notice the difficulties and distrust which certain skeptics have attempted to throw over the mission of our Lord, from certain discrepancies, omissions, and apparent inconsistencies, in the accounts of the four Evangelists. "Paley, that most sensible writer, has noticed these attempts, and has most completely and triumphantly refuted them. If the argument which Paine and Hume have applied to the writers of the four Gospels, — which are strictly and properly *Memoirs of the Life and Sufferings of our Saviour*, — be applied to the narratives of writers on the French Revolution, we are bound to infer, upon their principle, that no such event as the French Revolution has ever occurred!

"Discrepancies, contradictions, omissions, inconsistencies, present themselves, which it is impossible to reconcile or overlook. Take, for an instance, the fact of the Flight of Varennes. The queen is represented, in one account, as leaving the palace leaning on the arm of Monsieur de Moulins: in another, as leaning on the arm of M. de Mallery: by a third writer it is asserted positively, that she quitted it alone. Yet from this, are we to imagine that the queen did not leave it at all?

"Again: one account states confidently, that M. de Bouillé was wounded in the side and in the shoulder. Monsieur de Damas says, that he was wounded only in the breast. A third writer affirms, that his sole injury was that of a slight contusion on the head. The fact of his ill-treatment and butchery is beyond dispute.

"Again: one writer of considerable authority says, that the queen was recognised, at St. Menchould, by Drouet's son: another, that she was observed by Drouet himself. In detailing the several features of this disastrous undertaking, one historian affirms, that Drouet entered the town of Clermont; another, that he passed by it; a third, that he rode into Varennes alone; a fourth, that his son was with him; a fifth, — and this is the true account, — that he was accompanied by a friend. Yet, of his detection of the royal party, — of his journey to and arrival at Varennes,

—there can exist no doubt. All these are matters of indisputable truth. Yet is it on points slight and immaterial as these, that the veracity of the Gospel narratives has been attempted to be overthrown, and the reality of our Saviour's existence impugned!" — pp. 2-7.

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'You would like to see him? We are late: it wants but one minute to ten. Away to the anatomical schools. Here, in this dark, dingy lecture-room, his little black mahogany stand placed straight before him, his right arm a little extended, the left resting on the small portfolio which contains his lectures, — his whole appearance indicating the gentleman of the old school, but strongly characteristic of extreme *bonhomme* and kindness of disposition, — stands the popular Professor. Hark! he has just finished some brilliant passage, — a part of his well known lecture on Maria Theresa: — Who that has heard it can ever forget it? — or has summed up his elaborate analysis of Frederick the Great, — or has closed his exquisite portraiture of the follies and sorrows of the unfortunate Antoinette, and a murmur of applause which they cared not or could not control, has burst from his delighted auditory.

'Take another view. You see that tall and somewhat gaunt figure, in a green coat and black velvet collar, bright buff waistcoat, knee breeches, and white cotton stockings, powdered, with round shoulders, and rather a stoop in his gait, — yes, he that is striding away before us on the Trumpington Walk, with his hands behind him, — his master's gown curiously tucked up into a roll, and most unceremoniously disposed of, as if it fettered the motions of the wearer, and was an appendage he would gladly dispense with, — there goes the boast of Peterhouse, totally abstracted from the present, and revelling in recollections of the past.

'His voice is peculiar. Your first impressions of it are unfavorable; that it is harsh, wiry, thin, and inharmonious. Yet, so completely does he identify himself with his subject, that those passages which require irony or pathos; lofty indignation, or winning intreaty; cutting rebuke, or generous pity, are delivered with a truth, a fire, a force, and feeling, which set criticism at defiance.' — pp. 11-13.

We are then favored with a few specimens of the Professor's style of lecturing, taken down in a note-book in the lecture-room. They are 'not hazarded with the intention of giving an adequate and complete idea' of the force and eloquence of the original; and the charm of delivery is wanting. Still, our readers will agree with us, that these stolen *morceaux* are samples of no ordinary compositions. We must make room for a few passages.

"Louis XIV. — He was in some respects unfortunate. He became a ruler of the earth when quite an infant. His education was neglected. His ruling passion was vanity, — the mere love of praise. He was an actor. He was eternally uneasy and anxious for an audience. He was incessantly desirous to exhibit. At his levees — in his drawing-room — on his terrace — at his meals — he was ever acting the grand posture-maker of Europe. Throughout the whole of the royal day he had his exits and his entrances. It was for ever a drama, and the hero of the piece was Louis. Even at the chapel it was the "grand monarque" at his devotions. No ideas, however overwhelming, no apprehension of the sanctity of the Being he was addressing, seems for one instant to have banished from his view, the tinsel trumpery of human grandeur. Yet his age was very famous. Several master spirits lived in it; and the splen-

dor of their works has been reflected back upon the age and history of Louis. Turenne, Villeroy, Vendome, and the great Condé, were his generals: Richelieu and Mazarine were his statesmen: Le Notre laid out his grounds: he had Perreau for the architect of his palaces, and Le Pousin to decorate them: Corneille and Racine wrote his tragedies: Moliere his comedies: Bourdaloue, Bossuet, and Massillon, were his ministers. What could he desire more? I have already alluded to his appetite for praise. Out of forty-nine years, — these bounded his reign, — he had twenty-nine years of war. One million of men were sacrificed. A succession of battles was to be fought, attended with the most frightful carnage; the tender were to mourn, and the brave were to die; that Louis might be called 'Great'!

"At the close of his life, when the pageantry of power was about to cease for ever, he seems to have been first sensible that he had mistaken the first duties of a sovereign. "My son," said he on his death-bed to the Dauphin, "cultivate peace as the source of the greatest good. Avoid war as the source of the greatest evil. My example in this respect has not been a good one. Do not imitate it. It is this part of my reign that I most regret."

"Louis XV. — You will be disappointed that there is no good history of this reign to which I can refer you. It has not yet been written as a portion of French history. Duclos deserts us just about the period at which we have arrived. *I have announced and must continue to announce to ye the reign of Louis XV. a prelude to the French revolution.* The chief points in the foreign politics of this reign are, the acquisitions of the Dutchies of Lorraine and Barr; and the interference of the Duc de Choiseul in the affairs of Genoa, by which the island of Corsica was annexed to the French monarchy.

"Disputes had arisen between the Corsicans and the republic of Genoa. The Genoese wished to know what they were to pay the French Government for the hire of troops to reduce that island. The Duc de Choiseul proposed higher and higher terms, — at length the possession of the island itself. He then announced himself as a mediator, — affirmed that it was a dependence far too uncertain and burdensome for a republic like theirs, and that it would be for their advantage to be relieved from it.

"The negotiation was carried on so secretly that the jealousy of England was never awakened, and he succeeded, — succeeded by slaying the brave with his bayonets, and bribing the irresolute with his gold. But there is a righteous retribution which awaits nations as well as individuals. Who could conceive that from this island, so betrayed and trampled on, from its inhabitants, so cruelly enslaved and remorselessly butchered, one should arise who should crush the Bourbons under foot, — one to whom thrones were footstools, — one who should become the bitterest scourge of monarchs, and of France in particular!"

"Louis XVI. ascends the throne. He is extremely disquieted about the finances. Gives his confidence to Maurepas: who is succeeded first by Turgot, and then by Necker. Maurepas's plan was bold enough: — no new loans, and no new taxes. This was sufficiently daring, when the annual deficit was twenty-five millions: — but Necker's was bolder still, — *new loans, and no new taxes!* How did Necker propose to cover the deficiency? By abolishing useless places, by economy in the state, and retrenchment about the court. Necker was the Minister of Retrenchment and Reform. He fails in his expectations and plans, — at least with the court, — and retires. Monsieur de Calonne succeeds.

"Monsieur de Calonne. — Did a minister want a sinecure for a follower? — it was ready. Did the queen want a place or a pension for a favorite?

—it was ready. Did a prince of the blood want a temporary supply, to defray a debt at the gaming-table?—it was ready. The minister was always smiling,—always cheerful,—quite at ease and contented,—at every body's call,—ready to listen to and oblige all the world. In this golden age, as it must have appeared to the court, the minister (De Calonne) discovered, that the revenue bore a frightful disproportion to the expenditure.

“‘Because I have not spoken in the most measured terms of the privileged orders, I have been sacrificed.’ These may be considered the last words of De Calonne. He was disgraced and dismissed. But, strange retribution! he lived to see that very aristocracy which had prepared and achieved his ruin, flying from before the senseless demagogues that too soon succeeded him.”

* * * * *

‘It is melancholy to reflect on the conduct of the noblesse at this critical juncture,—the interval between forming the two houses; their miserable jealousy, their selfish policy, their narrow views. They forgot that early reformation is an amicable arrangement with a friend in power. Their conduct resembled that of the savage in his canoe, who sleeps upon the stream till the stream becomes a torrent, and he is precipitated to his destruction.’—pp. 18–29.

A few detached sentences are given as specimens of the pithy, axiomatic, and philosophical observations which the Professor occasionally introduces. The following are excellent.

‘Men who in early life are accustomed to the petty details of office, never get beyond them. They become familiarized with corruption; their understandings become narrow; their feelings are blunted; and towards the close of life, they become the secret or avowed friends of servility, the enemies of all public sentiment, and of all advisers the worst that a king or a country can listen to.’

‘Woe to the country where the ministers do not respect popular opinion; but woe to the kingdom,—the monarchy at least,—where they have no other master.’

‘The great problem of government is, to make the executive power sufficiently strong to maintain and preserve peace and good order, and yet not so strong as to overthrow the liberties of the people.’

‘To provide for events, is in some measure to control them.’

Great must be the merit of the Lecturer, if these fragments do him injustice.

The papers seem purposely shuffled, so as to separate those which are of the same suit. We skip some intermediate ones of slighter structure, to notice the solid observations entitled, ‘The Cause of the Church.’ That the Church ‘has, till within a very recent period, yearly lost ground in the estimation of the people, cannot,’ the writer remarks, ‘be with any show of truth denied.’ The causes to which this has been ascribed are, 1. the tithe system; 2. ‘*the little deference shown to the wishes of the people, and the systematic and determined manner in which their representations and entreaties with respect to the distribution of preferment have been discountenanced and defied;*’ and 3. pluralities, which last are affirmed to be emphatically the curse of the Church.

With regard to the second point, the present Writer speaks out honestly.

'Nothing has alienated the affections of the people from the existing establishment so silently and irreparably as the pertinacity with which, *in times past*, they have been denied a voice in the preferment of their ministers, and the sturdiness with which any representation on their part, in behalf of a valued curate, has been silenced or set at naught.

'I will here mention a fact which fell under my own personal observation. It shows how the system worked, and of what bitter fruits it was productive. A living became vacant on which a curate of the most blameless life and benevolent habits had been stationed eleven years. It was a "peculiar," and formed part of the patronage of the dean of the diocese. A memorial was drawn up, addressed to that dignitary, and signed by all the principal land-owners and land-holders in the parish, praying that he would take the services and character of their curate into consideration in disposing of the vacant vicarage. It was deemed most respectful that a deputation should wait on him; and three of the wealthiest and most respectable landed proprietors were fixed upon. The dean was apprized of their intention, — a day was named, — and an interview granted. He never asked them to sit down, — never offered them (they had ridden thirty miles) any refreshment, — never expressed any pleasure at such a compliment being paid to a brother clergyman. He contented himself with putting two questions — "Are these signatures genuine?" He was assured they were. "Is the wish this petition expresses, the unanimous wish of the whole parish?" — "Unquestionably so." "Then I must tell you that I consider this a most improper interference. It is an attempt to wrest from me my right of presentation, and I shall treat it accordingly. Mr. C——— has no chance of success in the present instance." He bowed and retired. "Now this was the conduct, on a point of patronage, of an acute and clever man, — of one who had raised himself to ecclesiastical rank, by his own industry and exertions, — and had exhibited, on many occasions, a nice sense of honor, and an ardent love of justice.

'Alas! how much easier is it to feel than to think!

'To the vicarage a middle-aged gentleman was presented, of highly agreeable manners, and very convivial habits. He was what is called "a dead shot": and many a keenly contested pigeon-match took place on the vicar's glebe; and many a jovial carouse followed it. He hunted, too, occasionally with the Quorn hounds; and was so tender of the prejudices of his parishioners, that he always wore a pepper-and-salt coat *till he got to cover*. He was fond, too, of Cheltenham; and had no dislike to Bath: but his attachment to his parish prevented him, in any one year, remaining more than two months at the one, and three at the other.

'But what became of the parish of R—— in the interim? That parish, in which, during the curate's ministry, not a dissenting chapel of any denomination was to be found, became a hot-bed of sectarianism. In a few years it was deluged with dissent. And if at this moment I wished to name a place more renowned than any other, for bitter feeling against the church, a deep-rooted dislike to her institutions, and a thorough contempt for her clergy, — I should point to that hamlet. Who is to blame for this? *the patron, the people, or the pastor?*' — pp. 193–7.

We say, neither, but the system. It is a mistake to represent this as an abuse: it is the very principle of the ecclesiastical polity of the Establishment to exclude the voice of the people. Some years ago, when Bishop Randolph (if we recollect right) filled the

see of London, a most respectable deputation of the parishioners of one of the metropolitan parishes, an eminent banker at their head, solicited his lordship to bestow the vacant living, which was in the Bishop's gift, upon the curate who had exemplarily discharged the parochial duties during the non-residence of the deceased incumbent. The right rev. prelate received the deputation with courtesy, but told them, that he *could not* bestow the living on the curate, because it would recognise the principle of popular nomination; he must therefore give it to another individual, although he pledged his word that it should be to a person who would reside and do the duty. We do not know what the present writer means by speaking of such things as belonging to 'times past.' We have never heard that this principle has been abandoned. The Church, on every occasion, has prided herself on defying the people; emulating the spirit of those who presided over the Jewish establishment, of whom we read, John vii. 49. But the time has at length come, when this policy will no longer answer. The people *will* have a voice in choosing their own pastors, either within the pale or without it.

From the Church, we turn to the Court. A very interesting paper describes an interview with the son of Napoleon, which cannot be altogether a fancy sketch, whatever coloring the imagination may have lent to it.

'At ten, we were again under the walls of Shoenbrunn. After a long and most painful interval, our guide came up, hurried us through some damp, dreary, dirty, ill-lighted passages, and finally ushered us into a lofty, but ill-proportioned and miserably furnished apartment, where he left us, with an assurance that *there* the duke would give us audience.

'After a few minutes the door of a little cabinet at the higher end of the room was slowly unclosed; a youthful figure glided through the opening, and we stood in the presence of the young Napoleon.

'His appearance is peculiarly prepossessing. The delicate and chiselled beauty of his features,—their air of mournful intelligence and serene command,—the deep, sad, settled composure of his eye,—the thoughtful paleness of his cheek,—and the lofty, noble, but intense abstraction which characterized all his movements,—form too remarkable a portrait to be speedily forgotten.

'It is difficult to describe a countenance so peculiar in its expression; so deeply and when in repose, so captivating when animated by the exertion of speaking. Something, however, must be attempted. He inherits the fair complexion and light hair of his mother; his eyes are blue, deep, sad, and thoughtful. To him have descended the finely formed lips of his father, and the small, beautiful hand; and he boasts the same soft, winning, attractive smile. There is something of the Austrian in his forehead; it is high, but narrow, and not finely developed: all else is noble and commanding. But the unwonted paleness of his features, the settled thoughtfulness of his brow, the look of deep, and habitual, and unutterable sadness, betoken one who has brooded over the secrets of his own heart, and found them unmingled bitterness.

'He advanced quickly down the room towards the doctor, and then gave a rapid glance of inquiry at his companion. It was understood and answered. "An intimate and most particular friend."

"Your name is —?"

"It is."

"And the papers you are in possession of, and have with such difficulty preserved —"

"Are with me."

"During these short and rapid interrogatories, the duke had so adroitly shifted his position, as to throw the light full upon my companion's countenance, which he scanned with the most searching observation: then, as if he were satisfied with the result, he said, with a faint smile, "I am ready, sir, to receive the documents."

"The papers I am charged with," the doctor began, with an air of considerable importance —

"They will speak for themselves," said the prince calmly. "The few moments I can spare to you are sensibly diminishing: excuse me" — and he extended his hand.

He opened the packet, — examined its contents eagerly and minutely, and, as he closed his inspection, uttered in a tone of deep feeling — "These are valuable: the Emperor's family will not forget the obligation of receiving them, or the hazard of the attempt to place them where they will be most precious."

At this moment the man of medicine made some observation, — I scarcely heard it, so intently was my attention riveted on the princely prisoner, — to the effect that he was pained or surprised, — I forget which, — at observing no vestige, no relic of the late ruler of France in the apartment of his son, to prove that he was not forgotten.

"Forgotten! Behold the cabinet where the Emperor, when at Shoenbrunn, was wont to read and write for hours alone, and where he first saw my mother's portrait." "Forgotten!" and he touched the spring of a small inlaid writing-stand, and there appeared a beautifully finished miniature on enamel, of Napoleon on the heights of Arcola. "Forgotten;" and he turned a full-length engraving of his grandfather Francis, which hung near him. Its reverse exhibited a proof impression of the splendid print of Bonaparte in his coronation robes. "No," — said the Prince, as he earnestly, yet sadly gazed upon it, — "he is never", (he spoke in French, with the deepest emotion,) "no, he is never — never for one instant — forgotten!" He paused for an instant, recovered his composure, and proceeded in calmer tones.

"Farewell, sir. You will hear from ME: from OTHERS. Form no opinion on the state mockery with which you see me surrounded, or the indifference with which I endure it. At present I bow to circumstances — their creature, not their victim. Death must shortly produce great changes. I am aware I have friends, — many, firm, devoted, — my father's" — his voice trembled — "let them be assured I live but to avenge his memory and — HIS MURDER!"

He bowed, as a sign the interview was ended, and quitted by the same door as he entered the apartment.

Our guide re-appeared, and we hastily retraced our steps. But before we had cleared the precincts of the palace, a voice whispered in my ear, as we hurried through the dark, dismal passage already noticed, — "Quit Vienna without delay: your proceedings are watched, and your design detected." — pp. 268 — 274.

Some of the anecdotes interspersed through these volumes, relate to distinguished personages of our own court circle, and approach the character of a scandalous chronicle. For example: —

"Which is Mrs. Arbuthnot?" said an elderly of the old school, whose bent form and silver locks told a tale of years gone by, to a young aspirant in diplomacy, during an entertainment at Lady Strong's, at Putney. "Which is the confidant of Princess Lieven, and the counsellor of the Duke of Wellington? Do I see her in that lovely woman, sitting near our host, with that singularly sweet expression and bright, laughing eye?"

"No, that is the celebrated beauty, Rosamond Croker, the niece of the sarcastic secretary. The object of your inquiry is nearer home, — hush! speak lower, — look to the right of Mr. Holmes: see, she is listening with evident satisfaction to the *badinage* of the great captain. With his grizzled hair, hooked nose, and piercing eye, how like an old eagle! Now, now, she looks this way."

"And that is Mrs. Arbuthnot," said the old gentleman, musing. "Those faultless feminine features and clear pale countenance —"

"Which," interrupted his youthful Mentor, "are invariably of the same delicate hue, and at no time, rare instance in a woman of fashion! masked with rouge: look at her well: for *she's a woman that has served her country.*"

"Her country — how? when? where?"

"Those are questions more easily asked than answered: but as nothing ostensible appears, we must suppose it to be in the way of *secret service*. Aid," continued the young diplomatist, "she must have rendered, and of no common description. Otherwise there would never have been granted, under an administration on principle hostile to all extravagance, — to unmerited pensions, — to every species of expenditure unsanctioned by necessity; under a Premier who pared down the Custom-House clerks without mercy; whose watchword was "*economy*" and general order "*retrenchment*"; who spared no salary, and respected no services, — a pension of no less than NINE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHT POUNDS PER ANNUM TO HARRIET ARBUTHNOT. — No, no; rely upon it, her claims upon her country are weighty, and her services in its behalf unimpeachable." — Vol. II. pp. 180 — 182.

We are tempted to select one more specimen of the Whychcotte anecdotes, although the reader may naturally require some better confirmation than anonymous authority.

"You have called," said the young diplomatist, "the late Queen unfortunate; — how is this?"

"I have," said the old man sternly; "and will not recall the epithet. Without passing any opinion on her guilt or her innocence, I term her an unfortunate Princess, because I think few will deny her just claim to that appellation; and that still fewer will assert that she was not, during the greater part of her life, and particularly the closing scenes of it, an object of the sincerest pity. I am old, and, from circumstances and situation, know much of the earlier passages of her married life. I was at Brighton during the first visit of the Princess; — the only period at which she was an inmate of the Pavilion. I was at table on one particular occasion, when Lady Jersey, — she has since gone to her account, — may she have found mercy with her God! — was sitting at the right hand of the Prince, monopolizing, as usual, his entire and undivided attention. The Princess, who knew little of English manners, and was unguarded in her own, was guilty of some trivial violation of etiquette, which drew down upon her a hasty censure from the Prince, somewhat harshly expressed. The Princess rose and withdrew in tears. The Prince, who, left to himself, was ever generous and kind-hearted, and who had not calculated that his remark would produce such painful results, rose to follow her. Lady Jersey, — what a

retrospect a dying hour must have unrolled to the view of that fearful woman!—exclaimed, "Go, go by all means. Follow her. Soothe her by your submission, and then sue for pardon. Let her see her own power. *She will never abuse it.*" The Prince hesitated—advanced—returned—and, with a smile, resumed his seat. Lady Jersey had triumphed.

'The circumstance was canvassed at Brighton, and commented on. It was mentioned in my hearing, and I called it "unmanly conduct." My observation was repeated, and I was dismissed. I was told, "THAT IN CERTAIN CIRCUMSTANCES NO MAN WAS ALLOWED TO HAVE AN OPINION OF HIS OWN."

'The Princess was unfortunate in other respects. Dr. Randolph, the Prebendary of Bristol, was appointed to an embassy of a private nature to Germany. Among other commissions, he was charged with letters from the Princess of Wales, which he was directed to deliver personally to the Dutchess of Brunswick, and other members of her family. For some reason or other, the Doctor received counter orders, and another gentleman was despatched to Germany in his stead. Instead of surrendering the Princess's packet to herself in person, he transmitted it to her lady-in-waiting, Lady Jersey, to be by her delivered to her royal mistress. The packet was opened,—found to contain letters commenting, in ludicrous terms, on various members of her husband's family, and his mother in particular;—these letters were handed over to the parties—and never forgiven. That such communications were highly censurable, indiscreet, and improper, I admit: but what epithet sufficiently strong can be applied to the treachery which could thus way-lay and appropriate them?

'The end of the Countess was singular. During the Queen's trial, and for some years previous to it, she resided at Cheltenham. On the withdrawal of the Bill of Pains and Penalties, she received a round-robin, numerous signed, telling her that her presence was not desired at Cheltenham, and that she would consult both her quiet and her safety, by a speedy retreat. Considerably chagrined at this document, which was powerfully and convincingly written, she asked a leading personage at Cheltenham, whether public opinion there ran so strongly against her as her letter averred. She was told, it did; and that the advice given in the round-robin was, in the opinion of her counsellor, judicious and sound.'

"Then I will quit Cheltenham without delay."

'Whether she did so, and only reached the first stage of her journey,—or whether, when all her hasty preparations were complete, she was suddenly taken ill, I am unable to state positively. This I can affirm, that the vexation and annoyance consequent on the round-robin, brought on the illness which rapidly terminated her existence. She died in the same week as the Queen; and their funeral processions passed on the road. Strange that they should thus meet, both silent in death,—the injurer and the injured,—the oppressor and the victim!'—Vol. II. pp. 190–195.

[The following article throws a strong light upon the character of Fichte, and illustrates the history of German metaphysics. The writer, Beneke, is himself the author of several works upon the Philosophy of Mind. Among them are the two following: "The Foundation of a Natural Science of Morality," (*Grundlegung zur Physik der Sitten*); in Opposition to Kant's "Metaphysics of Morality." 8vo. Berlin. 1821.—"The Study of the Human Mind by way of Observation (*Erfahrungsseelenlehre*) considered as the Basis of all Knowledge in its higher Branches." 8vo. 1820.

It may be remarked that the long word *Erfahrungsseelenlehre*, of which we have given such an explanation as might stand in the title of a book, is technical

in German metaphysics. *Seelenlehre* or, "the Science of the Soul," otherwise called "Psychology," is either on the one hand *Erfahrungsseelenlehre*, that is, "the Science of the Soul which is founded upon experience or observation" ("empirical Psychology"), or on the other hand it is *vernunftgrundige Seelenlehre* ("rational Psychology"), which, having nothing to do with experience or observation, is wholly included in the conception, "I," so far as this conception is connected with all our thoughts.

After this specimen of explanation, for the clearness of which we do not make ourselves responsible, having only translated it according to our ability, most readers will excuse us for not endeavouring to illustrate the allusions to Fichte's doctrines which occur in what follows. Sufficient information concerning them to enable one to perceive the purport of those allusions may be found in Mad. de Staël's "Germany." — EDD.]

[Translated from the "Allgemeine Literatur-Zeitung," Halle. Oct. 1832.]

ART. VII. — JOHANN GOTTLIEB FICHTE'S *Leben und litterarischer Briefwechsel*, herausgegeben von seinen Sohne DR. H. FICHTE. Erster Theil, *die Lebensbeschreibung enthaltend. Mit Fichte's Bildnisse*. xvi. u. 584 S. Zweyter Theil, *die erläuternden Aktenstücke und den litterarischen Briefwechsel enthaltend*. xiv. u. 474, S. 1830 u. 1831. Sulzbach, b. Seidel. 3 Rthlr.

[JOHANN GOTTLIEB FICHTE'S *Life and Literary Correspondence*, edited by his Son, DR. H. FICHTE. First Part, *containing the Biography; with a Portrait of Fichte*. Second Part, *containing Explanatory Documents and Literary Correspondence*.]

It has often been remarked that in the developement of nations, as in the developement of individuals, a period of the greatest activity and vigor is usually succeeded by a period of weakness and decline. This change, it is true, is not so distinctly marked in modern nations as among those of antiquity. The various cultivated nations of the present day have received their developement at different periods; and in consequence of the intimate relations and ready intercourse, which exist among them, the life of one is transmitted to others in such uninterrupted succession and in such full measure, that the actual loss or utter decline even of a single science or art or practical pursuit seems scarcely a possible occurrence. We may, nevertheless, observe in the course of the developement, alternations of energy and relaxation, of elevation and depression.

We Germans have now arrived, it would seem, at the end of a period, which in many respects will always be regarded as one of the most remarkable in our history: whether we have also reached the commencement of a new period is a question which cannot now be decided.

We have seen one after another of those who shone as heroes in this golden epoch depart from among us. It is but a short time since the brightest of our poetical luminaries went down, and in the firmament of philosophy a few stars only, and those of second

magnitude are seen glimmering here and there, the scanty remains of our former glory. Soon the new generation will be left to themselves, and then it will be seen whether they are capable of working out for themselves an independent developement of their own; or whether they must be content to worship, and to echo those who have gone before them. While we await with no small eagerness the issue of this crisis, we cannot but welcome whatever tends to keep alive and to enrich the remembrance of that golden era. In this point of view the work before us is one of deep interest. Together with Reinhold's Life, Jacobi's Letters, portions of Erhard's and Jean Paul's correspondence, and other less important works, it affords not only a pretty complete picture of our philosophical developement during the latter part of the last century and the beginning of this; but gives us also a peep into the more secret operations attending that developement. We cannot but feel grateful to the editor of so profitable a work.

The first volume contains, as announced in the title-page, "Fichte's Life," gathered partly from reminiscences, particularly the reminiscences of his late widow, partly from oral communications, and, what is most valuable, from fragments of a very full and carefully preserved correspondence with his friends. The second volume, in addition to the *literary* correspondence, presents us with several hitherto unpublished documents respecting the most interesting events in Fichte's public life.

These communications are the more important to the history of Philosophy, as Fichte has exercised, in some respects, a more decided influence upon our philosophical developement than even Kant. The latter appears throughout undecided in respect to the real, fundamental character of his own philosophic views. A philosophy was to be established on a basis independent of experience, and yet, according to Kant's own doctrine, experience alone can give us knowledge of the existence of things; and to this experience, in the course of his undertaking, he is continually recurring. The same is true with regard to many other important points which we cannot now specify. Fichte, on the other hand, exerted himself with such decision, and with such overwhelming power, that the stamp of his philosophy, moral as well as intellectual, has appeared almost unaltered in every subsequent system, even to this day.

Considering then the great importance of Fichte's life as it regards the history of German philosophy, we are particularly grateful to the editor of these volumes for collecting and presenting with such faithful and impartial care the documents relating to it. And if the judgments which he passes upon Fichte are, in many instances, according to our view, much too favorable, we are rather disposed to approve than to blame such partiality in a *son*. The author has not suffered this partiality to exercise any influence upon his statements of facts; he has neither suppressed nor mutilated a single document, however unfavorable the impression it might produce, but has given us the whole complete and entire, in

order that each one may form his opinions from them. We shall accordingly first present in a brief review those parts of the biography which seem to us best adapted to illustrate Fichte's character, and the influence which he exerted upon his age.

Johann Gottlieb Fichte was born at Rammenau, in upper Lusatia, on the 19th of May, 1762. At his baptism he received the blessing of an aged uncle, who had come from a great distance to attend the ceremony, and who died shortly after. This man, "venerated by all who knew him for his sanctity and almost prophetic wisdom," prophesied concerning the infant that "he should grow up to be the comfort and joy of his parents." As a boy, in the society of his brothers and sisters, he appeared reserved and uninterested; preferring to wander through the fields alone, his eye fixed upon the distance. The "*Horned Siegfried*," a book which, in his seventh year, so engrossed his attention as to make him unmindful of every thing else, he committed with heroic resolution to the waves; but from fear or shame concealed the real cause of this sacrifice from his father, and suffered a severe punishment in consequence. His repetition of a sermon in the presence of the Baron von Miltitz, — on which occasion "the boy appeared entirely to forget the company, and could find no stopping-place amid the abundance of the thoughts which flowed in upon him" — decided his destiny. At that nobleman's expense he was educated, first at his castle at Siebeneichen, then, on account of the melancholy and homesickness from which he suffered in that secluded spot, at Niederau under the tuition of a clergyman, next at the city school in Meissen, and lastly at Schul Pforte. The hard treatment which he here received from his *Obergeselle*,* joined to the enthusiasm created by Campe's Robinson Crusoe, induced him at one time to escape from this place, but the thought of his parents brought him back. About this time he entertained a great veneration for Lessing, founded chiefly on that writer's "Anti-göze." Having completed his studies at Jena where he became a "determinist"† through the influence of Spinoza and Wolf, he accepted the situation of private tutor in the *Gasthof zum Schwerte* in Zurich.

A characteristic anecdote is related of him while engaged in this office. Finding that all his plans for the improvement of the children committed to his care were defeated by the injudicious management of their parents, he resolved to begin the work of education with them. Accordingly, notwithstanding the opposition of the mother, he assumed the right of prescribing the course they were to pursue in the management of their children, and kept for this purpose a diary which he read to the mother once a week, no-

[* *Obergeselle*, literally, Upper Journeyman or Foreman. At Schul Pforte the younger scholars receive a part of their instruction from their elder schoolfellows. There is usually one teacher to two pupils. The former is called *Obergeselle*, the latter are *Untergesellen*, apprentices. — Tr.]

[† *Determinist*, equivalent to our term *necessarian*. — Tr.]

ting with unsparing strictures the faults in education she had committed during the week past. It was here that he became acquainted with his future wife, the daughter of the *Waagmeister* Rahn (to whom he had been introduced by Lavater), and a niece of Klopstock. Having formed, as it would seem at the moment of parting, a secret engagement with this lady, he returned to Leipzig at Easter in the year 1790. We are here first introduced to his correspondence, from which we extract the following as illustrative of his character. In a letter to his mistress (p. 60), after telling her that in consequence of a late purchase, he should be without money till the time of his departure, he says — “You do not know how much confidence in you this confession on my part implies, unless you are already acquainted with one unguarded corner of my heart, — a certain pride which will never suffer me to confess a pecuniary embarrassment, although I should be reduced to the necessity of borrowing.” Again (p. 64), after she had offered him assistance, — “My first sensation, I confess it with deep humiliation, was pride. But soon my better soul awoke, I felt the full value of your affection as manifested in this offer, and was deeply moved. Yet can I not accept it : not, however, as though a present from *you* would degrade me. A gift bestowed from mere compassion excited by poverty, *I might abominate, I might even hate the giver*. This perhaps is the weakest point in my character. But the gifts of a friendship, founded as yours is in sincere esteem, can never proceed from such a feeling; they enoble instead of degrading. Money on the whole appears to me an article of small consequence. I believe that with a little wit one can always find means to satisfy one’s wants, and, beyond this, money certainly has no value. But alas ! in this country particularly, a portion of the respect of my fellowmen depends upon it, and this has never been a matter of indifference to me. Perhaps in time I shall get the better of this weakness also ; it is one not particularly conducive to happiness.”

While in Leipzig, he took private lessons of M. Schocher, who had devoted twenty years to the study of oratory, his purpose being, as he writes — “to be the first in this art next to him. My whole soul is engaged in it. I shall not preach again until I have made some progress ; and then, if my reputation be not secure, there is no more justice in this world.” He expresses himself as follows, concerning his plan of life. “My general views are these. The chief purpose of my life is to acquire for my character (not my literary character, for that would be mere vanity,) every kind of cultivation which fate will allow me.” The course of Providence hitherto had been such as to lead him to the acquisition of many qualities in which he was entirely deficient on his first entrance into the world. “In some,” he says, “and among them the power of accommodating myself to others, a tact in conversing with false characters or those which are the exact opposites of my own, and the ability to operate on a larger scale — in these, I am still utterly defi-

cient. I have too little pliability, am ever at a loss how to treat those whom I dislike, can get along only with honest men, am too frank. This seemed to you to be a reason for my not going to any court : with me, on the contrary, it is the very reason why I ought to go whenever an opportunity presents itself, *in order that I may acquire what is now wanting in me.* With the class of learned men I am well acquainted, I have no new discoveries to make in that quarter. *For my own part, I am as ill fitted as any one can be for a scholar by profession.* I wish not merely to think but to act. Least of all do I like to 'think about the Emperor's beard.' * I have but one passion, but one want, there is but one feeling which completely fills my whole soul, and that is *the desire to act on others.* The more I act, the happier I seem to be. Is this a delusion ? It may be, but there is truth at the bottom." At a later date, 1793, he writes — "I have great, glorious projects, — not for myself. You will understand my ambition. It is to repay with deeds the debt which I owe to humanity ; it is to link with my own existence consequences which shall reach into eternity, consequences affecting the whole human race, the whole spiritual world. Whether, what I accomplish, be ascribed to me, I care not, if I can only accomplish it. I know not what my lot in society will be. If, instead of acting, I am destined to speak only, I agree with you in preferring the pulpit to the lecture-room." (p. 202.)

In Leipzig he planned a monthly journal, the design of which was to correct the public taste, — to warn the reading community against a certain species of tasteless, time-wasting and soul-destroying books, and to recommend works of a more useful description in their stead. He was told however, that no publisher could be found to engage in such an undertaking. "I am now," he writes, "employed upon a tragedy, a department, which, of all possible departments, is the least adapted to my genius, and in which I certainly shall not shine. I am writing novels too, a kind of reading, good for nothing but to kill time. But these are the only things, I am told, which the booksellers are willing to receive and pay for." While he was thus driven from one thing to another, a student applied to him for instruction in the Kantian philosophy. The new task to which he was thus called, he undertook at first from mere motives of necessity ; but after becoming acquainted with the "Critique of practical Reason," he began to be interested in it, and found at last, in the study of that philosophy, the repose which he had so long sought in vain. "It is a philosophy," he writes, "well calculated to tame the imagination, a faculty always too active in me, and to give the understanding its rightful ascendancy. It gives to the whole soul a feeling of elevation above all earthly things. I have acquired a nobler morality, and, instead of being engrossed by the objects around me, have learned to find employment in myself. This has given me a tranquillity which I had

[* To waste thought on trifles. — Tr.]

never before experienced, and in the midst of outward vicissitude, I have spent the happiest days of my life. I shall devote a few years at least, to this philosophy, and all that I write from this time forward will have reference to it. It is a philosophy difficult beyond conception, and needs to be made clear," &c. His first project was to write an exposition of the "*Kritik der Urtheilskraft*," (Critique of the Faculty of Judgment).

A letter to his mistress, written while on a journey to her for the purpose of marriage, contains some reflections on his past life. "What a strange mortal have I been! I have sometimes been said to have firmness of character, and have been vain enough to believe it. To what circumstance do I owe this reputation? I who have ever been the creature of circumstances, who have ever suffered my mind to take its coloring from the objects around me. With extravagant demands upon the world, which I should never have been able to maintain, I left Zurich. My hopes were wrecked. Despair, rather than any decided predilection, threw me upon the Kantian philosophy. There I found a tranquillity which I owed chiefly to good health, and the free indulgence of my fancy. I deceived myself with the supposition, that the lofty sentiments which that philosophy impressed upon my memory, had their origin in myself. Circumstances compelled me to engage in a different occupation, one which interested my feelings much less (the daily instruction of three boys.) This change of life, the winter, which has never been a friend to me, bodily illness, and the distractions consequent upon a short journey, — these things had power to disturb the deep-rooted tranquillity of the great philosopher, and to make him the victim of the most gloomy despondency. Shall I never cease to be tossed to and fro like a wave? Come to my aid, manlier spirit, put an end to this inconstancy!" (p. 137.)

But Fichte was not yet destined to enter the haven of rest. That haven indeed he never reached on earth. His intention of marriage was defeated by a circumstance, which deprived the father of his intended bride of the greater part of his property. He was compelled to accept the office of private tutor in Warsaw. But this connexion was almost immediately broken off, and after having with difficulty obtained compensation for his disappointment, he resolved, instead of returning home, to visit, Königsberg. Concerning his views and motives in this movement we can gather nothing further from his private journal. It is evident, from many circumstances, that he did not at that time so much as dream of the splendid career on which he was soon to enter. Yet in Königsberg the die was cast which decided his future destiny. His first reception by Kant was not particularly favorable, and the lectures of that philosopher seemed to him rather dull. Still he persisted in seeking a nearer acquaintance, and for this purpose wrote his *Kritik aller Offenbarungen*,* for which he meant to obtain,

* Critique of all Revelations.

if possible, Kant's recommendation. On the 13th of July this work was begun, and on the 17th of August it was sent to Kant who expressed himself very well pleased with it. Even at this time Fichte does not appear to have had any anticipations of that course to which this work was destined to prove the introduction. "I feel the necessity," — he writes on this occasion, — "of retrieving, before my youth has wholly past away, what the too early praise of kind but imprudent teachers, an academic course finished before the season of youth had fairly begun, and since then, a constant dependance upon outward circumstances, have made me neglect. Renouncing all those ambitious views which have done more than any thing else to keep me back, I mean to form myself for every thing for which I have any capacity, and leave the rest to circumstances," &c. With respect to the *Kritik aller Offenbarungen*, Fichte himself thought very lightly of it. "It grieves me," — he says in the letter to Kant which accompanies this work, — "not to be able to present it to you with that joyful consciousness with which I conceived it. The man who is accustomed to see every thing in his own department, — every thing that is or has been — far beneath him, will not be surprised at reading a work which does not satisfy him. We must be content to approach such an one with an humble expectation of his judgment, as we would approach *Pure Reason* itself in a human form. . . . But can I be pardoned for sending you what seems unworthy in my own eyes?" At a later period (1794) in a confidential letter to Weissshuhr, he says — "You tell me that my Critique of Revelations has surpassed your expectations of me. If so, your expectations cannot have been very high, for in confidence I tell you, — what I have not yet told the world, but shall at some future period, — that that work appears to me a very inferior production, and it required all Kant's urging as well as great pecuniary embarrassment on my own part, to induce me to publish it."

The turning point in Fichte's life had now arrived. He whom fortune had so long depressed, began to rise with inconceivable rapidity. While he filled the situation of private tutor to the Count of Krokow in the neighbourhood of Danzig his "*Kritik*," through the instrumentality of Borowski, found a publisher in Hartung. The book was printed in Halle, and by accident, contrary to the wish of the author, appeared anonymously. In the University of Jena, where the principal professors were zealous Kantians, the report had arisen that this work, written in the spirit and manner of Kant, was a production of that philosopher himself. Accordingly, it was immediately welcomed with loud approbation by his disciples. "No one," — says a writer in the "*Allgemeine Lit.-Zeitung*" for the year 1792, — "who has read the least of those works by which the philosopher of Königsberg has rendered such immortal services to the human race, can fail to recognise in this production the work of that distinguished man." And again, "We know not how we can better close this notice than by tendering to the man,

whose finger is visible in every page of this treatise, our warmest thanks, that having thrown light on so many departments of human inquiry, he has now handled this subject also, and in a manner which seems to us to leave no doubt unsolved. It is as if he had laid the last stone in the foundation of all human knowledge," &c. Such a reception of his work could not but be attended with important consequences to Fichte. After his marriage, which took place at Zurich, he was invited by several friends, with Lavater at their head, to deliver lectures on the Critical Philosophy in that place, and soon after was called to fill the place of Reinhold at Jena. Thus we see the desultory wanderer, the man "who had forfeited so much in consequence of too early praise and continued dependence on circumstances,"—after a lapse of less than three years, shining forth as Germany's most honored academic teacher. Inheriting Reinhold's numerous and enthusiastic auditory, he found himself, from the moment he entered upon his office, an object of the most devoted attention, and the spirits of all men were subject to him. "Since Reinhold left us," (so writes Forbery, Part I, p. 293,) "his philosophy, with us at least, has completely died away. No trace now exists of the '*Philosophy without a name*' in the minds of our students. Fichte is believed as Reinhold never was. He is understood indeed far less than his predecessor, but he is believed only the more obstinately on that account. 'The I' and 'the not-I' are now become the symbol of philosophy in the place of Matter and Form," &c. Who is there that such a sudden change of fortune would not have made giddy? Is it to be wondered at, that this effect was produced on Fichte, whose imagination even under the most depressing circumstances ever winged a lofty flight? "His first literary effort,"—observes our author with great justice,— "had brought him unexpected success. Without his knowledge or consent he found himself suddenly raised to the first rank in philosophy in a philosophic age. The inference which self-love might perhaps publicly superadd to this first estimate of his powers was at least made in his own mind. That delusion with regard to others into which public criticism is apt to betray the inexperienced was unavoidably destroyed. He began already to look upon the celebrated gods of the day as idols which it would be easy to pull down."—Fichte had been raised too suddenly, the inborn disposition to think highly of himself was too strong in him to admit of his retaining any just notions concerning his own merits and station in society. It is true, this piercing sun-glance of fortune did not strike him until he had reached the age of manhood, but it came early enough to dazzle and confound him. It is true, we find him as late as 1793, expressing himself thus modestly in a letter to his bride. "The Ruler of the universe has indeed dealt favorably with me, and how could he do otherwise, since one of the most perfect of his creatures has deigned to unite her fortunes with mine? Why were my literary labors crowned with such extraordinary success? Hundreds,

not less gifted than I am, have appeared, and the tide has swept them away. They have been compelled to struggle for half a life in order to make themselves known, while I by some unaccountable good fortune have been raised at once to the height of glory. Was this so ordained for *my* sake? or was it not rather on your account, that my outward condition might be more worthy of you? — But perhaps this manifestation of modesty even at that period was only a transient impulse occasioned by a calm review of his past life. However this may be, it is certain that, on his first appearance in Jena, Fichte began to exhibit in word and deed tokens of that arrogance which in process of time, spurned all control, and led him to trample in the dust, with insolent disdain, convictions founded on the experience of ages, whenever they chanced to interfere with his own rash conclusions. But in order to form a thorough estimate of the peculiarities developed during this period, and extending through the remainder of his life, we must take our position at some more general point of view.

We will first observe, that, on comparing what has thus far been exhibited of Fichte's life with what follows, we entirely agree with the author of these volumes in considering Fichte as "a man distinguished rather by his *character* than by his *talents*." This may seem at first somewhat paradoxical, since nothing is farther removed from practical life than Philosophy, in which department Fichte was doubtless most conspicuous. But it appears from the accounts we have been examining, that his relation to Philosophy was in a great measure accidental; and if it can be said of any man that he would have distinguished himself in any thing that he might choose to undertake, this may be said of Fichte. We have seen that Philosophy was offered him without his seeking, nay, was forced upon him against his will, at a time when he was wandering listlessly and without a settled purpose from one thing to another. He wanted a medium through and by which to develop and to express the power that was in him. He intended that this medium should be something very different, but circumstances beyond his control gave him Philosophy. Not from the object upon which he was employed then, did that astounding power of intellect which Fichte manifested, proceed, but from his own overwhelming strength of will. Like a creation out of *nothing* (for such was in fact his *absolute* "*I*," which afterwards passed into an *objective* absolute) his system came forth, and he believed in it and others believed in it because he *willed* that it should be so. His *system* was to him a *secondary* concern, he used it only as a *means* of realizing both in his own consciousness, and in the effects which he was able to produce, the ascendancy of his power. "I love," he says in a letter to Reinhold, (Part II, p. 262,) "I love independent thinkers, men who, like Kant, Leibnitz, and Lessing, do not stop to consider what they shall gain by their speculations, but pursue their own original path though they should get nothing for their pains but the exercise of their powers. Hence we may account for the subsequent change

which took place in his philosophic views, hence the low value which he appears at all times to have set upon his opinions, together with the extravagantly high value which he always set upon himself; hence that extreme sensitiveness, which, wherever his *character* or his *practical influence* was concerned, burst forth in tempests, while, in questions respecting *knowledge*, he appears always yielding or at least temperate. In 1795 he writes to Reinhold, — “You have advanced the Critique of pure (theoretical) Reason, to which however, in planning your system, you confined yourself too exclusively, to the great injury, as it appears to me, of Philosophy; and you have spread abroad the conviction that all philosophy must proceed from one principle. I have had nothing to do but to unite Kant's discovery, which evidently points to *subjectivity*, with yours. My merit in this matter is exceedingly small; but, be it small or great, if I know any thing of myself, it is essentially characteristic of my inmost nature, that I attach no value to philosophical, or to any theoretic achievements, but strive to found my claims to merit on something independent of these.” — What he wanted and strove for was in reality nothing more than a full consciousness of his own superior power. Accordingly Reinhold characterizes him very happily where he asks, (Part II. p. 314,) “How comes it then, that the whole train of your thoughts, when you are not engaged in methodical deduction, is influenced in such a remarkable degree by the feeling of your personal superiority? Your own individuality, as such, unconsciously usurps the place which you had assigned to the pure ‘I,’ in which the ‘I’ of the philosopher himself should be merged, and, speaking in the name of that principle, says things which only an individual consciousness could have suggested,” &c. Fichte characterizes himself too, in a manner equally striking, in the maxims which he establishes in his account of his removal from Jena on occasion of the combinations among the students, in 1795. “There is one thing which I hold dearer than all else, in comparison with which all else is as nothing, from the maintaining of which no consequences shall ever deter me, and for which I should not hesitate to sacrifice my earthly happiness, my good name, my life, and if necessary *the good of the whole universe*. I will call it *Honor*. This honor does not consist with me in the judgment which others pass upon my actions, although it should be the *unanimous judgment of my age and of posterity*, but in the judgment which I pass upon them *myself*,” &c. (p. 55.) An estimation of self, to which at least no one can object that it stops half way.

This element in Fichte's character produced, as might be expected, very important blemishes; and we are, therefore, by no means disposed to agree with our author in the wish, that Fichte's character may be a pattern to the German nation. On the contrary, while we admire that strength of character which when excited and impelled by his own stormy imagination became altogether irresistible, bearing every thing before it, — we must never-

theless accord with Jacobi in the opinion which he expressed to Reinhold concerning Fichte's behaviour under the charge of atheism,* "that there was not in all his sayings and doings a single trace of *simple greatness* of real *sublimity*, but that every thing was marked with that heaven-storming Titan-spirit of the times, which differs in nothing from that of the ancient Nephilims † and of the maintainers of club-law, except that it substitutes mental force in the place of physical." We must even assent to that harsher saying of Jacobi, — "It is a shame and a pity that such a mind should have fallen to the lot of one so utterly devoid of all sap and blood." ‡ The fundamental principle in all Fichte's thinking and striving was neither zeal for philosophy, nor a general desire to enlighten the human mind and to extend the boundaries of human knowledge, but it was zeal for himself, and a constant striving after self-aggrandizement. It was this that rendered his influence, far-reaching and overpowering as it was, so pernicious to the age in which he lived. He was a literary conqueror, a usurper, one who carried every thing by *force* without regarding *right*. Such a mode of procedure was peculiarly inappropriate and could not but produce the greatest confusion in the highest department of intellect, where Justice and Truth alone should reign. Hence the retribution which overtook his philosophy sooner than any other. It owed its influence to the *character of its author*, not to its own merit, and therefore, having blazed for a while with a brief meteor-light, it vanished with its author. This usurper, indeed, has been followed by other usurpers, founding a sort of right upon his splendid precedent; but a power like this must exhaust itself at last, and perhaps we have already arrived at the conclusion of this interregnum, this reign of terror, and have reached a period in philosophy when right shall again take the place of might. This, according to our opinion (an opinion in which at present we are somewhat singular) is the secret of our much lauded philosophical developement. Time must decide whether we, or the systems we discuss, have erred.

There is another point which we must not overlook while endeavouring to illustrate the nature of that influence which Fichte exerted upon his contemporaries. During his college life, although something is said (Part I. p. 26,) of his attention to the metaphysics of Wolf and Spinoza, he does not appear to have been more interested in philosophy, or to have entered more deeply into that study, than any other active mind. The relations in which he was placed, after he left the university, carried him entirely away from that pursuit. He was drawn toward the Kantian philosophy, as we have seen, not by an impulse and necessity from within, nor by any necessary connexion between this and his former studies, but purely by accident; and, let it be observed, it was *Kantian* philoso-

* See Reinhold's *Leben und Wirken*, p. 224.

† The giants mentioned, Gen. vi. 4, &c.]

‡ Ibid. p. 251.

phy, not philosophy in general, to which he was thus attracted. So that it was not until he was called to teach it, that he began to consider philosophy as the business of his life. This may account for his hesitation in accepting his appointment at Jena.* It appears then, that Fichte was wholly unacquainted with all that had been accomplished in the department of philosophic inquiry by distinguished thinkers before his day. Kant himself possessed this knowledge in a very limited degree; hence his constant pretensions to novelty, even when advancing doctrines that had long before been taught by others or refuted as unsound. But as for Fichte, he knew absolutely nothing beyond Kant. This circumstance explains the fact, that in all his metaphysical labors, Fichte had Kant's philosophy and that only before his eyes. And even that he soon ceased to view in its true form, but saw it in that altered shape which his own fancy had given it, however it might differ from the author's own exposition. This appears from his rejection of all *objective* grounds of human knowledge in direct opposition to Kant, as well as from various controversies in which he was engaged with that philosopher and his disciples.

"That Kant's own express declarations," (he says in a letter to Reinhold, 1797. Vol. II. p. 260,) "contradict the *Wissenschaftslehre*† and contradict it throughout, I cannot believe, for this would make Kant contradict himself, and that in a most glaring manner. It may be that the question concerning the origin of our sensations was never distinctly present to Kant's mind, although I think I can show the answer to that question in his preface to the *Kritik der Urtheilskraft*. But granting that this was the case, then it is certain that he *had never thought on that subject*, (!) that he considered it as one of the absolutely unanswerable questions. If, on the other hand, he has intimated in the most distant manner (!) his belief that these sensations have their origin in any thing distinct from and independent of self, — why then he *has* thought on this subject and the case is altered. But this I hold to be impossible (!): it is contrary to the whole Kantian system in all its points: it contradicts Kant's plain and oft-repeated assertions. As to the charge of not understanding Kant, I do not consider that as implying any reproach; for I hold, — and this I am willing to repeat as loudly as it may be required of me, — I hold the writings of that philosopher to be *absolutely unintelligible* to one who does not know beforehand what they contain. (!) This does not detract in the least from Kant's merits as a *thinker*, but it leaves him none at all as a teacher." Add to this that Fichte, misled by that unfortunate "*a priori construction*," which Kant required for philosophy, and which Reinhold had pushed to a dangerous extent, was prevented from acquiring any accurate knowledge of the great

* See Part I. p. 261.

[† *Wissenschaftslehre*, Theory of Science. This work contains Fichte's peculiar views; it purports to explain the origin of all our knowledge. — Tr.]

fountain head of all true philosophy, — the human mind. Indeed nothing but the poverty of Fichte's philosophical attainments will account for his blind and obstinate attachment to an idea which accident had thrown in his way, notwithstanding its incompatibility with the deep-rooted convictions of every sound mind. In consequence of this incompatibility the system which he built upon that idea, however wonderful considered as a production of genius, has no foundation in truth, but rests upon air. We are amazed at the intellectual power which it displays, but cannot help regretting that talents so extraordinary had not been devoted to some worthier undertaking.

Fichte's life, after his appearance at Jena, may be presumed, so far as the principal features are concerned, to be generally known, for it was a public life in the most marked sense of that word. Nevertheless the biography contained in these volumes is valuable for the light which it sheds on some points and for the particularity of its dates. We value especially the information it contains in relation to the charge of atheism and Fichte's dismissal, (p. 342,) as also the account of his flight to Königsberg and Copenhagen, 1806 - 7. (p. 468,) and his plan of joining the campaign of 1813, in the capacity of chaplain, (p. 566.) Among the documents given in the second volume, the most interesting by far are those respecting the charge of atheism, and among them we would particularize "Fichte's Letter to Professor Reinhold containing the official account of that accusation, May 22, 1799, never before published." The letter in which he announces his determination to ask a dismissal on certain conditions, is also highly characteristic. Nor less important in this point of view are the "Documents respecting Fichte's Sunday Lectures" and the "Account to the Public of the State of the Students and of his Removal from Jena."

The literary correspondence consists of two parts. The first contains his correspondence with Kant, Jacobi, Reinhold, Schiller, J. v. Müller, Fr. Schlegel, Niethammer, Weissshuhr, S. Maimon, Pörschke, and Ernst Wagner. (p. 157 - 388.) The second part consists of miscellaneous letters, most of which are letters addressed to Fichte. (p. 389 - 474.)

In this collection the most important, as it respects the interests of philosophy, are those which passed between Fichte and Reinhold. Some of these, Fichte's letters to Reinhold, have, it is true, been already published in "Reinhold's Life," but they appear in stronger light when placed side by side with Reinhold's answers. We were particularly interested in that letter of Reinhold in which he declares to Fichte, that he had at last succeeded in understanding the *Wissenschaftslehre*, or what was now the same thing with him — the "Philosophy without a name," and that he had in consequence of this understanding gone over to his (Fichte's) side. But alas! this very circumstance proved ultimately fatal to the friendly intercourse which had subsisted between these two men. For Reinhold, in his restless striving after a solid and immovable

foundation of all human knowledge and practice, soon ceased to find that satisfaction in the *Wissenschaftslehre* which it had at first promised, and Fichte, — not above the danger of finding friends only in his admirers and of considering all his opponents as enemies, — could not pardon the defection. As early as 1799, we find the following in a letter to his wife. (Part I. p. 391.) "I have written a cold and somewhat haughty letter to Reinhold. The poor soul is troubled. I shall straightway endeavour to set him up, and shall take care that he does not become estranged from me again. 'Fichte,' — you would say if I were with you, — 'you are too proud; I must tell you so, since no one else will.' Let it be so, and be glad that I am proud; since I am altogether destitute of humility, I ought to have some pride to carry me through the world." Such a state of things could not continue long; accordingly the correspondence between these philosophers closed in 1800, with a letter of Fichte relative to Bardili's logic, (Part II. p. 324.) in which he says, "You are now introducing once more, through the medium of another's work, the same mischievous mode of philosophizing, which, as existing in your own, you had condemned. For so it is, dear Reinhold, Bardili's logic is nothing but your 'Elementary Philosophy'; the author does not appear to have read a single work in philosophy with any degree of attention, except that. It is evident, that, if this mischief continues, we must pluck it up by the roots, we must proceed from the imitator to the true fountain to your 'Elementary Philosophy.' It is better, therefore, on every account, that you should wait for my new work, before proceeding any further, in case you cannot satisfy yourself with my previous expositions."

The correspondence with Jacobi acquires peculiar interest from the circumstance, that it contains the only accurate information to be obtained respecting Fichte's later views. We would call the attention of our readers particularly to what he says (p. 197,) concerning the absurdity of the distinction and supposed discrepancy between moral liberty and natural necessity.

In his fifty-second year, while yet in full possession of all his powers of body and of mind, Fichte was taken from the world. With great justice the editor observes, "There are few who find it more difficult to bear the burden of a protracted existence than those who have been distinguished with the highest honors in early life. All that existence can bestow is already theirs. The future has nothing new in store for them, or at least nothing better than they already possess. Hope and expectation no longer wait upon their steps; and whatever they may hereafter enjoy, they must owe, not to outward circumstances, but to themselves; and woe to them, if the age, which they have ruled or helped to form, begins to turn against them in their old age," &c. This circumstance did not, however, the editor tells us, exert so unfavorable an influence upon his father, as it did, for example, upon Herder. He still maintained to the last, in thinking as in acting, his original strength, and

even invented a theory to prove why it was impossible that his doctrines should be generally received, without losing in the least his confidence in their truth. This fact, however, does not contradict the melancholy observations which we have cited.

In a letter to Jacobi, written in 1804, Fichte says, * — "I have now given the finishing touch to my *Wissenschaftslehre*; it is complete even in its outward form, and as intelligible as I can make it. But I shall never give it to this age in print; I shall content myself with communicating it orally to such as have courage to receive it. Nothing that now takes place can move me, I wonder at nothing, I expect worse things than we have yet seen, for I believe that I understand our age fully when I call it an age of *absolute corruption* of all ideas. Still I am cheerful, for I know that new life can spring only from perfect corruption," &c. And again, in the same letter, — "Schelling, notwithstanding his 'Natural Philosophy,' is not yet decided in his own mind, whether and how far he shall allow to Nature a real existence. When he gets into the *Absolute* he loses sight of the *Relative*, and when he gets into Nature he loses the Absolute. Besides, he has had most unexampled ill luck with respect to *Form*, as Köppe has in part shown him. We honor this man, and all who suffer themselves to be imposed upon by him, too much in alluding to them."

The applause with which Fichte's lectures were received in the University of Berlin could not but be gratifying to him: but he had been accustomed to act and to shine in a far more extensive sphere, and the time when he could do this had gone by for ever. We are inclined to believe that the attempts of his son to revive and remodel the Fichtean philosophy, however honorable, will prove ineffectual. It is our firm conviction that this whole Kant and Fichte epoch will prove only the prelude to another and a higher philosophical movement, a movement which, agreeably to the true spirit of the Kantian reform (a spirit of which the author himself was but half conscious), discarding all speculation founded on mere abstract conceptions, shall establish on the basis of *inward experience*, a philosophy equal in certainty and universal applicability, to Mathematics, Physics, or Chemistry: — a philosophy which, proceeding on this immutable foundation, shall prove itself capable of infinite expansion and at the same time exert a fertilizing influence upon every branch of practical life.

FR. ED. BENEKE.

* See Part II. p. 191.

[From "The Monthly Review," for July, 1833.]

[The following, though not a very well written article, contains, we believe, a fair account of the report lately made to the French Academy of Sciences by a committee of that body on the subject of Animal Magnetism. This report seems to us one of the most extraordinary phenomena of the age. About sixty years ago the pretended art of Animal Magnetism had its origin in the tricks of a charlatan, Mesmer. In 1784, at Paris, the subject was thoroughly examined by commissioners, appointed by the king of France, of whom our countryman Dr. Franklin was one; and the fraud was considered as detected. The supposed art, however, notwithstanding the baseness of its origin, and notwithstanding this discomfiture, still retained credit with many, and found disciples and defenders, particularly in Germany. For a brief account of its history and character, we would refer our readers to the "Encyclopædia Americana." It has now, it seems, revived in full glory; and we have a committee of a very celebrated scientific body testifying to effects unquestionably *miraculous* in their character. Physical means, a physical power, are represented as enabling men to see without the use of their eyes, and as conferring the gifts of supernatural divination and prophecy.

Whatever one may believe of Animal Magnetism, this report of the Committee of the Academy of Sciences cannot be read without amazement. It is a document which will mark the age and country in which it was produced. Its existence is a fact hard to be accounted for; and in proportion as it may be better explained, will throw new light upon the occasions, laws, and character of human belief, or rather of human credulity. In accounting for the statements which are made, we may suppose that certain physical effects were, in some instances, produced by operating upon the imagination and feelings of those who submitted to be "magnetized." Collusion, fraud, deception, in various forms, afford another obvious solution. He who has witnessed the tricks of a juggler may easily believe that some of the most extraordinary results described might have been brought about without the agency of any unknown power. Whoever may relate them, not as a mere witness, but as giving assurance that they were effected by the supposed cause, should consider that the first point which every philosopher will demand to have established, is his own veracity; and that this must be established upon plenary and unquestionable evidence. We may further remark that in witnessing an exciting phenomenon, especially in company with others, there are few whose observation and memory are not affected by their feelings and imagination. It is somewhat rare to find a cool observer and correct narrator, who, when others about him are full of wonder, will submit to the self-denial of so telling his story as to reduce a marvel to an ordinary event. Yet this often may be done by the mention of one or two circumstances which it is easy to keep out of sight.

It seems worth consideration whether the delusion of which the following article gives an account, is not in a great measure to be referred to the character of the times, and to the entire unsettling of the belief of many upon the most important subjects. Throughout a large portion of the European world, nothing in the higher departments of thought can be considered as established and generally recognised as true. One metaphysical system with its pretended revelations has swept along after another. Out of the sphere of the mathematical and physical sciences, men's minds have not been disciplined to habits of clear reasoning and correct judgment. But credulity is the natural attendant of unfounded skepticism and uncertain opinions. The unbeliever in an intelligent Divinity can hardly deny any powers, however new or strange, which may be claimed for Nature. Animal magnetism has in fact been connected with the pantheistic system, which represents all beings and all powers as portions and attributes of its unconscious God, and in their totality as constituting that God. The magnetized soul disengaged from the body is brought, it is said, into a nearer connexion with the universal Being of which it is a part, and thus discerns the secrets of nature and of fate. He who has received the theory, is prepared for receiving this application of it. — EDD.]

ART. VIII. — *Report of the Experiments on Animal Magnetism, made by a Committee of the Medical Section of the French*

Royal Academy of Sciences. Read at the Meetings of the 21st and 28th of June, 1831. Translated, and now for the first time published, with a Historical and Explanatory Introduction, and an Appendix. By J. C. COLQUHOUN, Esq. 1 vol. 8vo. Edinburgh: Cadell. 1833.

For the last half-century the scientific circles of France have been agitated by discussions on the strange subject of animal magnetism. It was first taken up by the learned societies of that country, in consequence of the unusually bold pretensions set up by some of the early advocates of this practice, but particularly by Mesmer, whose name is handed down to posterity in association with the art.

Mesmer was a Swiss physician, who, about the middle of the last century, attracted much attention by his astrological writings. He held that the planets exercised a certain influence over the bodies of men, and that the agent in this influence was electricity. In the next work, however, which he published, he showed that his devotion had been directed towards a new object altogether, and that, instead of the stars, he now chose the magnet as his favorite subject of contemplation. It is well known that Mesmer practised magnetism to a great extent in France, and certainly he gained the reputation of having performed some wonderful cures. There was, however, about him a mystery, in which he may be said to have shrouded himself altogether from the prying eye of curiosity; and those who might have sustained his principles, were disgusted with the elaborate empiricism which so unfortunately characterized his practice. In the mean time animal magnetism thrived apace in France; it became popular, and threatened to establish a system, whereby all regular medical science would be completely superseded. The profession took alarm; they united their exertions; and, in a short time after they began to coöperate, a royal ordinance appeared, directing that two commissions of inquiry should be forthwith appointed by the medical faculty. This ordinance bears the date of the 12th of March, 1784. The commissions consisted, the one of the members of the Academy of Sciences, the other of the members of the Society of Physicians. Both investigated the subject minutely, and were decisive and nearly unanimous in their declaration, that animal magnetism was altogether unworthy of credit.

Notwithstanding the high authority of the commissioners, there were many individuals, of great sagacity and learning, who differed altogether from the tenor of the unfavorable report. Jussieu, the celebrated naturalist, was one of these. This distinguished man had been originally appointed as one of the commissioners; he examined the question with his colleagues, and came to a very different conclusion from them on the merits of animal magnetism. Instead, therefore, of signing the report, which condemned the new art, Jussieu declined to do so, and published a full account of his

own sincere impressions. In this condition animal magnetism has remained up to a very recent period, still scoffed at by the learned, still practised partly in secrecy by a few intrepid men. In England, we scarcely know any thing of the art, except historically, and then it is called to our recollection by the term Mesmerism. It is only a few years back that Mr. Chenevix attempted to introduce the practice into these countries; but, though what may be regarded as a fair trial was granted him, still no other general effect was produced than that of increasing the contempt in which Mesmerism was previously held. Nevertheless, it is a very curious fact, that in the chief countries of Europe, now and then some individual, fully entitled to the character of a philosopher, was to be met with, who looked upon the principle of animal magnetism as one full of promise. Indeed, it is impossible for one who is well informed in ancient and modern history, not to feel that he has no right to be incredulous when he hears an account of any phenomena which may have been produced by violent moral emotions. In Greece, the Delphic Oracles were universally respected; and the moral feelings of human nature have been at all times made a convenient medium for acting on the physical powers. The testimonies in fact are abundant, which prove the influence of the imagination over the judgment. Hence it is, that those persons who are eminent for the knowledge of human character, have ever been most prone to treat every suggestion connected with the phenomena of life with great attention; and it is to this cause that we attribute the indulgence which has been so frequently granted to Mesmer and his doctrines by individuals apparently the most opposed to him in sincerity and good sense. To such a pitch have men of discernment lately carried this indulgence, this willingness to be persuaded, that, at the very moment in which we write, there exists in Berlin a "magnetic Clinic," in which the practice is permanently established. In short, this general feeling, particularly in France, has been attended with some practical results, which are likely to prove important to the best interests of mankind. In the kingdom just mentioned, so late as the year 1826, the experience of the good effects of animal magnetism was so very striking, that a proposal for a fresh inquiry into its merits was unhesitatingly adopted by the French Academy of Science. A young physician, named Foissac, who had witnessed the effects of the practice, made a distinct proposition to the Academy, when a commission was appointed, consisting of the following members:—Messrs. Bourdois, Double, Itard, Gueneau de Hussy, Guersent, Fouquier, Laennec, Lerous, Magendie, Marc, and Thillaye. The commission commenced its labors in 1826, and only made its report in June, 1831, when its contents gave rise to an extraordinary sensation, and ultimately to a long discussion. The report forms one of the most curious documents which was ever submitted to the world; it contains the results of examinations and experiments which appear to have been undertaken and conducted with the

severest caution and circumspection ; and, from the first to the last line, exhibits a spirit of uncompromising preference for truth, which at once commands our confidence and admiration.

The experience of the commissioners, it appears, was of a very various nature, so as to allow them to class the total results under four distinct heads. The first comprehends all those cases in which the magnetism had no effect at all ; in the second class are included those in which the effect was very slight indeed ; the third class is made up of cases where the effects that were produced might be attributed to other causes than magnetism, such as *ennui*, whilst the last class consisted only of such cases as presented circumstances to justify the conclusion that the effects could only arise from magnetism. As an example of the first class, the member of the commission who drew up the report, stated that he himself had submitted to the operation with the determination of experiencing its effects, both in health and during illness, but he experienced no change whatever. The persons belonging to the second class experienced always a sensation of some change taking place, both in the pulse and in the breathing ; a sense of coldness in the fingers which were touched by the magnetizer ; a disposition to sleep, a slight heat in the stomach, and sometimes a moderation of slight disorders, whenever these existed.

The third class of cases were those principally of an order of persons evidently of very strong imaginations. It is a proof of the impartiality with which the experiments were carried on, that the commissioners used many legitimate subterfuges, in order to test the real efficacy of the magnetic power. Thus it was that the magnetizer placed himself behind one of the patients in the third class, affecting, for aught she believed, to be going on with the operation. In fact, he was merely in pretence ; but still the patient showed the same tendency to sleep as during the operation itself. Before we proceed to the details of the wonders which are unfolded under the fourth head, we deem it convenient, with the view of rendering the account intelligible, that we should explain the nature of the operation itself.

Mesmer, who certainly laid the foundation of the modern art, was in the habit of operating, not only by actual contact of his hands with the patient, but by means also of a long rod of iron, which he held at some distance from his body. One of his principal methods was to convey the fluid (for he represented the acting principle to be in that form) by cords, either from magnetized trees, or out of covered vessels, to his patients, and was in this manner able to throw them into a condition, in which they could not be said to be either awake or asleep. In his most palmy days, however, this skilful conjurer was enabled to save himself an immensity of trouble ; for one glance of his eye was quite enough very commonly to rivet the subdued patient in a profound slumber. He always operated, except in case he employed the magnetized trees, in a chamber darkened to a sort of partial light re-

sembling twilight. The chamber was lined with mirrors; and the place, on occasions when the operation was going on, became a wilderness of solemn silence, which was broken only by the liquid sounds of an Armonica, of which Mesmer was a perfect master. Many improvements of this plan have since taken place; and the best mode of practice, as now adopted in Paris, is fully described by Mr. Colquhoun.

The magnetizer has two ways of operating; that by his hands in contact with the patient, called *manipulation*, and that in which he uses certain media of intercommunication with the patient. In the process by manipulation, the author says, that the usual practice is to move the hand, the palm and fingers being on some part of the patient, in one direction downwards, from the head to the feet. Then the operator is to return, throwing the hands round in a semicircle, turning the palms outwards, in order that the effect of the direct or downward stroke of the hand may not be disturbed. It would appear, from the cautions of all experienced magnetizers, that it is contrary to all the laws of this great remedy to attempt to direct the hand in a course contrary to that which was first selected; so that bringing the hands up direct from the feet to the head, after they had been brought down from the head to the feet, would neutralize all the efficacy of the first friction. Mr. Colquhoun goes on to say, —

If we attempt to operate with the back of the hand, no effect whatever will probably be produced upon the patient. If, in the course of this process, the hands or fingers of the operator are made actually to touch the body of the patient, it is called *manipulation with contact*. If, on the contrary, the operation is conducted at some distance, it is called *manipulation in distans*.

The *manipulation with contact* is of two kinds. It is accompanied either with considerable pressure, or with light touching; manipulation with *strong*, or with *light* contact. The manipulation with strong contact is certainly the most ancient, and the most universally prevalent mode of operating, and traces of it are to be found in almost all ages and countries. In manipulating with light contact, the hand, indeed, is conducted very lightly along the body of the patient; but the magnetizer must perform this operation with the utmost energy, and always have the desire of applying strong pressure to the body of the patient.

The *manipulation in distans*, is applied at a distance of from generally two to six inches from the patient's body. In the case of very susceptible persons, it is performed at a still greater distance. The effects of this mode of manipulating are less intense than those produced by actual contact, and, besides, it requires a greater energy of volition on the part of the magnetizer. It is, however, frequently employed in magnetizing very irritable patients, who cannot endure any stronger method.

It would be tedious to enumerate and describe all the various kinds of manipulation detailed in elementary works on this subject. They may all of them, however, be combined, according to the skill and judgment of the magnetizer, who will vary his modes according to the effects produced, and the degree of sensibility evinced by the patient. — pp. 80 – 82.

Kluge, professor of Berlin, who has had ample experience in the practice of magnetism, and who, we believe, is chiefly followed in Germany, lays down the following plan of proceeding :

Before commencing the magnetic manipulations, it is necessary that both the magnetizer and the patient should be conveniently placed, in order that the former may be enabled to perform his operations, and the latter prepared for the expected crisis of sleep. A semi-recumbent posture of the patient is, upon the whole, the most convenient, the body being, at the same time, so far bent, that the operator can reach, without difficulty, from the crown of the head to the toes. Should the patient be unable to leave his bed, we must endeavour to place him in a properly bended position, by means of pillows. It is not necessary that the patient should be completely undressed, only no silk covering should be allowed to intervene. The best situation, perhaps, in which a magnetic patient can be placed, is in an easy arm-chair, with his hands resting on the arms, his feet upon a foot-stool, and his knees bent somewhat forward. The magnetizer then places himself upon a common chair, opposite to the patient, and so near as to be able to enclose his knees within his own, but without designedly touching them. The magnetizer then proceeds to the manipulations, which are distinguished into the *preparatory* and *effective*. The preparatory manipulations are then performed in the following manner :—

The operator lays hold of the shoulders of the patient with both his hands, in such a manner that the balls of his thumbs are placed in the armpits, and the other fingers rest upon the shoulders. In this position he continues for a few seconds, excites in himself the intention of pressing the shoulders together, and then laying hold of the upper part of the arms, glides down to the elbow, tarries there a little, and then proceeds down to the hands, where he applies the points of his thumbs to those of his patient, and allows the remaining fingers to rest upon the back of the patient's hands. He then returns by means of the dorsal manipulation (*i. e.* the hands being thrown round in a semicircle, in the manner already described) to the shoulders, and repeats the same operation two or three times; after which he commences the effective manipulations, of which a general description has already been given. — pp. 83, 84.

We need not give an account of the method by which the commissioners had their experiments performed in the different places to which they were allowed to have access. At all events, there is ample testimony in the report that they used the utmost diligence, caution, and care; and it is impossible for any reasonable and impartial man who reads their most candid narrative, to doubt for a moment that he himself would have drawn exactly the same conclusions as they did, were he placed in the same circumstances. There are many facts in the report to prove the truth of the character which we have given to the commission. In the first place the members of the commission were induced to begin their labors by examining the case of a somnambulist who was presented to them by Dr. Foissac, the individual who challenged the inquiry, and who seemed to set the fate of magnetism upon the evidence which this case would furnish. But it turned out a sad failure, for the woman presented no more than a few physiological phenomena, and she was so fatigued by the questions of the commissioners, that

she begged to be allowed to discontinue the exhibition. The committee, after doing all that it was possible for men to accomplish in order to obtain facilities for carrying on their important inquiries, either finding no proper cases in the hospitals, or being refused the opportunity of experimenting in them, found that they had no other resource than to appeal to all the physicians who had either sanctioned the practice or themselves practised magnetism. Their appeal was heard, and several of this class of practitioners came forward with patients. The reporter pauses at this statement to apprise us, that in no case did the commissioners intrust to any but their own members the task of directing the experiments, or noting down the proceedings; he says that they uniformly directed the modes of experimenting, the plan of inquiring, and the course that was to be pursued, with the exception of the single case of the celebrated Cloquet, whose veracity was not to be doubted, and whose statement, therefore, they with implicit credit received.

We have already shown that some of the cases were failures, and that it was not until we came to the fourth class of patients in the reporter's arrangement that we met with any manifestations of the magnetic effect which could be regarded as unequivocal. We therefore proceed at once to those cases, giving the reader fair warning that he will be called on for a very considerable share of fortitude to risk all the dangers by which his credulity is about to be assailed. Cases are given in numbers, of which the members of the commission were witnesses, where attempts were made by magnetizers to produce somnambulism. Most of these efforts failed, and the promises sometimes made by both magnetizers and patients were in many instances unfulfilled. One exception, of a very particular nature, struck the commissioners with astonishment. It was that of a M. Petit, a tutor, who had been previously magnetized by Dr. Dupotet. The doctor confidently presented this patient to the examiners as a person over whom he had supreme power. The hour being appointed, and all the parties assembled, the operator commenced by putting his patient to sleep; this was the work only of a few minutes. The wonderful part of the operation was now to be done, namely, that the doctor was at his pleasure, and without speaking, but by merely approximating his fingers to any part of the body of the patient, to cause in that part a convulsive motion of the muscles. In order to guard against any possible collusion between patient and doctor, the committee at this moment handed a paper to M. Dupotet, on which were written their instructions as to the particular parts. The result of the operations was such as to surprise all those who witnessed it; still the committee did not acquire thus far a sufficient number of facts to warrant them in drawing any certain conclusion on the subject. They resolved, under these circumstances, to persevere; and, in the course of their subsequent experience, came to the knowledge of facts, such as left no doubt whatever on their minds that a great and important prin-

ciple, directly affecting the condition of mankind, now formed the subject of their inquiries.

One of the most singular and overwhelming of the cases which come under the head of the more recent and important ones, is that of Jules Cloquet, the well-known anatomist in Paris, who had, of his own accord, sent in an account of this case to the surgical section of the Academy. He was no magnetizer, but, very likely, laughed and ridiculed the art with as much asperity as the most determined of its enemies. This gentleman, it appears, was called, on the 8th of April, 1829, to see a Mrs. P., then residing at 151, Rue St. Denis, Paris. He found that she had cancer of the breast, and that nothing but extirpation of the disease could effect a cure. The lady, at this time, had been attended by the physician whom she had long employed, and who was in the habit of magnetizing her into a sleep, or rather somnambule (for there is a great difference between them), to produce an oblivion of her sufferings. The physician, M. Chapelain, was sensible that no other hope of saving his patient from a miserable fate remained than that held out by M. Cloquet, and he proposed to the surgeon that he should perform the operation whilst she was in a state of magnetic sleep. The surgeon agreed to it, and the operation was performed accordingly. The patient knew nothing whatever of the proceeding, but was kept asleep for two days, and upon being awake, and informed of what had taken place, she experienced, says M. Cloquet, a very lively emotion.

The power which, it was represented, some somnambulists possessed of seeing perfectly through their closed eyelids, formed the subject of some very close and attentive examinations. The result was, that the commissioners were satisfied, for they looked on, that in one case a patient, in this state, was able to read a book by seeing it through his eyelids! But this was not all; for although his somnambulism continued, yet the patient became very much fatigued, and was invited to play a game at *écarté*, of which he was very fond. He showed amazing dexterity all the while, and always beat his opponent. It is to be remembered, that during all this time the patient was in a state of somnambulism, and, of course, was unconscious of what he was doing. The following is the exact language in which this respectable commission describe a portion of the scene. The name of the patient, it is proper to remember, is Petit :

One of the gentlemen present, M. Raynal, formerly inspector of the university, played a game at piquet with M. Petit, and lost it. The latter handled his cards with the greatest dexterity, and without making any mistake. We attempted several times in vain to set him at fault, by taking away or changing some of his cards. He counted with surprising facility the points marked upon his adversary's marking-card. During all this time, we never ceased to examine the eyes, and to hold a candle near them; and we always found them exactly closed. We remarked, however, that the ball of the eye seemed to move under the eyelids, and to follow the dif-

ferent motions of the hands. Finally, M. Bourdois declared that, according to all human probability, and as far as it was possible to judge by the senses, the eyelids were exactly closed. While M. Petit was engaged in a second game at piquet, M. Dupotet, upon the suggestion of M. Ribes, directed his hand, from behind, towards the patient's elbow, and the contraction previously observed again took place. Afterwards, upon the suggestion of M. Bourdois, he magnetized him from behind, and always at the distance of more than a foot, with the intention of awakening him. The keenness with which the somnambulist engaged in play resisted this action, which, without awakening, seemed to annoy and disconcert him. He carried his hand several times to the back of his head, as if he suffered pain in that part. At length he fell into a state of somnolency, which seemed like a slight natural sleep; and some one having spoken to him when in this state, he awoke as if with a start. A few moments afterwards, M. Dupotet, always placed near him, but at a certain distance, set him again to sleep, and we recommenced our experiments. M. Dupotet being desirous that not the slightest shadow of doubt should remain with regard to the nature of the physical influence exerted at will upon the somnambulist, proposed to place upon M. Petit as many bandages as we might think proper, and to operate upon him while in this state. In fact, we covered his face down to the nostrils with several neckcloths; we stopped up with gloves the cavity formed by the prominence of the nose, and we covered the whole with a black handkerchief, which descended, in the form of a veil, as far as the neck. The attempts to excite the magnetic susceptibility by operating at a distance in every way, were then renewed; and, invariably, the same motions were perceived in the parts towards which the hand or the foot was directed. After these new experiments, M. Dupotet, having taken the bandages off M. Petit, played a game at *écarté* with him, in order to divert him. He played with the same facility as before, and continued successful. He became so eager at his game, that he remained insensible to the influence of M. Bourdois, who, while he was engaged in play, vainly attempted to operate upon him from behind, and to make him perform a command intimated merely by the will. After his game, the somnambulist rose, walked across the room, putting aside the chairs which he found in his way, and went to sit down apart, in order to take some repose at a distance from the inquisitive experimentalists, who had fatigued him. There, M. Dupotet awakened him at the distance of several feet; but it seemed that he was not completely awake, for some moments afterwards he again fell asleep, and it was necessary to make fresh efforts, in order to rouse him effectually. When awake, he said he had no recollection of any thing that took place during his sleep.

Marvellous and utterly confounding as are these statements, yet they are altogether thrown into the shade by some that are to follow, and which, we confess, that we can hardly bring our minds to believe. Here are numerous cases related, in which somnambulists who are put to sleep by magnetism are immediately endowed, not merely, as in the case of Petit, with a power of seeing through their eyelids, but with an actual gift of prophecy, as well as of superior knowledge, not to be obtained by any natural or ordinary methods. What will the reader think when he is told that the somnambulist in his period of sleep, whatever may have been his previous education, is suddenly invested with the faculty of discovering exactly the nature and character of his own disease, of determining the

extent of the period within which he is to suffer, what is to be the issue of his complaint, and, above all, the sort of treatment that will most certainly cure him, should his disease be at all susceptible of a remedy. Paul Villagraud, a student at law, who was paralysed as to half his body by a stroke of apoplexy in the country, was admitted into La Charité, at Paris, after having been treated in all manner of ways at home for sixteen months. Now, the committee actually went to the bed where this patient lay, in the hospital, and saw the physical marks, as they were strongly indicated, of his disease.

They found that the lower left limb was much thinner than the right, that the right hand was closed much more firmly than the left, that the tongue when drawn out of the mouth was carried towards the right commissure, and that the right cheek was more convex than the left. Paul was then magnetized, and the result is thus stated in the report : —

“ He recapitulated what related to his treatment, and prescribed that, on that same day, a sinapism should be applied to each of his legs for an hour and a half; that next day he should take a bath of Bareges; and that, upon coming out of the bath, sinapisms should be again applied during twelve hours without interruption, sometimes to one place, and sometimes to another; that, upon the following day, after having taken a second bath of Bareges, blood should be drawn from his right arm to the extent of a *palette* and a half. Finally, he added, that by following this treatment, he would be enabled, upon the 28th, i. e. three days afterwards, to walk without crutches on leaving the sitting, at which, he said, it would still be necessary to magnetize him. The treatment which he had prescribed was followed; and upon the day named, the 28th of September, the committee repaired to the Hôpital de la Charité. Paul came, supported on his crutches, into the consulting-room, where he was magnetized as usual, and placed in a state of somnambulism. In this state, he assured us, that he should return to bed without the use of his crutches, without support. Upon awaking, he asked for his crutches, — we told him that he had no longer any need of them. In fact, he rose, supported himself on the paralysed leg, passed through the crowd who followed him, descended the step of the *chambre d'expériences*, crossed the second court de la Charité, ascended two steps, and when he arrived at the bottom of the stair he sat down. After resting two minutes, he ascended, with the assistance of an arm and the balustrade, the twenty-four steps of stairs which led to the room where he slept, went to bed without support, sat down again for a moment, and then took another walk in the room, to the great astonishment of all the other patients, who, until then, had seen him constantly confined to bed. From this day Paul never resumed his crutches.”

But these wonders are nothing compared with the miracles which were subsequently performed by the agency of this patient during somnambulism, particularly in the facility with which he saw through his closed eyelids. Many trials of this power were witnessed by the commissioners, who took every imaginable method within their power to guard against deception.

If our utmost astonishment has been excited by the recital of the prodigies to which hitherto our attention has been confined,

what shall be the nature of our feelings when we come to the contemplation of two more cases, the circumstances of which are just as authentic as those of any of the former cases! What will any reader think when he is told that two persons, from the commonest ranks of life, are suddenly inspired, by means of magnetism, with such a degree of supernatural endowments, that they can predict to the instant the period when they themselves shall be seized with fits, or can point out the true seat, nature, and proper treatment of diseases in others! We have just seen an illustration of the first of these cases, and an example of the other will be found in the following most extraordinary narrative:

Miss Celina Sauvage was made the subject of experiment upon eight different occasions, in the presence of the members of the committee. On three of those occasions, it was found that this lady exhibited a strange tendency to discourse of the diseases of those whom she touched during her state of somnambulism, and she always concluded by pointing out, with astonishing accuracy of information and judgment, the remedies best adapted to the complaint. One of the members of the commission, M. Marc, determined upon putting her powers to the test, and announced that he would submit himself to her investigations. The lady was accordingly magnetized, and upon being requested to examine attentively the gentleman's state of health, she proceeded in her inquiries, and literally overwhelmed the spectators in amazement at the perfection of her diagnosis. Another case is likewise given, where she showed the same unaccountable skill and knowledge: the third of the cases cited by the commissioners, in which this somnambulist manifested her power, is exceedingly curious:

"Upon an occasion of great delicacy, when very able physicians, several of whom are members of the Academy, had prescribed a mercurial treatment for an obstruction (*engorgement*) of the glands of the neck, which they attributed to a syphilitic taint, the family of the patient under this treatment, alarmed at the appearance of some serious consequences, wished to have the advice of a somnambulist. The reporter was called in to assist at a consultation, and he did not neglect to take advantage of this new opportunity of adding to what the committee had already seen. He found the patient to be a young married woman, Madame La C—, having the whole right side of the neck deeply obstructed by a great congeries of glands close upon each other. One of them was opened, and emitted a yellowish purulent matter.

"Mademoiselle Céline, whom M. Foissac magnetized in presence of the reporter, placed herself in connexion with this patient, and affirmed that the stomach had been attacked by a substance *like poison*; that there was a slight inflammation of the intestines; that, in the upper part of the neck, on the right side, there was a scrofulous complaint, which ought to have been more considerable than it was at present; that, by following a soothing treatment, which she prescribed, the disease would be mitigated in the course of fifteen days or three weeks. This treatment consisted of some grains of magnesia, eight leeches applied to the pit of the stomach, water-gruel, a saline cathartic every week, two clysters each day, one of a decoction of Peruvian bark (*kina*), and, immediately after, another, of the

roots of the marsh-mallow, friction of the limbs with ether, a bath every week; food made of milk (*laitage*), light meats, and abstinence from wine. This treatment was followed for some time, and there was a perceptible amelioration of the symptoms. But the impatience of the patient, who did not think her recovery proceeding with sufficient rapidity, determined the family to call another consultation of physicians, who decided that she should again be placed under mercurial treatment. From this period the reporter ceased to attend the patient; and he learnt that the administration of the mercury had produced very serious affections of the stomach, which terminated her existence after two months of acute suffering. A *procès-verbal* upon opening the body, signed by MM. Fouquier, Marjolin, Cruveillier, and Foissac, verified the existence of a scrofulous or tubercular obstruction of the glands of the neck, two small cavities full of pus, proceeding from the tubercles at the top of each of the lungs; the mucous membrane of the great cul-de-sac of the stomach was almost entirely destroyed. These gentlemen ascertained besides, that there was no indication of the presence of any syphilitic disease, whether old or recent.

With respect to the degree of credit to be attached to these statements, we really have nothing to say, but that they are placed before us on as sound a basis as it is possible for human evidence to be put on. Thus, then, we are strongly urged to believe in the existence of facts which are altogether contrary to our experience. Is it possible, one may reasonably ask, if such things can happen? Is it possible that individuals, under any circumstances, can see through their shut eyelids, and can be suddenly endowed, by any ceremony conducted by another person, with knowledge and foresight such as no mortal was ever endowed with before? These are questions which will suggest themselves to every reasoning mind. One admonition, however, is applicable to those who are interested in contemplating such subjects as these. Experience has proved, that the influences which may be exercised over the nervous powers of man, are altogether unlimited both in their extent and in their nature. Hence is it always unwise, and even irrational, for any one to say, on a subject so mysterious, that *this* fact is impossible, and that *that* fact could never have taken place. Let us humbly and diligently inquire, but not decide. Vast and beneficial are the uses of deliberation in such matters. We are not at liberty to doubt when evidence is positive; and if only half of what we have read in Mr. Colquhoun's work be founded in truth, how magnificent is the prospect of utility, in the largest sense of that word, which science, in this particular department, affords us.

NOTICES OF EMINENT INDIVIDUALS LATELY DECEASED.

[From "The Gentleman's Magazine for April, 1833."]

CAPTAIN LYON, R. N.

Died, Oct. 8, on board his Majesty's packet *Emulous*, on her passage from Buenos Ayres, aged 37, George Francis Lyon, Esq. a Post Captain in the Royal Navy, and D. C. L., the celebrated traveller and navigator.

Captain Lyon was a native of Chichester, and son of the late Colonel Lyon of that city. He was educated at Dr. Burney's well-known naval academy at Gosport, and entered on the books of the Royal William flag-ship at Spithead in 1808. He first sailed in the *Milford* 74, Captain (now Sir Henry William) Bayntun, in August, 1809; and after serving for several months on the French coast, he proceeded to Cadiz in the same ship, then commanded by Captain Edward Kittoe, and destined to receive the flag of Vice-Admiral Sir Richard G. Keats. On the 23d of Nov. 1810, he was engaged in one of the *Milford's* boats, in an attack on several of the enemy's gun-vessels, near Santa Maria; on which occasion Lieutenants Thomas Worth and John Buckland, of the Royal Marine Artillery, between whom he was sitting at the time, both fell by one unlucky shot.

The enemy had prosecuted the siege of Cadiz with rapidity and vigor; but the incessant labors of the fleet and flotilla checked their advances: still it kept all the officers on the station in a constant series of harassing boat-expeditions. After the battle of Barosa, the French turned the siege into a blockade, and contented themselves with firing shot and shells into and over Cadiz, from mortars and guns of extraordinary construction. The *Milford* left Cadiz in the summer of 1811, and joined the fleet off Toulon; and as Sir Richard shifted his flag into the *Hibernia*, a beautiful first-rate, young Lyon was removed into her as a follower of the Admiral.

Mr. Lyon's next ship was the *Caledonia* 120, bearing the flag of the late Lord Exmouth, who shortly afterwards appointed him acting Lieutenant of the *Berwick* 74, Captain Edward Brace, under whom he served at the reduction of Genoa, in April 1814. On the 8th of the same month, he was wounded in an attack made by the boats of the *Berwick* and *Rainbow*, upon the enemy's posts near the pass of Rona.

During the war with Murat, in 1815, Lieutenant Lyon was present at the siege of Gaeta. On the last day of that year he was appointed to the *Albion* 74, the ship of Rear-Admiral (Sir Charles) Penrose, as flag-lieutenant, in which ship he bore part at the battle of Algiers, Aug. 27, 1816.

Whilst the Albion was lying at Malta, in September 1818, Mr. Ritchie, a gentleman of scientific attainments, arrived there with the intention of proceeding under a commission from the British government, to the interior of Africa, whither he was to have been accompanied by Captain Frederick Marryat, R. N. But, at this stage of his preparations, circumstances arose which induced Captain Marryat to relinquish the undertaking; and Lieutenant Lyon, having become acquainted with Mr. Ritchie, immediately offered to supply his place. The latter, without hesitation, accepted this proposal; and, in consequence, Sir Charles Penrose consented to solicit the necessary permission for Lieutenant Lyon's quitting the Albion. A favorable answer being received from the Admiralty on the 19th of November, Lieutenant Lyon immediately followed Mr. Ritchie to Tripoli, where he arrived on the 25th of the same month; and where he was kindly received by Colonel Warrington, the Consul-general, and commenced his initiation into Moorish manners. Mr. Ritchie, about a twelvemonth after, paid the usual fatal penalty of African travellers, dying at Mourzuk on the 20th of November, 1819; Mr. Lyon, after almost unparalleled sufferings, narrowly escaped with his life. He assumed the dress and demeanor of a Moslem, keeping his head shaved, allowing his beard to grow, and travelling under the name of Said-ben-Abdallah. Previously to the commencement of his journey, he was instructed in reading Arabic by a *fighi* (or clerk) of one of the mosques, who also gave him the requisite information respecting the ceremonies used in prayer; which, when he became perfect in them, he taught to Mr. Ritchie. They did not leave Tripoli until towards the end of March, in 1819; they journeyed over the Gharian mountains to Beniioleed, and subsequently as far as Mourzuk, the capital of Fezzan, where they arrived on the 39th day. A few days after their arrival at this city, Lieutenant Lyon was attacked with dysentery, which confined him to his bed for twenty-two days; and he was no sooner convalescent, than Mr. Ritchie was attacked, and confined to his bed for no less than fifty-eight days. Belford, their only servant, was also a dreadful sufferer; and thus the year was spent, in constant alternate sickness, during which they suffered extreme poverty and deprivation, with cruel neglect from the local authorities, and vexatious pillage, until the death of Mr. Ritchie occurred as above stated. Unable, from want of friends, not to speak of physical power, to prosecute the objects of his mission, Lyon yet persevered so far as to proceed to Zuela, the principal town east of Mourzuk, in latitude 26 N., and from thence passed the desert to Gatrone and Zegerrey, at which latter place, the southern limit of Fezzan, situated in latitude 24, he arrived on the 2d of January, 1820. On the 8th of March he repassed the northern boundary of the Kingdom of Fezzan, and on the 21st reached the ruins of Leptis Magna, which had been already successfully explored by his friend Captain William Henry Smyth, R. N. (F. R. S. and S. A.) in 1816. After returning to Tripoli, Mr. Lyon

remained there until the 19th of May, then sailed for Leghorn, and, passing over land, arrived in London July 29th, 1820. Mr. Lyon's *African Journal* was published in 1821, under the title of "A Narrative of Travels in Northern Africa, accompanied by Geographical Notices of Soudan and the Course of the Niger." It was illustrated with a series of colored plates, from the productions of his own pencil.

In December, 1820, our enterprising traveller was named by Captain Smyth, as a person properly qualified to assist him in completing the investigation of the coast between Tripoli and Egypt. In a letter to Lord Viscount Melville, that scientific officer observed, "From my long acquaintance with him, I make no hesitation in recommending Lieutenant Lyon as singularly eligible for such a mission, from his natural ardor, his attainments, his professional habits, and above all his very complete assumption of the Moorish character."

Instead, however, of being sent back to Tripoli, he was very soon afterwards promoted to the command of the *Hecla* bomb-vessel, then fitting out at Deptford, for the purpose of exploring Repulse Bay, &c. in company with, and under the orders of Captain Parry. This expedition sailed from the Nore on the 8th of May 1821, and remained out during the whole of two seasons; after which they returned home in October 1823, their partial success in having made considerable additions to the geographical and scientific history of the North Sea, receiving very warm testimonies of the public approbation. Captain Parry's history of the expedition is well known; in the preface to which he declared his happiness "thus publicly to express the high sense I entertain of the laudable zeal and strenuous exertions uniformly displayed by Captain Lyon," as well as by all his other comrades. Captain Lyon's "*Private Journal*" was also published, and has been aptly termed "*The Sayings and Doings of the Esquimaux*." He was rewarded with post rank dated November 13, 1823; and on the 16th of January he was presented with the freedom of his native city of Chichester, and entertained by the Corporation at a public dinner. The freedom was inclosed in an oaken box, turned from a portion of the *Hecla*, lined with gold, and bearing the following inscription: "Presented January 16, 1824, by the Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens of Chichester, to George Francis Lyon, Esq. Captain in the Royal Navy, in testimony of their admiration of the zeal, perseverance, and spirit of enterprise, displayed by him in his Travels in Northern Africa, and in the late Voyage to the Polar Sea, in search of a North-West Passage."

A few days before this gratifying occurrence, Captain Lyon had been appointed to the *Griper* bark, fitting out for another voyage of discovery in the icy regions. This vessel was originally a gun-brig of only 180 tons burthen; but she had been considerably strengthened and raised upon, to enable her to accompany Lieutenant Parry in the expedition of 1819. She sailed from the Nore on the

16th of June, 1824, with a complement of 41 persons; and when she had taken in all her stores, from the *Snap* surveying vessel, off the coast of Labrador, and was left to pursue her course alone, her draft of water was nearly sixteen feet. The principal object of her mission was to connect the western shore of Melville Peninsula with the important discoveries of Captain Franklin;—but the season was more unfavorable than any in the memory of the whale-fishery, and after encountering some perilous storms, during which, on two distinct occasions, all on board had relinquished the slightest hope of ever again seeing their country, he returned in the following November. From these adverse circumstances, he had enough to do in preserving the vessel, and consequently made only a few additions to the geography of the Arctic Sea. The history of the voyage, however, as published in an octavo volume entitled “An unsuccessful Attempt to reach Repulse Bay, by Sir Thomas Rowe’s *Welcome*,” is by no means the least interesting of the series of North-Pole voyages; for there are portions of its narrative which raise the character of the British Seaman above the splendors of the most glorious victory, and affect the imagination as powerfully as any tale of far more tragical consequence.

In June, 1825, the honorary degree of D. C. L. was conferred upon Captain Lyon, by the University of Oxford: and on the 5th of September following, he married Lucy-Louisa, the younger daughter of the celebrated Lord Edward Fitz Gerald, and the almost equally celebrated Pamela. Not long after, he went to Mexico, as one of the Commissioners of the Real del Monte Mining Company. Returning home, by way of New York, in the *Panthea* packet, bound to Liverpool, he was wrecked in a gale at Holyhead, January 14, 1827, and lost every thing belonging to him, including his journal, plans of the mines, &c. To add to his mortification, he heard, upon landing, of the death of his wife, which had taken place about four months before. He afterwards returned to South America on mining business, which he prosecuted with his wonted intelligence; and the specimens of South American minerals which he forwarded to this country, are evidences of his taste. At length his sight began to fail him to an alarming degree, insomuch that he determined to revisit England for advice. He accordingly embarked for that purpose, but unfortunately died on the passage; thus concluding a career of extraordinary adventure, and attended by extraordinary misfortunes.

[From “*The Gentleman’s Magazine* for April, 1833.”]

EARL OF DUDLEY.

Died, March 6th, at Norwood, Surrey, in his 52d year, the Right Honorable John William Ward, Earl of Dudley of Castle Dudley, county of Stafford, and Viscount Ednam of Ednam, county

of Roxburgh (1827), fourth Viscount Dudley and Ward, of Dudley (1763), and ninth Baron Ward, of Birmingham (1643-4); a Privy Councillor, Recorder of Kidderminster, M. A. and F. R. S.

This highly gifted but eccentric nobleman was born August 9, 1781, the only child of William the third Viscount, by Julia, second daughter of Godfrey Bosville of Thorpe and Gunthwaite in Yorkshire, esq., and aunt to the late Lieutenant General Lord Macdonald.

His education was remarkably private, being removed from his father's mansion in Park-lane to a small house at Paddington, where he was intrusted to the care of the Rev. Mr. James, a fellow of New College, Oxford, and a separate establishment was maintained for his service. The degree of M. A. was conferred upon him at Oxford, at a subsequent period, January 14, 1813.

Immediately after his coming of age, he was, at the general election of 1802, elected M. P. for Downton; and he very soon distinguished himself in the house of Commons as a young man of extraordinary talents. A vacancy occurring in the representation of Worcestershire, he accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, August 1, 1803; and was elected without opposition for that county. At the election of 1806, however, the present Lord Lyttelton was returned in his room; but at that of 1807 Mr. Ward was chosen for Wareham. In 1812 he was returned for Ilchester. Of the Parliament of 1818 he was not a member; in 1820 he was elected for Bossiney; and on the 25th of April, 1823, he succeeded his father in the Peerage.

On the formation of Mr. Canning's administration, Lord Dudley and Ward was appointed Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and sworn a member of the Privy Council, April 30, 1827. On the 24th of September in the same year he was raised to the rank of an Earl by the titles of Earl of Dudley and Viscount Ednam, the latter being the name of an estate which he had recently purchased in Roxburghshire, and the birth-place of the poet Thomson. In May 1828 he resigned the Secretaryship; when a "leading journal," (whose language, it must be admitted, is seldom tempered by moderation,) thus warmly expressed its regrets:

"Lord Dudley, from high character for independence and discernment, for sound sagacious views, without prejudice or passion, — from a political concurrence with Mr. Canning, on which no suspicion has ever lighted, — and from the esteem and reputation which, since his superintendence of our foreign affairs, he has achieved for himself with the whole diplomatic world, withdraws (if, unfortunately he should withdraw) from the Ministry, a greater volume of public usefulness than perhaps all the rest who are seceding."

The Earl of Dudley was a man of powerful talents, varied accomplishments, and a most generous disposition; but his manners had always been so much marked by eccentricities, that few were astonished by the unhappy circumstances under which he was

withdrawn, about a year ago, from society. He experienced since that period a succession of paralytic attacks, and had sunk latterly into a state of perfect childhood. We are not aware of any literary production of his Lordship that has found its way to the press, except the well known article in the *Quarterly Review*, on the life and character of John Horne Tooke, with whom Lord Dudley had been intimate in his early youth. His parliamentary speeches, and his despatches while Secretary for Foreign Affairs under Mr. Canning, Lord Goderich, and during a brief part of the Wellington administration, were always distinguished by a classical elegance of style. His indisposition precluded him from giving a vote on the question of Parliamentary Reform. His Lordship had, however, some months before expressed his intention to support the Earl of Harrowby's views, and vote for the second reading of the Bill.

Of his extraordinary absence of mind and his unfortunate habit of "thinking aloud," many amusing anecdotes have been in circulation. It is a fact that when he was in the Foreign Office, he directed a letter intended for the French to the Russian Ambassador, shortly before the affair of Navarino; and, strange as it may appear, it attained him the highest honor. Prince Lieven, who never makes any mistakes of the kind, set it down as one of the cleverest *ruses* ever attempted to be played off, and gave himself immense credit for not falling into the trap laid for him by the sinister ingenuity of the English Secretary. He returned the letter with a most polite note, in which he vowed, of course, that he had not read a line of it after he had ascertained that it was intended for Prince Polignac; but could not help telling Lord Dudley at an evening party, that he was "*trop fin*, but that diplomatsists of his (Prince L.'s) standing were not so easily caught."

One of the earliest symptoms of his Lordship's unfortunate malady was that of asserting himself to be married. He is said to have expressed great affection and solicitude for his imaginary Countess. A report prevailed among the higher orders that his Lordship was a suitor for the hand of one of the accomplished daughters of the Earl of Beverley; but that his overtures met with a most decided rejection from her Ladyship. The administration of the Earl of Dudley's affairs remains, it is said, for the present in the hands of Mr. Littleton, the Member for Staffordshire, as one of the executors. It was in honor of the debut of Miss Littleton, now Viscountess Newark, that his Lordship gave his *Olla Podrida* fête, in Park-lane, in the early part of last season.

All the Earl's titles have expired with him, except the Barony of Ward; which has devolved on the Rev. Humble Ward, Rector of Himley, Staffordshire, who is descended from the Rev. William Ward, also Rector of Himley, and of King's Swinford, younger brother to John who succeeded to the title of Lord Ward in 1740, and was created Viscount Dudley and Ward in 1763. The ancient Barony of Dudley (by writ 1342) had separated from

the Wards in the first mentioned year, in favor of Ferdinand Dudley Lea, the heir general, and on his death in 1757 it fell into abeyance among his sisters.

The will of the late Earl has not hitherto been made public : but it has been stated that an entailed estate of 4000*l* per annum accompanies the title, and that by a will drawn up about two years ago, the Earl settled the remainder of his estate, to the value of 80,000*l*. per annum, on the present Lord Ward's eldest son, who is a youth of sixteen years of age.

[From "The Gentleman's Magazine for June, 1833."]

LORD GAMBIER.

Died April 19, at his house at Iver, near Uxbridge, aged 76, the Right Honorable James Gambier, Baron Gambier, of Iver, county of Buckingham, Admiral of the Fleet, and G. C. B.

Lord Gambier was a member of a French refugee family, his grandfather, Nicholas, having migrated from Caen to this country on the revocation of the edict of Nantes. His uncle, of his own Christian name, was a Vice-Admiral in the Royal Navy, and was father of Sir James Gambier, F. R. S., Consul-general in the Netherlands, and grandfather of William Gambier, esquire, who married the late Countess dowager of Athlone. His aunt Margaret was the wife of the first Lord Barham, First Lord of the Admiralty in 1805-6.

His Lordship was born in the Bahama Islands, October 13, 1756, the younger son of Samuel Gambier, esquire, then Lieutenant-Governor of the Bahamas, by Deborah Stiles, of Bermuda. He went to sea at an early age ; and in 1778 was Commander of the Thunder bomb, in which he had the misfortune to be captured by the French fleet under Count d'Estaing. He was promoted to the rank of Post-Captain October 9 in the same year, and appointed to the command of the Raleigh 32. In this frigate he was engaged in repelling the French attempt upon Jersey, January 6, 1781, and afterwards proceeded to the coast of America ; where, at the reduction of Charleston in South Carolina, he served on shore with the brigade of seamen and marines. In 1781 he captured the General Mifflin, an American ship of war, mounting 20 guns.

At the commencement of the war with France in 1793, Captain Gambier was appointed to the Defence 74, in which he took an active share in the glorious victory of the 1st of June, 1794. The Defence was on that memorable day the first vessel that cut through the enemy's line, passing between the seventh and eighth ships. She had successively three or four ships engaging her ; her men being, almost from the first, divided at their quarters to fight both

sides at once. Her masts were all shot away; the main-mast fell in-board, and the whole of the quarter deck and fore-castle guns were rendered useless. The loss she sustained on that and the preceding days, amounted to 18 men killed and 39 wounded. At the general promotion which followed this important victory, Captain Gambier was nominated a Colonel of Marines: and, on the 1st June, 1795, he was advanced to the rank of Rear-Admiral. On the 2d of March, in the same year, he was appointed to a seat among the Commissioners of the Admiralty, which he retained until February, 1801.

At the latter period (having attained the rank of Vice-Admiral in 1799) he was appointed third in command of the Channel Fleet, and hoisted his flag on board the *Neptune* of 98 guns. In the spring of 1802 he proceeded to Newfoundland as Governor of that island, and Commander-in-chief of the squadron employed for its protection.

In May 1804 he was re-appointed to a seat at the Admiralty board; and he continued there during the two naval administrations of Viscount Melville and Lord Barham, until the change of ministry that took place on the death of Mr. Pitt, in February, 1806. On the 4th of April 1807 (having become full Admiral in 1805) he was again appointed to assist in the direction of naval affairs, under Lord Mulgrave; and in the following summer he was entrusted with the command of the fleet sent to demand possession of the Danish navy, a measure which, in conjunction with Lieutenant-General Lord Cathcart, he successfully accomplished, to the great mortification and frustration of the designs of the Emperor Napoleon. For his able conduct in this affair Admiral Gambier was rewarded with a peerage, by patent dated Nov. 9, 1807; and was offered a pension of £2000 which he generously declined.

In the month of May, 1808, Lord Gambier finally retired from his seat at the Admiralty, on being appointed to the command of the Channel fleet. During his seasons of office he had applied himself with great assiduity to the duties of the situation. He compiled, with much labor and close attention, a Code of Signals, which superseded one which had been established in the reign of Charles II.; and also drew up General Instructions for the direction of officers in the internal discipline and government of the King's ships, in the place of some which had become obsolete. The *Plantagenet* 74, a finely proportioned ship, launched at Woolwich in 1801, was built after his suggestions; being without a poop, she passed at a distance for a large frigate.

Nothing material occurred in the Channel fleet when under his Lordship's command, until the month of April, 1809, when a detachment attacked a French squadron in the Aix roads, and destroyed *la Ville de Varsovie* 80, *Tonnerre* 74, *Aquilon* 74, and *Calcutta* 56, besides driving several others on shore. A difference of opinion respecting the practicability of destroying the remainder of the enemy's squadron, was productive of a misunderstanding

between the Commander-in-chief and Lord Cochrane, who had the command of the fire-ships; and Lord Gambier, in consequence, requested a Court Martial to investigate into his conduct. A Court was accordingly assembled at Portsmouth, July 29, 1809, and continued by adjournments until August 9, when the charge of "neglect, or delay," was pronounced "not proved"; but that his conduct had been "marked by zeal, judgment, and ability, and an anxious attention to the welfare of his Majesty's service." His Lordship was consequently "most honorably acquitted"; and received in addition the thanks of both Houses of Parliament. Lord Gambier retained the command of the Channel fleet until 1811, when he was required to resign it by the expiration of the three years to which its tenure is limited. In 1814 he was placed at the head of the commissioners for concluding a peace with the United States of America; the first meeting for which took place at Ghent on the 8th of August; the preliminaries were signed at the same place on the 24th December, and ratified at Washington, February 17, 1815. His Lordship was nominated a Grand Cross of the Bath on the 7th of June following. At the accession of his present Majesty he was, with the late Admiral Peere-Williams, advanced to the rank of Admiral of the Fleet.

Lord Gambier was characterized by feelings of great piety and benevolence. He was President of the Church Missionary Society, and a Vice-President of the Naval Charitable, Marine, and other Societies; and also of the Lock Hospital, the Asylum, and the African and Benevolent Institutions.

His Lordship married, in July 1788, Louisa, second daughter of Daniel Mathew of Felix-hall in Essex, esquire, and sister to Jane, the wife of Samuel Gambier, esquire, his Lordship's elder brother. Lady Gambier survives, having had no family; and the peerage has consequently become extinct.

Lord Gambier's will and three codicils have been proved at Doctors' Commons, and the personal property sworn to be under the value of £30,000. His Lordship's nephews, Charles Samuel Gambier and Edward John Gambier, esquires, are appointed executors. Lady Gambier, his Lordship's widow, becomes possessed of the greater part of the property during her life, and, upon her decease, it is bequeathed to the nephews and nieces, eight in number. His Lordship bequeaths £200 to the Foreign Bible Society; and directs that his picture, representing the action between the British and French fleets, on the 25th and 26th January, 1782, be hung in the Painted Hall of Greenwich Hospital. He also bequeaths to his friend Commander Henry Boys, £50; and to the Honorable Frances Monckton, £1000.

A portrait of Lord Gambier, by Beechy, was exhibited at the Royal Academy, in 1809.

[From "The Gentleman's Magazine for June, 1833."]

WILLIAM MORGAN, ESQUIRE, F. R. S.

Died May, William Morgan, esquire, F. R. S., late Actuary to the Equitable Assurance Society.

Mr. Morgan was a native of Wales, and was the nephew of the celebrated Dr. Price. He was originally educated for the medical profession; but his uncle having observed his strength of mind, and peculiar facility and power in the acquirement of mathematical and philosophical knowledge, persuaded him to relinquish that intention, and procured for him the situation of Actuary to the Equitable Society. Mr. Morgan was engaged in conducting the affairs of that institution for the long space of upwards of 56 years, and lived to see it rise from the possession of a capital of only a few thousands to become an establishment of national importance, possessed of many millions, diffusing its benefits to thousands of families, and securing them in the enjoyment of comforts of which they would otherwise have been rendered destitute by the death of their friends and relations.

Mr. Morgan's mathematical and scientific attainments were of the highest order, and he contributed many original and invaluable papers to the Philosophical Transactions, and to other scientific publications. On the subject of public credit and the national debt, he was one of the most popular writers of his time, never hesitating, in his public writings or in private conversation, to state his opinions on those subjects with the utmost freedom, and to express his unqualified disapprobation of the financial administration of Government, in regard to the terms on which loans for the public service were negotiated and contracted for during the whole period of the late war. The titles of his publications were as follow: The Doctrine of Annuities and Assurances of Lives, 1779; Examination of Dr. Crawford's Theory of Heat and Combustion, 1781; a Review of the Writings of Dr. Price, on the subject of the Finances of this Kingdom, 1792, 2d edition 1795; Facts addressed to the serious attention of the People of Great Britain, respecting the Expense of the War, and the state of the National Debt, 1796; Additional Facts on the same subjects, 1796; an Appeal to the People of Great Britain, on the present alarming State of the Public Finances and of Public Credit, 1797; a Comparative View of the Public Finances from the beginning to the close of the late Administration, 1801, 2d edition 1803; Observations on Reversionary Payments, by Dr. Price, newly arranged and enlarged, 1803, and many subsequent editions; Memoirs of the Rev. R. Price, 1815.

Mr. Morgan's funeral took place at Hornsey in the most private manner, on the 11th of May.

Mr. Morgan has left three surviving sons and one unmarried

daughter. His eldest son, William, was associated with him as Actuary to the Equitable Assurance Office, and having married Maria, eldest daughter of John Toogood, esquire, Banker, died in 1819, leaving an only daughter. His son Arthur is the present Actuary to the Equitable Assurance Office. Mr. John Morgan is a surgeon. Another daughter was the first wife of Benjamin Travers, esquire, surgeon, and died in 1811, leaving three children.

[From "The New Monthly Magazine, No. 151."]

SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

Sir John Malcolm was born on the farm of Burnfoot, near Langholm, on the 2d of May, 1769. This farm was granted to the paternal grandfather of Sir John, at a low rent, by the Earl of Dalkeith, in 1707; it subsequently became the residence of George Malcolm, the father of Sir John, who married Miss Pasley, daughter of James Pasley, Esq., of Craig and Burn, by whom he had issue seventeen children, fifteen surviving to maturity. Burnfoot is still inhabited by the Malcolms.

In the year 1782 young John Malcolm, then scarcely fourteen years of age, went out as a cadet to India. The first service of any moment in which he was engaged, was the celebrated siege of Seringapatam, in 1792, where his abilities attracting the notice of Lord Cornwallis, his lordship appointed him to the situation of Persian interpreter to an English force, serving with a native prince. In 1794, the state of his health, impaired by hard service, obliged him to revisit his native country; and in the following year he returned to India, on the staff of Field-Marshal Sir Alured Clarke: he afterwards received the public thanks of that officer for his conduct at the capture of the Cape of Good Hope. In 1797 he was made Captain, and from that time to 1799 he was engaged in a variety of important services, when he received instructions to join Nizam's contingent force, with the chief command of the infantry, at the head of which he continued to act, as well in a political as a military capacity, till the surrender of Seringapatam, where he prominently distinguished himself. In the same year, he was selected by Lord Wellesley to proceed on a diplomatic mission to Persia, — a country which no British ambassador had visited since the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Upon his return to Calcutta, he was appointed private secretary to the Governor-General, who stated to the secret committee, that "he had succeeded in accomplishing every object of his mission, and in establishing a connexion with the actual government of the Persian empire, which promised to British natives in India political and commercial advantages of the most important description." In January, 1802, he was raised to the rank of Major; and on the occasion of the Persian ambas-

sador being accidentally shot at Bombay, he was again entrusted with a mission to that empire, in order to make the requisite arrangements for the renewal of the embassy, which he accomplished in a manner that afforded the highest satisfaction to the Company. In December, 1804, he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. In the June of the following year he was appointed chief agent of the Governor-General, and he continued to serve in that capacity until March, 1806, having successfully concluded several very important treaties during that period.

Upon the arrival in India, in April, 1808, of the new Governor-General, Lord Minto, Colonel Malcolm was sent by his lordship to the court of Persia on a very important mission, — that of endeavouring to counteract the designs of Bonaparte, then in the zenith of his power, who threatened an invasion of India by way of Persia, supported by the Persian and Turkish governments. In this difficult embassy Colonel Malcolm did not wholly succeed. He returned to Calcutta in the following August, and soon afterwards proceeded to his residence at Mysore, after having, to use the words of Lord Minto, "laid the government under additional obligations to his zeal and ability." Early in the year 1810, he was again selected to proceed in a diplomatic capacity to the court of Persia, whence he returned upon the appointment of Sir Gore Ouseley as ambassador. So favorable was the impression which he made, on this occasion, on the Persian Prince, that he was presented by him with a valuable sword and star, and, at the same time, made a khan and sepahdar of the empire: to that impression, indeed, may be ascribed much of the good understanding, both in a political and commercial point of view, which now so happily subsists between this country and Persia. During this embassy, while at Bagdad, Colonel Malcolm transmitted to the government at Bengal his final report of the affairs of Persia, — a document so highly appreciated, that the government acknowledged its receipt to the secret committee in terms of unqualified praise.

In 1812, Colonel Malcolm again visited his native shores. He was met by the Court of Directors of the East India Company with the deepest regard and acknowledgment of his merits; and, shortly afterwards, he received the honor of knighthood. He returned to India in 1816, and soon became engaged in extensive political and military duties; he was attached, as political agent of the Governor-General, to the force under Lieutenant-General Sir T. Hislop, and appointed to command the third division of the army, with which, after taking Talym by surprise, he acted a prominent part in the celebrated battle of Mehidpoor, when the army under Mulhar Rao Holkar was completely beaten, and put to rout. His skill and valor on this occasion were the theme of general admiration. A vote of thanks was awarded him, on the proposal of Mr. Canning, by the House of Commons; and the Prince Regent expressed his regret that the circumstance of his not having attained the rank of Major-General prevented his creating him a Knight Grand Cross: but his

intention to do so was ordered to be recorded, and, in 1821, he accordingly received the highest honor which a soldier can receive from his Sovereign. After the termination of the war with the Mahrattas and Pindarees, to which Colonel Malcolm's services so eminently contributed, he was employed by Lord Hastings in visiting and settling the distracted territories of Mulhar Rao, which, and other services, he accomplished in a most satisfactory manner, and gained to British India a large accession of territory and treasure. In April, 1822, he returned once more to England, with the rank of Major-General; and shortly afterwards he was presented, by those who had acted under him in the war of 1818 and 1819, with a superb vase of the value of 1,500*l*. It was during this visit to England, too, that Sir John received a proud testimony of the favor of the East India Company, and acknowledgment of the utility of his public career, in the grant, passed unanimously by a General Court of Proprietors, of a thousand pounds per annum, in consideration of his distinguished merits and services.

Sir John had quitted India with the determination to spend the evening of his life in his native country; but the solicitations of the Court of Directors, and of his Majesty's ministers for India affairs, induced him to again embark in the service of his country, where experience had so fully qualified him to act with advantage. In July, 1827, he was appointed to the high and responsible situation of Governor of Bombay, which post he continued to fill until 1831, when he finally returned to England, having effected, during the few years of his governorship, incalculable benefits for this country, our Indian territories, and every class of the inhabitants there. Upon his leaving Bombay, the different bodies of the people seemed to vie with each other in giving proofs of the esteem and high consideration in which he was held. The principal European gentlemen of Bombay requested Sir John to sit for his statue, since executed by Chantrey, to be erected in Bombay; the members of the Asiatic Society requested a bust of him, to be placed in their library; the native gentlemen of Bombay solicited his portrait, to be placed in their public room; the East India Amelioration Society voted him a service of plate; the natives, both of the presidency and the provinces, addressed him as their friend and benefactor; and the United Society of Missionaries, including English, Scotch, and Americans, acknowledged with gratitude the aids they had received from him in the prosecution of their pious labors, and their deep sense of his successful endeavours to promote the interests of truth and humanity, with the welfare and prosperity of his country and his countrymen. These were apt and gratifying incidents in the closing scene of his long and arduous services in our Indian empire. But whether at home or abroad, all parties who knew any thing of his career concurred in awarding him the highest praises, both as a civil, military, and political character; and the brief encomium of Mr. Canning in Parliament, that he was "a gallant officer, whose name would be remembered in India as long as

the British flag was hoisted in that country," is only in accordance with the universal opinion of his merits.

Shortly after Sir John's arrival in England, in 1831, he was returned to Parliament for the borough of Launceston, and took an active part in the proceedings upon several important questions, particularly the Scotch Reform Bill. He frequently addressed the House at length; and his speeches were characterized by an intimate knowledge of the history and constitution of his country, though neither voice nor delivery were much in his favor with that assembly, at once so popular and so fastidious. Upon the dissolution of Parliament, in 1832, Sir John became a candidate for the Dumfries district of burghs; but being too late in entering the field, and finding a majority of the electors had promised their votes, he did not persevere. He was then solicited to become a candidate for the city of Carlisle, and complied; but it was at the eleventh hour; and being personally unknown to the place, the result of the first day's poll decided the election against him. Sir John then retired to his seat, near Windsor, and employed himself in writing his work upon the Government of India, which was published a few weeks ago, with the view of elucidating the difficult questions relating to the renewal of the East India Company's Charter. His last public act was his able speech in the General Court of Proprietors of East India Stock, and the introduction of his resolutions relative to the proposals of government respecting the charter, — which resolutions were, after several adjourned discussions, adopted by a large majority.

As an author, the name of Sir John Malcolm will occupy no mean place in the annals of his country's literature. His principal works are, — *A Sketch of the Sikhs*, a singular nation in the province of the Penjamb, in India; the *History of Persia*, from the earliest period to the present time; *Sketches of Persia*; a *Memoir of Central India*; and his last work on the *Administration of British India*. Sir John had also been engaged for some time past in writing a *Life*, and editing the papers, of Lord Clive; and we trust the work will yet be given to the public.

Sir John married, on the 4th of June, 1807, Charlotte Campbell, daughter of Sir Alexander Campbell, Baronet, who was Commander-in-Chief at Madras, by whom he has left five children, viz. Margaret, married to her cousin, the present Sir Alexander Campbell; George Alexander, a Captain in the Guards, whose regiment is now in Ireland; Charlotte Olympia; Ann Amelia; and Catherine Wellesley.

[From "The New Monthly Magazine, No. 152."]

THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, K. G.

[The Duke of Sutherland, having been so lately elevated to that rank in the peerage, may be better known to some of our readers as the Marquis of Stafford.

He was distinguished by his wealth, being perhaps, the richest nobleman of Great Britain, and by his famous collection of pictures, one of the most valuable ever owned by an individual. An account of this collection is given in the "Stafford Gallery," a work containing nearly 300 etchings of different paintings, in 2 volumes royal quarto. — EDD.]

The Duke of Sutherland died on the 19th July at his seat, Dunrobin Castle, in the county of Sutherland. His Grace had labored under an infirm state of health for several years, but up to his departure for the North, on the 2d of July, he was better than he had been for many months. George Granville Leveson Gower, Duke of Sutherland, Marquis of Stafford, Earl Gower, Viscount Trentham, Baron Gower of Sittenham, and a Baronet, K. B., Recorder of Stafford, and (jure uxoris) High Sheriff of the county of Sutherland, succeeded his father Granville, the late Marquis, K. G., Oct. 26, 1803. The Marquis was called up to the house of Lords during the lifetime of his father, and placed in his barony of Gower of Sittenham; he married, September 4, 1785, Elizabeth, Countess of Sutherland and Baroness of Strathnaver (in her own right); and has issue, first, George Granville, Earl Gower, born August 6, 1786; married, May 28, 1823, Harriet, third daughter of the present Earl of Carlisle; second, Charlotte, born June 8, 1788; married, December 27, 1814, Henry, Earl of Surrey, only son of Bernard Edward, Duke of Norfolk; third, William, born June 4, 1792, and died in 1793; fourth, William Leveson, died June 17, 1804; fifth, Lord Francis, born 1799; married Harriet, eldest daughter of Mr. and Lady Charlotte Greville, by whom he has a family of six children; sixth, Elizabeth, married, Sept. 16, 1819, Richard, Viscount Belgrave, now Earl Grosvenor. — The family of Gower has some pretensions to be considered of Anglo-Saxon origin. The object of the creation, in Queen Anne's time, is thus stated by Burnet: — "Finch, Gower, Granville, and young Seymour, were made Peers in 1702, to create a majority in the Upper House, while Harvey was advanced at the same time through private favor." — On the death of the Duke's uncle, Francis, the last Duke of Bridgewater, in 1803, he became the heir general of that nobleman, and acquired the whole income of the Bridgewater Canal and the Worseley estate, which latter is entailed on his youngest son, Lord Francis Leveson Gower. Thus, for life, by the Stafford, the Sutherland, and the Bridgewater possessions united, his Grace was regarded as enjoying one of the largest incomes in Europe, — report affirmed that it exceeded 300,000*l.* per annum. The Duke expended that income nobly and munificently. From the late Duke of Bridgewater, and by his own extensive purchases, his Grace possessed a superb collection of paintings, ancient and modern, which, during a certain portion of the year, he was accustomed to open to the public, at his late residence in Cleveland-row. Subsequently to his occupation of Stafford-house many pictures have been removed thither; but the Bridgewater part of the collection remains in Cleveland-row. —

When, after the decease of the late Duke of York, it had been deemed advisable to dispose of the palatial residence erected for his Royal Highness in the Green-Park, we believe there was not an individual capable of forming an opinion on the subject who did not rejoice at its falling into the possession of its late noble owner. The purchase-money of the mansion was 75,000 guineas; but it must be borne in mind that its interior was then, and yet remains, incomplete. The Duke of Sutherland did not survive his elevation to a ducal coronet more than six months. He supported the present administration, and his proxy was given in favor of the Lord Chancellor's Local Courts Bill.

[From "The New Monthly Magazine, No. 152."]

LORD DOVER.

George James Welbore Agar Ellis, Baron Dover, of Dover, county of Kent, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, died at his house in Whitehall, on the 10th of July. He was a Trustee of the British Museum and of the National Gallery, F. R. S. and F. S. A.; was born January 14, 1797, and married, March 7, 1822, Lady Georgiana Howard, second daughter of the Earl of Carlisle, and niece to the Duke of Devonshire and the Countess Granville. His lordship was the only son of the present Viscount Clifden, by Lady Caroline Spencer, sister to the Duke of Marlborough. At the general election in 1818, he was returned for the borough of Heytesbury; and, at the age of twenty-one, took his seat in the Imperial Parliament, of which he was an efficient member, — seldom, indeed, taking a very conspicuous part in debates upon the great political questions which have been discussed; but while he maintained his principles upon these in a way not to be misunderstood, applying himself with more congenial and prominent zeal to every subject which involved the cause of learning, the fine or useful arts, charities, and the improvement of the people. Thus in 1824, when the sum of 57,000*l.* was appropriated to the purchase of Mr. Angerstein's collection of pictures for the public, as the foundation of a National Gallery, it must be recorded, to the lasting fame of Mr. Ellis, that he was the first person who suggested this illustrious design, and one of the most earnest and enlightened of its advocates whose energy led to the adoption of the measure. His lordship was a steady political adherent of the present Administration; and, on the change of government in November, 1830, he was selected by Earl Grey to succeed Viscount Lowther as Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests. This office he, however, resigned a few weeks afterwards, on account of his delicate health, and he did not subsequently accept any other appointment under the crown. In the spring of 1831 his lordship was created a British Peer.

His lordship was a liberal patron of British art. The judgment exhibited in the collection which adorned the walls of his mansion in Spring Gardens proclaimed the connoisseur as well as the amateur; and almost every picture is a gem, which one would be tempted to choose as the best specimen of the artist extant, always to be referred to as a pleasing example of his style and execution. Among these, the celebrated composition of the "Queen's Trial," by Hayter, is memorable as an historical document, and a gallery of distinguished portraits such as has rarely been produced; while the works of Lawrence, Collins, Jackson, Newton, Landseer, Callcott, and other eminent contemporaries, add to the treasures of this selection, no less distinguished by its uniform taste and feeling, than by the grace, beauty, and interest of its component parts. In literary pursuits, similar discrimination and refinement have marked the career of Mr. Ellis. As an author, he has published within a short time, "The True History of the State Prisoner, commonly called the Iron Mask, extracted from documents in the French archives;" "Historical Inquiries respecting the Character of Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, Lord Chancellor of England;" "The Ellis Correspondence," in two octavo volumes, illustrating a remarkable period of the annals of England, from the letters of the editor's family. He also wrote the "Life of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia." His last work was, "Correspondence of Horace Walpole with Sir Horace Mann," published from the originals in the possession of Earl Waldegrave. Mr. Ellis also, in 1822, produced a Catalogue Raisonné of the principal pictures in Flanders and Holland, which was printed, but not published; and he was the writer of some able reviews, both in the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, as well as of articles in Magazines, Annuals, and other periodicals, which reflect great credit upon his fancy and talents.

Lord Dover has left an infant family of six children, the eldest, the Hon. Henry Agar Ellis, (the present peer,) being in his ninth year only. His lordship was a personal friend of the late King, and of the King of the Belgians, who stood sponsor for one of his children in 1829. A writer in the "Times" thus speaks of the noble lord:—"If length of days were to be commensurate with personal merit, his life would have been one of no ordinary duration. Amiable and exemplary in all his private relations, an upright, zealous, and intrepid supporter of his political opinions, he will long be regretted by his family and his party; add to this his elegant accomplishments as a man of society, and his various and extensive attainments as a man of letters, and it would be difficult to find, in the whole range of English gentry and nobility, a personage who will be so severely missed. He possessed, in his family, and fortune, and character, every motive which can make life desirable; but he had discharged his various duties, both domestic and social, so conscientiously and honorably, that, short as his life has been, it has been long enough to establish a reputation,

which there are few men past or present, who, having lived to the greatest age, would not be proud to enjoy."

DANIEL VON COELLN — FRANZ PASSOW.

[The *Intelligenzblatt* (No. 27.) of the *Allgemeine Literatur-Zeitung* for April, presents a striking lesson of the uncertainty of life. The first article is a biographical notice of Daniel von Coelln, Professor of Theology at Breslau. He was born the 21st of December, 1788, and died the 20th of last February. He was the author of various theological works; but they relate in great part to the existing state of opinion in Germany, and are not likely to be read with interest out of that country.

The notice to which we have referred is an affectionate tribute to his memory by his friend, the distinguished philologist, Passow. The article which immediately follows is an official annunciation by Schultz, the Rector of the University at Breslau, of the death of Passow himself, who was professor of Ancient Literature. He had finished the article upon his friend but two days before he himself was suddenly taken away, on the 11th of March. He was born the 20th of September, 1786. He is principally known out of Germany by his Greek Lexicon, of which the first edition was published in 1821, and the fourth in 1830. A further account of him may be found in the *Intelligenzblatt*, No. 31. — EDD.]

DEATHS.

At Lausanne, December 28th, 1832, the celebrated novelist, MADAME DE MONTOLIEU, in her 82d year. She was born May 7th, 1751. Her original works and translations are said to fill 105 volumes.

At Paris, January 9th, the great mathematician, LEGENDRE, at a very advanced age.

At Reval, January 20th, MADAME MARA, the famous opera singer, nearly 84 years of age. In the year 1830, on her eighty-second birth-day, Goethe addressed to her some complimentary verses, as he had done 60 years before.

At Paris, February 6th, the naturalist, LATREILLE, the fellow-laborer of Cuvier in his "*Règne animal*." He died in his 71st year.

April 11th, the Rev. ROWLAND HILL, long distinguished as an eccentric preacher in London. He was born in August, 1744.

May 15th, EDMUND KEAN, the celebrated tragedian. He was born in 1788.

At London, July, in the 74th year of his age, WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, Esq.

INTELLIGENCE.

A NEW translation of the *Inferno* of Dante by Ichabod Charles Wright is reviewed in the last (the 116th) number of the *Edinburgh* and in the last (the 98th) number of the *Quarterly*. It is praised in the former, and noticed unfavorably in the latter, though the talents of the translator are acknowledged.

We have in this number of the *Select Journal* given an article on Béranger from *Tait's Magazine*. There are two others upon the same writer, one in the 116th number of the *Edinburgh* and one in the 23d number of the *Foreign Quarterly*. In both the immorality of Béranger is but slightly remarked. In the *Foreign Quarterly*, it is said, that "he is the most popular writer now living in Europe," and that "his volumes, with the prose of the late Paul Courier, form the common manuals of a great proportion of the youth in France." These are melancholy facts, if they are facts.

In the last number of the *Edinburgh* there is an article upon the "Characteristics of Goethe. From the German of Falk, von Müller, &c. With Notes original and translated, illustrative of German Literature. By Sarah Austin. 3 vols. 8vo.;—and the last *Foreign Quarterly* contains a review of the first five volumes just published of Goethe's Posthumous Works. The latter article is principally occupied by an account of the "Continuation of Faust." In both, there is an approach to a more sober and discriminating tone of criticism than we have lately seen in articles upon Goethe. In the *Edinburgh Review* there are some remarks upon the pretence set up by Goethe's admirers, that there is profound wisdom hidden in his writings, which he has not "chosen to reveal more distinctly." "I have never yet," says Mrs. Austin, "met with a German who affected to understand Goethe throughout." It is the only ground on which Goethe's reputation as a philosopher can be defended; and it is an opinion which he himself was well disposed to countenance. We have just been reading a great part of "Wilhelm Meister's Year of Travel." There are not many pages together in which its author does not announce something as "wunderlich" (wonderful) or "geheimnissvoll" (mysterious); and the case is clear, that if the book is not full of "hidden" wisdom, it is full of *niaiserie*.

M. Klapproth's Examination of Champollion's Labors upon the Hieroglyphics (See *Select Journal*, No. II. Part 2, p. 127) is the subject of
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another article in the last Edinburgh. The reviewer adopts fully the opinions and reasonings of M. Klaproth, and himself brings the charge of literary dishonesty against Champollion.

There are few books that excite a stronger interest or may be read with more benefit to one's own heart, than Pellico's account of his sufferings as a prisoner of the Austrian Government, of which we have given a review from the Foreign Quarterly. There is another fine article upon it in the last number of the Edinburgh Review, written with true feeling and a just conception of the character of the writer and of his work. We regret to say that Mr. Roscoe's English translation will convey no just idea of the style or spirit of the original. He has not preserved its delicacy and tenderness of sentiment, nor its simplicity and force of expression; he has interpolated and omitted; and Pellico appears almost a different individual in the version and in his own work.

The first volume of Professor Henry Ware's Sunday Library, containing his "Life of the Saviour"; and likewise his "Hints for the Formation of the Christian Character," have been republished in England. We notice likewise the commencement of a series of articles in the New Monthly Magazine upon the "Familiar Letters of Franklin," published by Mr. Sparks.

Captain Marryat, the author of several nautical novels, is the present editor of the Metropolitan Magazine, and Mr. Bulwer has announced his resignation of the editorship of the New Monthly. Neither work can lose much value into whatever hands it may pass.

One of the most extraordinary books which has been published in our day, considering its character, and the individual (Mr. Thomas Moore), who has made himself responsible for it, is "The Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion." It is ostensibly a defence of the Roman Catholic Faith, on the grounds, that this has ever been the faith of the Church, preserved by Tradition from the first ages, as may be shown by the writings of the Fathers and the decrees of Councils; that "the Scriptures, as a rule of faith, cannot be otherwise than obscure, uncertain, and unsafe, without the aid of that guidance which Tradition alone can supply, and which the Church, as the depository of all Christian Tradition, alone can furnish;" that their meaning, therefore, is not to be subjected to the judgment of individuals; that "reasoning is wholly misplaced" on the subject of "the grand and awful wonders of Christianity," (ch. xlvii.); that "to apply the touchstone of reason to religion," leads directly to infidelity, (ch. xlviii.) and "that reason which, even in this world's affairs, proves but a sorry conductress, is, in all heavenly things, a rash and ruinous guide." (ch. li.)

The work is essentially a book of controversy written in a somewhat lighter style than has been common. A burlesque sort of love story is interwov-

en with it. The argument is in general managed with the ingenuity of an able, determined, and subtle partisan; and with a considerable display of learning. The learning, however, is principally such as might readily be obtained at second-hand; there being nothing respecting the doctrine of the early Church, so far as it bears on the questions at issue between Roman Catholics and Protestants, or the history of the Reformation, or the character of the Reformers, which has not been often adduced by former controvertists.

We suspect, however, that the volume is not essentially the work of Mr. Moore. We imagine that he has merely been employed to give a popular character to the materials furnished by another. Though he has in some former writings affected an acquaintance with the works of the Fathers, yet we cannot believe that with his habits of mind and life, he has ever undertaken the serious study of the "Popish Controversy."

One may conjecture that the work is designed to keep together the Roman Catholic party in Ireland, now that they are no longer bound to each other by a feeling of common injuries suffered for their faith. Perhaps, however, it is merely the speculation of a bookmaker by trade. It may serve to confirm a Catholic in his belief; but upon the minds of the generality of those who have only a loose and popular faith in Christianity, its effect must be mischievous. Whatever may have been its design, it is essentially an infidel work. The alternative which it presents is this, You must give up the use of your reason, reject no doctrine, however incredible or absurd it may appear to you, or however irreconcilable with what seems to you the language of Scripture, and become or remain a Catholic; or if you decline this course, and pretend to exercise your reason on the subject of religion and in the study of the Scriptures, you will, if consistent, become an unbeliever. That the work was designed to produce this impression; that it was, in the view of the writer or the editor, an indirect attack on Christianity, it would perhaps be unjust to suppose. But that Mr. Moore is a man to argue from serious and earnest conviction in defence of any form of Christianity, is a conjecture which no one can admit as probable without exposing himself to be laughed at.

The publication of a new English translation of the great work of Cuvier, his "Animal Kingdom," *Le Règne Animal*, has been commenced in London. It is from the last edition of the original, published, with alterations and improvements, by the author just before his death. Dr. Griffith's Translation, the publication of which has been for some time in progress, is from the first edition. The present work is recommended by its cheapness. It will appear in thirty-six numbers, at one shilling each, a number being published on the first of every month. It is to contain not less than 500 plates, engraved on steel and colored. The original is said to cost (in England) a little more than 36 pounds. The publisher is G. Henderson, 2, Old Bailey.

Select List of New English Publications, not noticed in the preceding part of this Number.

The following of the Bridgewater Treatises on the Power, Goodness, and Wisdom of God, as manifested in the Creation. — I. On the Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man. By the Rev. Thomas Chalmers, D. D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh. 2 vols. 8vo. 16s. — II. On the Adaptation of External Nature to the Physical Condition of Man. By John Kidd, M.D., F.R.S., Regius Professor of Medicine in the University of Oxford. 2d ed. 8vo. 9s. 6d. — III. On Astronomy and General Physics, considered with reference to Natural Theology. By the Rev. William Whewell, M. A., F.R.S., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. 2d ed. 8vo. 9s. 6d. — IV. On the Mechanism of the Human Frame, including the Hand and its Uses. By Sir Charles Bell, K. H., F. R. S. [Republished by Messrs. Cary, Lea, & Blanchard.]

Narrative of a Residence at the Court of London. By Richard Rush, Esq. Published by Messrs. Key & Biddle. [Mr. Rush's Narrative has received great attention in England, and been noticed in almost every literary periodical. The more or less favorable manner in which it has been spoken of has mainly depended upon the political character of the different works in which it has been reviewed.]

Men and Manners in America. By the Author of "Cyril Thornton." Republished by Carey, Lea, & Blanchard. [We regret that Mr. Hamilton should have published a work discreditable to him on the score of good sense and good feeling, though written with a certain measure of ability. His book is not made to last. It falls into the numerous class of travels in America (for America is now a very good bookseller's subject in England), some laudatory and some vituperative, that have lately appeared; — "Things of the day, just buoyant on the flood."]

Eastern and Egyptian Scenery, Ruins, &c., accompanied with descriptive Notes, Maps, and Plans, illustrative of a journey from India to Europe, followed by an outline of an Overland Route, Statistical Remarks, &c., intended to show the Advantage and Practicability of Steam Navigation from England to India. By Captain C. F. Head, Queen's Royal Regiment. Oblong folio. See Edinburgh Review, No. 116.

Narrative of Voyages to explore the Shores of Africa, Arabia, and Madagascar. By Captain W. F. W. Owen, R. N. By command of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. With Charts, Maps, &c. 2 vols. 8vo.

History of the French Revolution. Embracing the Period from the Assembly of the Notables, in 1789, to the Establishment of the Directory in 1795. By Archibald Alison. 2 vols. 8vo. See Blackwood's Magazine, No. 209. Tait's Magazine, No. 16.

Memoirs of the Court and Character of Charles I. By Lucy Aikin. 2 vols. 8vo. Portrait. Price 28s.

Historical Memoirs of the House of Russell; from the Time of the Norman Conquest. With much curious unpublished Correspondence. Plates, Armorial Bearings, Portraits. By J. H. Wiffen. 2 vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s.

Life and Medical Opinions of Dr. Armstrong. By Francis Boott, M. D. Vol. 1. 8vo. 13s.

Memoirs of Mrs. Inchbald. By James Boaden. 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.

The Letters of Joseph Ritson, Esq. To which is prefixed a Memoir of the Author. By Sir Harris Nicholas. 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.

The third and last volume of the Life of the late Dr. Adam Clarke. demi 8vo.

The Shelley Papers. *Memoirs of Percy Bysshe Shelley, and Original Poems and Papers by the same Author.* By T. Medwin, Esq. 16mo. 3s. 6d.

Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, to Sir Horace Mann, British Envoy at the Court of Tuscany. Now first published from the Originals in the possession of the Earl of Waldegrave. Edited by Lord Dover. 3 vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s.

The Wife, a Tale of Mantua. A Play in five Acts. By James Sheridan Knowles. See *Edinburgh Review*, No. 116.

Pensieri e Poesie di Guido Sorelli. See *New Monthly Magazine*, No. 152.

Eben Erskine, or the Traveller. By the Author of *Lawrie Todd*, &c. 3 vols. [Republished by Messrs. Carey, Lea, & Blanchard.]

The Parson's Daughter. By the Author of *Sayings and Doings*, [Theodore Hook.] 3 vols. 12mo. [Republished by Messrs. Carey, Lea, & Blanchard.]

The Repealers. By the Countess of Blessington. 3 vols. 1833. [Republished by Messrs. Carey, Lea, & Blanchard.]

The Contrast. By the Earl of Mulgrave. 3 vols. 12mo. [Republished by Messrs. Carey and Hart.]

England and the English. By E. L. Bulwer, Esq., M. P. 2 vols. 12mo. [Republished by Messrs. J. & J. Harper.]

The Infirmities of Genius illustrated by referring the Anomalies in the Literary Character to the Habits and Constitutional Peculiarities of Men of Genius. By R. R. Madden, Esq., Author of *Travels in Turkey*, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. 21s. [Republished by Messrs. Carey, Lea, & Blanchard.]

The Last Essays of Elia; being a Sequel to Essays published under that name. Crown 8vo. 9s.

Stories for Young Children, by the Author of Conversations on Chemistry, &c.; explaining Mechanics, Building, Planting, Glass-making, &c. 1 vol. 2s.

The Seasons; Stories for very Young Children. By the same Author. Vol. 1, Winter. Vol. 2, Spring. Vol. 3, Summer. Vol. 4, Autumn. Each volume 2s.

Treatise on Astronomy. By Sir John F. W. Herschell. (*Cabinet Cyclopædia*, vol. 43.)

The Naturalist's Library. Vol. 1. Ornithology.—Humming Birds. By Sir William Jardine. [This volume, which is sold at a very low price (6s.), contains 35 colored engravings, beautifully executed; and the descriptions are commended as scientific and accurate. It is the commencement of an extensive series of similar volumes on Natural History.] See *Gentleman's Magazine* for June.

Journal of the Royal Geographical Society of London. Vol. 3d, part 1. See *Monthly Review* for June.

Journal of the Asiatic Society at Calcutta. Nos. 1, 2, 3. With plates. Calcutta. 1833. See *London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine* for May.

Wages, or the Whip; an Essay on the comparative Cost and Productiveness of Free and Slave Labor. By Josiah Conder. 8vo. pp. 92. See *Monthly Review* for June; *Eclectic Review* for June.

The Black Death in the 14th Century; from the German of Dr. Hecker. By R. Babbington, M. D. 12mo. 5s. 6d.

A General Index to the Edinburgh Review, from the 21st to the 50th volume, inclusive; forming Nos. 113, 114. Price 12s.

A new French periodical has just appeared, entitled, *Revue de Paris*. The collected works of Saint-Simon, the founder of the Saint-Simonians have been printed at Paris in ten volumes.

An edition of the "Life and Works" of the celebrated Thorwaldsen is proposed by Brockhaus at Leipsic. It is to contain 180 engravings, in large folio; and to be published in two parts. The subscription price of the first part, containing 31 sheets of letter-press and 80 engravings, is 20 Thaler, about 15 dollars.

The first volume of the "History of Europe since the end of the Fifteenth Century," by Raumer (referred to, p. 209, Part 2, of this number of the *Select Journal*) has appeared. 8vo. Price, common paper, about \$2.40; vellum paper \$4.80. It is to be completed in 6 volumes.

The seventh edition "enlarged and improved" of Wegscheider's "Institutiones Theologiæ Christianæ Dogmaticæ" has just been published. The first appeared in 1815. Wegscheider's book contains the system of those German theologians who call themselves Rationalists, and who deny to Christianity a supernatural character. The new edition is reviewed at much length with full approbation of its general principles in the *Allgemeine Literatur-Zeitung*, for January. This periodical is published at Halle under the direction of Gesenius, Wegscheider himself, and six other professors of the University in that place.

Thiersch is publishing a new edition of the Comedies of Aristophanes. The first volume containing *Prolegomena* and the *Plutus*; and the fourth volume containing the *Ranæ* have appeared. They are reviewed, at length, in the *Allgemeine Literatur-Zeitung* for last November.

A new edition of Forcellini's "Lexicon Totius Latinitatis" is publishing at Padua. It is said to contain about 5000 new words and 10,000 other additions and corrections. Another edition, of which this is the basis, is publishing in Germany.

Three posthumous volumes of Wolf's Lectures have appeared. The first, über der Encyclopädie der Alterthumswissenschaft; the second, über die Geschichte der griechischen Literatur; the third, über die Geschichte der römischen Literatur. Price, about \$1 a volume.

An edition of the collected works of Hegel, the last most famous name among German metaphysicians, is publishing by a society of his friends, Dr. Ph. Marheineke, Dr. J. Schulze, Dr. Ed. Ganz, Dr. Lp. v. Henning, Dr. H. Hotho, Dr. K. Michelet, and Dr. F. Forster. Two volumes, the first and eleventh, have appeared.

A new edition, the eighth, of the famous Conversations-Lexicon is announced by its proprietor, Brockhaus. It is to be, as is promised, thoroughly revised and brought down to the present period. It will be published in 24 numbers, two numbers forming a volume, and each number costing, according to the quality of the paper, either 48 cents, or 72, or \$1.08. Fourteen thousand copies of the seventh edition, it is stated, were published in 1830.

A new edition of Körner's Works, under the direction of the mother of the poet, is announced for publication, in a single volume, 8vo., corresponding in its execution to the volume of the Works of Schiller. Beside those already known, several new poems, tales, dramas, and letters will be published from his manuscripts.

One of the greatest living philosophers of Germany is Dr. Karl Rosenkranz, a very profound and voluminous writer of all work, a disciple of the school of Hegel. The *Allgemeine Literatur-Zeitung* for last February

contains an article upon his "History of German Poetry during the Middle Ages."* The reviewer says that Dr. Rosenkranz feels deeply and thinks acutely; but that often he does not succeed in expressing clearly what he thus thinks and feels. "Since the death of Fichte," the reviewer adds, "the philosophers of Germany have unhappily spoken very different dialects, and the book before us is written in the latest of these, which may be called *the absolute*." Of this new dialect he gives a few specimens: "History," says Dr. Rosenkranz, "is the self-producing spirit, and hence follows the strictest connexion between all its parts. Even when, from the multitude of forms in which it loses itself, the connexion escapes our apprehension, still the centrality of a definite manifestation is to be found in the disseverance of the peripheral points."† The genius of our language is so common-place, that it is difficult to give the full effect of such wisdom in English; but, if we do not flatter ourselves, the preceding translation is but a little less oracular than the German.

According to Dr. Rosenkranz there are three kinds of poetry "the Symbolic," which is its most ancient form, "the Plastic," and "the Romantic." Of "the Symbolic" we do not find any definition; "the Plastic" is said to be "the revelation of the Internal in the External." With this definition, the reviewer professes himself to be well satisfied; but not so with the account given of "the Romantic," "of which the principle is to be found in the individual *self* which is able to comprehend in itself the totality of the world as inward Infinity."‡ The reviewer says that he does not understand this, or what follows: "The principle of the Romantic may be found in the Idea of the *absolute* reconciliation of the human spirit with the Divine."§

It must be confessed that our English writers of the Teutonic school,

"Who with weak wings attempt from far such flights,"

have in general fallen far behind their masters.

In the Allgemeine Literatur-Zeitung for April, another work of Dr. Rosenkranz is reviewed, entitled "Natural Religion a Philosophico-Historical Essay." We attempt with diffidence the translation of one or two passages.

"God" (by 'God' is meant the universal Spirit or Soul in Nature, of which all individual spirits are modifications,) "God, as simply existing for himself, has thought of no religion. Religion begins with man. But man, as an individual, exists only through Nature; although, in his essence, he is Spirit, and consequently the same which God is."||

* Geschichte der Deutschen Poesie in Mittelalter, 8vo. pp. xv. 620.

† "Der Geschichte ist der sich selbst erzeugende Geist, und darum hängt in ihr Alles auf das Engste zusammen. Auch da wo die Menge der Formen, in welche er sich verliert, ihm aller bündigen Auffassung entziehen will, ist der Centralität einer bestimmten Manifestation in der Zersplitterung der peripherischen Punkte heimisch."

‡ "..... für welche das Princip in dem eignen Selbst zu finden seyn soll, welches die Totalität der Welt, als innere Unendlichkeit in sich zu fassen vermöge."

§ "Das Princip des Romantischen finde sich in der Idee der absoluten Versöhnung des menschlichen Geistes mit dem göttlichen."

|| "Gott als rein für sich existirend gedacht hat keine Religion. Diese beginnt erst mit dem Menschen; der Mensch aber als Individuum wird nur durch die Natur, obwohl er seinem Wesen nach Geist und hiermit dasselbe ist, was Gott."

The following words, says the Reviewer, are less remarkable.

"On the one side, man as Spirit is distinguished from Nature, which is not Spirit; on the other side, he is distinguished from God, not being, as God, the absolute, but being as man, both through his individuality and naturality, the limited Spirit."*

Beside the two works already mentioned, the unwearied activity of Dr. Rosenkranz has likewise produced within a short time, the first volume of a "Manual of a General History of Poetry," and an "Encyclopædia of the Theological Sciences."

We subjoin the titles of a few other works lately published on the continent of Europe.

Corpus Poëtarum Latinorum, uno volumine absolutum. Cum selectâ varietate lectionis et explicatione brevissimâ. Ed. Dr. G. E. Weber. Royal 8vo. Price, 6 Rthlr. 18 Ggr., or on vellum paper 8 Rthlr. 12 Ggr., from about \$5 to \$7.

Taciti Opera recensuit et Commentarios suos adjecit G. H. Walther. 4 Tomi. large 8vo. The price varies according to the paper, which is of four different qualities, 5 Rthlr., 6 R., 10 R., and 12 R., from about \$3.75 to \$9.

Apparatus criticus et exegeticus in Æschyli Tragædias. 2 vol. 8vo. maj. Price about \$3.50. The first volume contains Stanley's commentary as published by Butler with additions from the papers of the author, and Reisig's emendations of the Prometheus; the second volume, the commentary of Abresch.

Apparatus criticus et exegeticus ad Demosthenem, Opsopoei, Wolfii, Taylori, et Reiskii annotationes tenens. Aliorum et suis annotationibus auctum edidit G. H. Schaeferus. 6 Tomi. 8vo.

Die Lehre der Kirche vom Tode Jesu in dem ersten drey Jahrhunderten dargestellt von K. Bähr. 8vo. 1832. pp. VIII. 184. Price 16 Ggr. (about 50 cts.) From the notice of this work in the *Erganzungsblatt*, to the *Allgemeine Lit.-Zeit.* for December, 1832, (No. 111.), we should infer that it is of some value, as affording a correct view of the opinions of the early Fathers on the doctrine in question.

Tittmann de Synonymis in N. T. Lib. II. Post mortem auctoris edidit et alia ejusdem Opuscula adjecit Guil. Bacher. 8vo. 12 Ggr.

Adam Oehlenschläger's Schriften zum erstenmal gesammelt. In 18 small volumes. Price about \$7.

Wahreit aus Jean Paul's Leben: 7tes und 8tes Heftlein. These complete the work, the price of which is 13 Rthlr. 18 Ggr., about \$10.

Goethe's Briefe an Lavater. Aus den Jahren 1774 bis 1783. Herausgegeben von H. Hirzel. 8vo. Price about 75 cts.

H. C. A. Eichstadii Oratio Goethii Memoriam dicata. (Delivered before the University at Jena, where Eichstád is Professor of Eloquence, Poetry, and Ancient Literature.)

Geschichte der Alchemie, von K. C. Schmieder. 8vo. 2 Thlr. 8 Gr.

Teatro Español anterior á Lope de Vega. Por el Editor de la Floresta de Rimas antiguas Castellanas. Hamburg. Fred. Perthes. 1832. 8vo. pp. iv. 471. 2 Thlr. 18 Gr.

Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de la Révolution de 1830. Par M. Alex. Mazas, Secrétaire du dernier Conseil des Ministres, nommé par le Roi Charles X. Paris. 8vo. 1832. See Quarterly Review, No. 98.

* "Der Mensch ist als Geist einerseits im Unterschiede von der Natur, welche nicht Geist ist, andererseits im Unterschiede von Gott, weil er nicht wie dieser, der absolute, sondern als menschlicher zugleich der durch seine Einzelheit und Natürlichkeit beschränkte Geist ist."

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